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RAMBLES

IN

SWEDEN AND GOTTLAND.

" Here the dark woods, with many a patriarch tree,
In gloomy melancholy gaze on thee;
Here rocks on rocks up-piled upon the strand,
Seem the vast structure of some giant's hand;
While high aloft the lucid meteors glow,
And veins of iron in the mountains grow."

From the SVEA *of* TEGNER,
Translated by OSCAR BAKER.

ASIATIC

Jenny Lind

London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street
Hullmandel & Walton, Lithographers.

RAMBLES

IN

SWEDEN AND GOTTLAND:

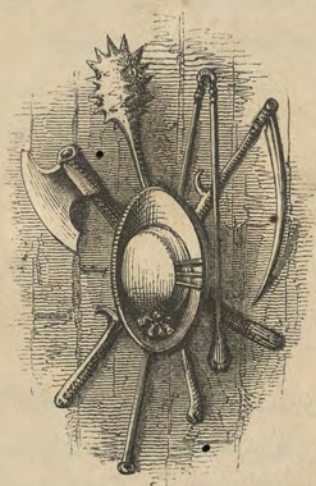
WITH

Etchings by the Way-side.

BY SYLVANUS.

AUTHOR OF

"PEDESTRIAN AND OTHER REMINISCENCES AT HOME AND ABROAD, WITH SKETCHES OF COUNTRY LIFE."



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PREFACE.

DEAR AND WORTHY READER,

IN the mental refreshment we take, I fancy there is no little side-dish or snack more easy of digestion, if not more generally palatable, than a short, pleasant, chatty letter.

Occasionally our appetites are doubtless in tune to do justice to the more solid joint, or profound *ragoût* of authorship, but at times we feel inclined for lighter diet; to put a luncheon in our pocket, and enjoy a solitary picnic on the cliff or in the hay-field, when the fresh air and exercise amply compensate for the absence of the *sauce piquante* in our hastily though heartily eaten fare,

Letter-writing by post, except to order a coat or scrip, or announce the death of an uncle, or arrival of the "little stranger," thereby making an average of the thing,—is all but exploded. Postage is too cheap to make letters worth opening.

Men take a stroll over the United States or Africa; ladies promenade India or China, even to the extent of "a year and a day," resolved on a post octavo, addressing any one they may prefer as an imaginary correspondent. Many are the titled personages, the "valued friends," and honoured members of the mysterious house of Dash, to whom these epistolary performances are inscribed; why may not I be permitted to address the only person likely to be interested, whom alone I hope to please, whose smiles and favours I alone care to obtain,—viz. the Reader?

Let me then try to hash up a savoury and, I trust, not an unwholesome repast for thy refreshment; premising that fresh air and exercise, or perfect freedom from a morbid spirit, are quite essential to make it go down with relish.

I boast not of preparing high-seasoned dishes; ill-fated love and ghastly horrors enter not into the economy of my *cuisine; my* cricket does not even allude to them in her chirp.

I can perhaps serve thee a tender steak from rural life, or a comforting hotch-potch after dame Nature's own receipt; I can trick thee up a cottage scene, lead thy footsteps through woods and mountain paths,—lighten thy snuggery with

sunsets and risings, but for aught to harrow thy soul or make thee die from laughter I am not the man.

Peradventure thou mayst be one whose approval has not been withheld from thy humble caterer in his former attempts to please thee; if so, I gratefully offer thee my acknowledgments, and as sincerely, *ami bénévole* of mine, do I hope thou mayst find amusement in the few fresh leaves I again venture to strew before thee.

TROLLHÄTTAN FALLS, SWEDEN,
Aug. 1847.

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RAMBLES

IN

SWEDEN AND GOTTLAND.

LETTER I.

UNPREMEDITATED EXCURSIONS.—ESSENTIALS FOR A TOURIST.—THE DIVINE RIGHT OF "CHACUN À SON GOÛT."—EGO.—THE NINTH OF MAY.—CHOICE BETWEEN THE "HAVRE" AND THE "HAMBURGH."—HOMŒOPATHY.—THE MICROSCOPE.—MODERN LILLIPUT.—VOLTAIRE.—PETITESSE.—MASSACRE OF "PUNCH."——DEPARTURE FROM LILLIPUT IN CONSEQUENCE.—NOTE.

The "Havre" at Sea, May, 1846.

He who has never launched himself on a purely unpremeditated cruise or excursion, without being particular as to time or distance, or indebted to hand-books for a chalked-out route to be followed in the literal spirit of *malice prepense*, according to the modern mode of touring, has yet a pleasure to come; one I strongly recommend to all to seize on the first possible opportunity, and if they do not confess to having felt the influence of a gayer temperament, during the trip decided upon through the impulse of the moment, in an equal ratio as they are fre-

quently disappointed in those taken through lengthy deliberation,—I can only say, they will be more unfortunate than I have been.

Presuming that a man meditates the pleasure of viewing our distant brethren, and their respective countries, as they happen to be, in the spirit of good-natured curiosity, — and not a crusade against customs and peculiarities, opposed to which, our own—deeply venerated and cherished as they are,—may appear quite as odd and irreconcilable in the eyes of the stranger, upon the glorious principle of *chacun à son goût*—supposing him to have sufficient good sense to have left his predilection and prejudice at home, —to be resumed, if he thinks proper on his return—doubtless with greater zest than ever; I can scarcely think he will fail to be deeply interested and improved at every step he takes from it. I am certain, that a pleasant look and courteous word will always insure him more than the usurer could desire in all countries alike, and that friends, *en voyage*, will sit right and left of him at every caravansera.

If it so pleases him to stare through his golden eye-glass at the *wake*, which leaves him more hipped and supercilious at every fathom; or if he put on an approved "pump-room" look, be assured his path will not be strewn with flowers: rather let him look for the prickly pair of *compagnons de voyage* — Herr Bile in yellow

breeches; and Monsieur Indigestion in a ruffled shirt, to be his nearest and most leech-like neighbours.

My advice to any *unconfirmed* stray Englishman — especially if a maiden wanderer — not in Vienna, the Rivoli, "fair Florence," or the Badens, for in all of these he will be at home amongst the kindred Vapids he will encounter, however he may excel in affectation or be swathed in sickly odours—but over the Swedish or Scottish hills and vales, the Pyrenean or Norwegian mountain-roads — it is to remember, that the men he will there meet with have not even heard (sad chaotic fact!) of "Coningsby" or "the Victims of Society," and practise no deference but to the man of *bonhommie* and sincere reciprocity in politeness; traits that never fail him, be he in Lapland or the Apennines, should he come in contact with the Pope or Fra Diavolo.

I advise him to remember he is not *compelled* to ramble amongst people who may not happen to take in the "Post;" to be resolved to see novelties, and hence receive instruction in every kingdom, and verily great consolation in the home he eventually hopes to return to. This latter "crumb" I only allow him, on condition that he does not attempt to *divide* it; but that the secret remains strictly in his own keeping. I finally advise, that he provide himself with a

stiff letter of credit on my douce old friend, "Philosophy," drawn by his constant correspondent, "Equanimity," for a truly universal and sterling credential will he find it, to be cashed alike beneath the hedge-row or piazzas of the gay world.

So much for my recipe, which is good, be assured, though it may be homely; it is one I seldom knew to fail during some little rambling, and offer it with far more confidence, than I can possibly endue the next ungraceful, though hardly to be avoided, supernumerary in my (let me hope) scribbling entertainment,—"*Ego*,"—that musquito in print, whose hateful importunity it is nearly an impossibility to escape. However, *en avant!*

A more lovely ninth of May never broke over the fair plains of Normandy, and glittering waters of the beautiful Seine, than the one that saw me drawing lots between the "Hamburgh" for Rotterdam, and the "Havre" for Hamburgh; both vessels being laid on at the same time within a handspike's length of each other in the dock of Havre-de-Grace. I drew the latter—and the *prize* as it turned out—and was taken on board as she hauled out of the basin, not having given the steamer or her destination ten minutes' serious thought, before I found myself on her quarter-deck; my future plans being equally without the slightest

direction, and thrust for the nonce into the huge ill-pack'd wallet of Chance.

Having furnished you with the attributes for a thoroughly pliant, wandering cosmopolite, you will naturally suppose me to be flattered into the belief that I am a fair specimen of the amiable tourist I would portray, — alike indifferent and acquiescing in my steps and elbowing through the world; and of course will permit few sighs, far less groans, to escape a pen plucked from a bird lacking everything like susceptibility; — but do not mistake me, I like not the gnat. I am no disciple of Homœopathy. I love not microscopic lore, by whose scrutinising skill we are made aware of the exact numbers of quarts of monstrous, though unseen, animalculæ we swallow in our yearly limpid draughts, or by what amount in myriads of the "Entozoon Folliculorum" family we have for tenants in our respective membranes—be they dermis or epidermis—as sung in hideous flea-dissecting verse by one "Erasmus Somebody." Such information is no bliss to me. I do not desire to know that the sylph-like tripping *blonde* who honours me with her finger through La Poule, is, *in fact*, the angler's living compendium if microscoped,— being an assortment of sure killing flies or ground bait.

I sighed that Lilliput should still be the

most extensive country on our continent, and resolved to break through bonds that might involuntarily bind me into the irrevocable slough of the *petite.*

The repose of my *blanchisseuse* was broken for my linen, which I demanded, undried though it might be. I got my passport viséd by the *chef de police* as he lay in his curl-papers; and lo! I departed.

Shade of Voltaire! could *ye* for an instant guess the reason I had for slipping from my chafed mooring, how ye would again seize your mighty pen, and hurl your ghostly thunders of ridicule at the land on whose horizon men know you to have set, but can scarcely believe you to have risen.

It was not that I wished to argue the point with "La Presse," nay, all the journals, as well as with every Frenchman alike, that it is *believed* the Sikhs invaded *our* frontier, and not the fact that they fought bravely to "defend their own against a grasping power," as asserted by "La Grande!" this, though *little* enough, I let pass.

It was not, when they weepingly snarled, with the most bitter self-scarifyings, which no people so excel in, that the silly fact of a young Peel's having won the steeple-chase at Paris, was worthy to be considered a "national insult," that I was punctured, even though they said

their sportsmen (!) were "disqualified"—infelicitous word—from contending with our gentlemen jocks; for I have no sympathy with the vile, absurd, un-English innovation of steeplechasing; it, in fact, being neither hunting nor racing, with a depth of cruelty to the noble animal, who too often suffers from the reckless riding of these professional desperadoes deserving universal abhorrence. These weighty matters I left to the "Charivari," and the screaming debaters in the *cafés*. But, when I saw a valued, inestimable friend,

"Who oft had set the table in a roar,"

massacred and mangled in the public streets, by special sign-manual from the powers wielded by "La Grande," — otherwise the execution could not have taken place,—when I saw my old comrade "Punch" slaughtered by fierce *douaniers en militaire* bearded and *décorés*, who made it known that, "whatever Milor Peel's plans might bring forth, de black-garde 'Ponch' was for ever *prohibé;*" when I saw the shattered *débris* of my learned friend spat and trampled upon as I did, I exclaimed "it is not good for me to be here." This exceeds the microscope, and the infinitesimal horrors it discloses. It is not safe to remain in a land of the mental *petitesse* that could frame such an interdict. "Punch and a flowing sheet for me!" I, there-

fore, immediately tossed up between the two *bateaux à vapeur*, and am now splashing away in the gallant "Havre" for the "free city," as I bid adieu to the very beautifully situated port from whence she takes her name.*

* Incredible as it may appear, it is no less true, that the very exquisite "trifle" published in England under the name of "Punch," in whose columns the most seasonable rebukes on all the follies of the world, especially English, are given and received with equal relish and gratitude by ourselves, without a tinge of ill-natured personality or vulgarity to be discovered in its pages, is yet formally and officially prohibited in France. The fact of this appeared, as I relate, before my very eyes:—That every article in which we excel should be stringently denied admittance to the country is not in the least extraordinary; but it may justly appear *rather* so, when we reflect that it is proposed to admit every thing French into our own markets, duty free, or next to it; our legislators hoping for the branch of Reciprocity to be held out to them ere long. Vain, ridiculous hope: when an especial shaft is fired at the harmless facetiæ of our friend Punch. Gulliver should be permitted to resume his ghostly travels on earth, microscope in hand,—when even *his* ideas of genuine "Littleness," might be considerably enlarged.

LETTER II.

THE CHANNEL. — THE DÉJEÛNER — FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—"THE ROUGH-LOOKING GENTLEMAN."— THE PASSENGERS.—MUSIC.—FRENCH "SMALL TALK!"—AN ANECDOTE.—THE NORTH SEA.—THE ELBE.—ARRIVAL AT HAMBURGH.

The "Havre," at sea, May 9th, 1846.

THE Channel has a surface like a mirror. It seems to slumber without a sigh, so still and heaveless are the deep waters which broke over both quay and jetty, hardly twenty-four hours ago.

The high and beetling cliffs of Normandy tower on our right within half-pistol shot, and accompany us nearly to Fécamp;—the lug of the fisherman flaps against his mast,—the gulls are floating in repose; we alone make progress through the tranquil sea, propelled by a power that to day far exceeds its own.

Merrily the bell rings for breakfast, to which I feel disposed to do ample justice after my early rising, it being barely half-past four when I was aroused at my worthy host Aitkin's most excellent hotel. Thanks be to Lucifer! I see our cook is good and liberal. *Pieds de veau*, cutlets, *pommes de terre à la maître d'hôtel*,

soles, *omelette*, tea, and sound Medoc, with the unequalled Havre bread, compose not only the *carte*, but the *véritable déjeûner* in our floating *restaurant*. Not a countryman at the table, nor, alas! woman either—with a three days' sail before me. Of course, little dove-tailing takes place amongst the passengers in a steamer for the first hour or two; our *sacs de nuit*, parting regrets, and sleeping dens claim our undivided thoughts; every one takes his fellow for a sulky, half-woke curmudgeon, —an opinion the first meal serves to confirm, or, as it is generally more happily the case, to dissipate entirely, leaving you a pleasant, chatty, well-informed fellow, within the seedy roquelaure; the half-famished visage of whose owner seemed at first to scowl upon you, as, bundled with your baggage upon deck, you make your hurried and anything but dignified *entrée*.

The French opened the campaign in a skirmishing fire respecting the viands—the claw of a prawn, or an obstinate oyster is an ample *casus belli*; my heart and mouth were far too full to allow me to return a shot. I threw myself into a solid square of silence, deeming myself a lost man, and prepared with resignation for the "spider's death." A rough-looking fellow with true Saxon features, and considerable *nonchalant* phlegm in his eye, sat *en face* play-

ing an undeniable knife and fork, and occasionally vouchsafing a reply to a sunburnt neighbour, who spoke in the villanous Gascon twang, generally dissenting with the peculiar, ferocious *non pas* of the Garonne.

"I tell you it is all nonsense," said the stout man, in the *language* of a Frenchman at all events, preparing at the same time his oil and vinegar as carefully as if mixing his water-colours. "There is no beef in the world but in England; you have what is *called* beef, but it is no more like *English* beef than I am like this shrimp." You would have thought this "a settler," and the opinion to be that of a Briton, though you would have been mistaken in both surmises: the remark brought on a storm of oratory from all assembled, that I was glad to avoid by going on deck, where I was shortly joined by the "rough-looking gentleman," who, though addressing me in perfect English, gave me to understand he was a Swede.

May 10th.

A sleeping cabin solo, without the slightest motion of the vessel, renders the voyage excessively pleasant; we have everything clean, comfortable, and good, as it is possible to desire, with a variety in *carte* no caboose but a French one could produce.

I have succeeded in making out our ship's

company, with some little manœuvring, for want of better occupation, and give you the result.

Two Swedish ladies returning from Paris, bluer than indigo and full of Arago,—politics and astronomy are the lightest subjects on which they deign to converse; a young Icelander on his way to Denmark, having completed his studies as an engineer: the Gascon (a *marchand de vins*); a Marseillaise, all patent leather and satin, bound for St. Petersburgh; an artist not over cleanly, or in the *least* presuming. A very fierce-looking fellow in a pelisse trimmed at the cuffs and collar, moustached and a smoker of course, I have made out to be a tailor of the first Parisian water; he *threatened* to call upon me at Hamburgh, saying he could *accomplish my death* by shewing me some waistcoat pieces he had with him. We have moreover a German, the Swede, and the "undersigned" to complete the "omnium gatherum."

The conversation has been on music, in which the German has had the best of it; he speaks English very fluently, and I confess to being most righteously quizzed on the tender point. "No, my dear Sir," said he, "you must give way there, you pay thousands, I grant you, in your endeavour to be thought musical, but you like it not in your hearts. Fancy," continued he, "any Englishman at a five-act opera, whether

by Beethoven or Rossini. Pshaw! the *first* wearies him, and the second sees him sighing for the Haymarket flags, or a 'glass of grog,' *anything to get out.* Your 'Beggar's Opera,' was once named to me as a signal triumph and glorious specimen of 'real English music,' without any attempt at quizzing on the part of my informant." I submitted to the German; but when the French cut in in praise of their music, and of course in disparagement of ours, I improvised a verse in parody of their Marseillaise, in which all the burthen lay in honour of *l'amour, la gloire, la chasse, tabac,* and *soldats,* defying them to name another subject on which they ever sung or conversed. The Swede and two learned ladies, as well as the German, said *C'est vrai* and allowed I was this time in the majority.

A glorious sun-set and unruffled sea gave us another delightful evening. The French are fiercely debating some important matter, from the words *excessivement, solide,* and *énorme!* being frequently uttered, — *paletots* having been duly compared and approved.

The Swede tells anecdotes in slightly broken English, making me laugh most heartily. One he had got hold of in Greece, he told in the drollest manner. They are smothered with vermin on that classic ground; bugs and fleas claim you for their own as soon as you enter an hotel,

and instantly "bring you to the scratch." A Jew advertised an infallible remedy from a single application, and drove a considerable trade by his elixir. A Greek applied to him for a bottle of his mixture, paid for it a price worthy the luxury to be gained, and went on his way rejoicing. Halfway home, he remembered he had omitted to ask the direction for using it, which he hastily requested the Jew to inform him.

"Ah! dat is true, my dear," said he, "I shall tell you the best plan,—pray be attentive to what I say. Ah! you shall catch some bugs, and nip his bottoms *very* gently, *so*, (nipping his lanky finger and thumb together,) Ah! dat shall make him open his mouth,—when you take a leetle feather, and dip it in de bottle, and den rub in de bug's mouth; he is sure to die." "A million thunders," shouted the Greek! "why I had better crack him at once?"—"Ah! my dear," said the Jew, "dat is just as *you* like,—either plan will do."

Monday, 11th May.

The North Sea even looks comparatively amiable this glorious morning, which I take it is not the case three times in a twelvemonth. This sea has a dark, cheerless, depressing air about it, that I never saw in any other, except probably the Baltic: it is a perfect "waste of waters," and a fit resort in imagination for the

frightful monsters told of in Scandinavian legend, and the fierce rovers who once ruled its waves. How wonderfully the mere features of ocean vary any one knows, who has noticed well a Mediterranean and Black Sea or Baltic billow. I can fancy nothing more absolutely undesirable than a heavy hoarse north-easter, galloping over this sea on a November day, (or night!) on which we had now for nearly three days been steaming so pleasantly,—scarcely falling in with any craft larger than a pilot boat or fisherman. Heligoland on our lee, with the flat coast of Hanover on our starboard hand,—crowds of various craft are making for the Elbe, the approach to the noble river being heralded by lines of white foam that come from the fresh water.

The left bank of the Elbe is beautiful indeed; hilly, wooded, full of villas, *chateaux*, cottages *ornées*, and wealthy looking villages, all serving to give an air of rich variety to the river side. Now appear the forests of masts, the towers, steeples, and lordly warehouses of Hamburgh; and now our arrival is announced by our French skipper, who shrieks, yells, implores, and swears, in a voice that exceeds the united cry of fifty English and German crews, with action duly according with the eloquence; and for no earthly reason that I can discover, excepting that he has his ship to moor, for which there seems not the slightest difficulty.

Hail to the Free City! "Anything to declare, gentlemen," said a polite, staid-looking man at a place *called* a custom-house, or cottage, as it might be termed, so small was the building. "I have a case of various French articles, clocks, books, and nick-nacks," said the Swede, "all intended for either my own house, or presents to my friends, not above fifty pounds' worth." "Goot! pass on, gentlemen," said this warder to a free city, "we mind not what you French gentlemen call baggatells." A year ago I had paid duty in Havre on two squares of Windsor soap, and if I land there again in ten years' time, I feel convinced I shall have to do the same. But you cannot think of trifles as you land in Hamburgh, and drive through the Yungfernstieg. Let us leave them and Lilliput for once, and enter any one of the magnificent hotels that await us, for it would be invidious to name, where all are equally "good-looking."

LETTER III.

THE INTRINSIC APPEARANCE OF HAMBURGH. — CONTRASTS. — SHOPS AND WARES.—COMMERCIAL GRANDEUR.—THE FIRE.—LOSS OF NATIONALITY.—THE RAMPARTS.—MAID-SERVANTS AND FLOWER-GIRLS.—ALTONA.—MR. BOOTH'S ORCHIDACEOUS HOUSE AND ESTABLISHMENT.—CLIMATE.—LIBERALITY. — COMFORT.—MY HACKNEY-COACH.—DEPARTURE FOR KIEL.

Hamburgh, May, 15th 1846.

HAMBURGH may justly be said to belong to the "Intrinsic order" of architecture, for everything seems truly marked "eighteen carat" that meets your eye, having at the same time a quiet business-like, though sufficiently lively, *tout ensemble*, which perfectly reminds me of the distance I have steamed between the Seine and the Elbe.

Contrast can scarcely extend further than in the total change I perceive in every minute, as well as in the more important objects passing in review before me. In France I rarely met with a pretty woman,—alas! that I should say it:—I can declare upon my veracity I have not met a plain one in several days' tour of Hamburgh. I see clear complexions, good

teeth, with fully developed figures, at every step. The men I will not venture to remark upon, further than that incessant smoking has soddened every complexion till it assumes the hue of damp parchment; and that an ill-favoured German, of whom I counted an hundred at our *table-d'hôte*, stands unrivalled in his peculiar charms. In France every horse in a cart carried wood enough in his collar to make his own stable-door, with a sufficiency of wool on his back for a couple of useful rugs, his driver at the same time either calling him a "thief" or a "brigand," or beating him unmercifully; here the very horses in a coal-cart might serve to take a marchioness to a drawing-room, so sleek and high-bred are the fine Holstein animals without exception; having plain, black, scanty harness, without either blinkers or breechens, apparently docility itself; a sure proof of the affectionate treatment it is so excessively pleasing to know they receive.

The New Town may fairly be said to stand alone in solid magnificence. The shops in the Newer Wall and Yungfernstieg have evidently had *carte blanche* allowed them in their erection, and certainly excel anything I ever beheld. Splendid façades, with deep mullions of marble to the immense windows of plate-glass, are only equalled by the richness and excellence of the wares they enclose. As a free city and port,

Hamburgh is the depôt for all the very best articles the world can produce. She pays no respect but to quality and price, essentials which competition always will compel to go hand in hand. Here are no duties to prevent a man eating with a fork made by Storr and Mortimer, or treading on a carpet made at Kidderminster or Constantinople. You may have your pendule and chimney ornaments, your gloves and wig from Paris if you choose; but you may have plated goods, and a knife that will cut from Sheffield, pilot and broadcloths from the West of England, silks from Lyons, velvet from Genoa, or tartans from Paisley; you may drink the wines of Portugal from the Rhine or Garonne, or the stouter drink of Whitbread *if you like*. Everything is of the very best, and to be had at prices equally low or lower than those paid in the respective places where the goods are made. To allow of this they have no overburthened manufactures at home, or millstone of a debt; the competition is not *in* Hamburgh, but everywhere else for the city's use and benefit.

Hamburgh is the greatest emporium for supplying the markets of all the north of Europe, and is as flourishing as its liberal policy would lead one to expect and hope. The commercial statistics of the city are on a gigantic scale, and of great antiquity, though of later date

than Antwerp, which place is fallen from its once proud estate, obliged to succumb to the current of trade that eventually set towards the Elbe. The annual imports and exports I am informed exceed a hundred millions sterling.

Hamburgh has her own colonies; an immense fleet of merchantmen employed to every part of the globe; she is governed by a senate, has a fine national guard, and is the rallying point for commerce and intelligence.

The terrible fire swept the devoted city for three whole days, and saddened the stoutest-hearted to the very soul. It seemed to cause a gale of wind in itself, and rushed with overwhelming waves of flame over an area sufficiently large to contain a fair sized town. Men tremble when they think of the awful scene; but like true and gallant tradesmen they soon "cleared the wreck," declared a dividend, and now exceed every port in Europe in the solidity and beauty of repairs they gave their ancient city; though it strikes me she has somewhat lost her nationality in the new face she wears; every order of architecture, as well as no order at all, being indiscriminately adopted. One tailor's shop has a window equalling a modern minster, cutlers, hosiers, drapers, and print-sellers, are severally lodged in separate *palais royaux*, whilst the "Hôtel de Russie," "Streit's," and

"Hôtel St. Petersburgh," would compel numberless palaces to yield to their imposing fronts. The arcade is the finest in Europe in point of height and material, a great part being composed of marble, yet is it mean to a degree in respect to shops and the articles for sale, by reason, I believe, of the immense rents.

The ramparts or walls surrounding Hamburgh are truly beautiful. They are laid out in rich parterres of rounded shrubberies; swelling, closely mown lawns, with borders of roses, dahlias, and every other flower and shrub, joining the public paths and roads without the slightest fence. This denotes great forbearance and decorum on the part of the immense population, upwards of two hundred thousand, and worthy indeed of record and imitation; not a blade of grass is trodden under foot, much less a leaf rifled.

These ramparts form for the citizens pleasure-grounds and promenades, equalling in every respect those of an English duke, and are delightful instances of liberality on the part of the authorities, as well as of the good taste displayed in the sturdy traders.

The women-servants appear to be smitten with the desire to be *recherché* in their out-door duties, and exhibit no little magnificence in their ideas of performing errands; the lowliest "Dorothy Draggletail," as she skips for the veal and bacon pie or half peck of peas, in order to dissemble

and cloak the nature of the errand, invariably covers the tin or basket with a large, and, in many instances, a handsome shawl, which hangs like a pall over the family meal, perfectly disguising its useful though unpoetical countenance.

The number of good-looking servants carrying various articles under their gay shawls at all

HAMBURGH FLOWER-GIRLS.

hours, mixed with the picturesque, neat-ankled flower-girls, with their petticoats "half-mast high," and pleasing importunity, give the streets a very lively appearance, though I was at first somewhat puzzled to make out the meaning of the shawl mania.

I was extremely pleased with Altona; it retains all its nationality, and is one of the best specimens of a Danish town that I have seen. Extreme cleanliness, plate-glass windows, with a profusion of beautiful flowers, make the quaint, plainly built houses even gay and pleasing in their general appearance. The various signs and names over the shops are invariably richly gilt, with a profusion of paint evident throughout the town.

We drove to an establishment belonging to Mr. Booth, in Holstein, one truly well worthy a visit; he is a celebrated florist by profession, and possessed of one of the finest orchidaceous houses in Europe; his collection of air plants is very good, and does honour, together with his whole arrangements, to "Auld Reekie," from whence he springs. His cottage is fitted up in the best taste, with an elegance in its order highly creditable to our hospitable host, who I believe was his own architect.

Holstein, in roads, fences, cultivation, and elegance, in its villas and other residences, is quite equal to some of the best parts of England; during this drive, I could have imagined myself in Worcestershire or Herefordshire; the roadside being vastly like many scenes in these counties. Their beef is certainly superior to everything of the name, except, probably, in the former country, whose studies in the art of

feeding have long entitled it to the professor's chair.

Hamburgh, like all the good things of this life, has its drawbacks; it has an abominable climate; a cold, cutting, dry, vein-shrivelling wind riots through the streets for nine months out of the twelve, as I am told;—I can bear witness to the "sample" I had of it during my stay. I felt chilled to the very marrow—having both eyes like a Scotchman's mull—so full of dust did they become in my peregrinations.

No man should omit seeing Hamburgh who has the opportunity, as it is certainly in point of extent and solidity of material the finest city I ever saw; but for a place of residence I prefer many far humbler spots that I will not name at present, having done so once or twice before.

I must allude to an act of liberality on the part of a society called the "Lesser Institute," I believe, where everything that is published in the known languages seems to be taken. I naturally wished to know what was going on in England, and happened to inquire in a large bookseller's shop, where I could see my honoured compatriots "Tait," or "Fraser," when I was politely told to walk up-stairs, where the above society has its rooms, having a free ticket presented me that would serve me during my stay.

This is well worthy the strangers' gratitude, and our immediate imitation at home. Reading-rooms even in London are not to be met with, excepting under protracted terms of subscription. If you desire to see a paper, supposing you to be in lodgings, you are compelled to enter some public place of entertainment, and call for an equivalent to the proprietor you had better avoid. There should be places in all our large towns where country gentlemen or strangers might subscribe for the day, week, or month, especially in London, with an entrèe gratis for every respectable foreigner.

There is little comfort in this large, splendid place; the beds are villanously small, hard, and bad as it is possible to imagine; they never "make" them — in fact there is nothing to make. You are put into a packing-case, called a bedstead, with very scanty covering, and no curtains, to have the option of drawing or not, as I certainly prefer, I must confess. In France and England you can scarcely find a bad bed in any good hotel, and out of these countries you cannot meet with a good one. In the first hotel in Copenhagen it was the same: and in Sweden! — oh, lack! There is also not a fire-place to be seen; that jolly, warm-hearted English friend, who greets you on opening your snuggery door with a glow of welcome, dwells not in Hamburgh, — there is

a funereal-looking monster of a stove that throws out a sulphureous vapour enough to stifle you—but there is no soft hearth rug, with the satin shoe flirting with the polished fender, as the flickering blaze cheers the wintry scene, and simmers the kettle on your "hob." Avast there! Mr. Recollection, if you please, this is no part of your boasted equanimity, and but a poor preparative for Scandinavia.

In the Alster pavilion you may hear the delicious airs of Beethoven executed as Germans love to hear, and regale yourself with a glass of "Jenny Lind's Punch," neither of which can you meet with under the same easy circumstances in England; so we will set the luxury off against the comfort—*for the nonce!*—and say quits. *Did* they, *could* they, *would* they only act with a *lee*tle more delicacy, I should be happier; but everywhere—in France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, everywhere but in England—men are disgusting in their habits,—for I never *saw* any one at home take the liberties with floor, or quarter-deck, that all these other countries do. I am sure a man might *expect a rating* from the smallest waiter in any tenth rate hotel did he attempt it. I write in supplication to these people to desist. Nothing can be more horrifying than their unceasing nauseant habit; it is so supremely so to me, that I hate to name the word, and leave them to guess my meaning.

My hackney-coach — another type of the wealth and good taste of the city, for nothing can be superior to it,—is now at the door waiting to convey me to the Kiel railway, so I am compelled to say, *au revoir*.

LETTER IV.

INCONSTANCY. — *DESIRE TO VISIT SCANDINAVIA.* — ENGLISH IMPRESSIONS OF SWEDEN. — *FASTIDIOUS TOURISTS.* — RIGHT OF COMMENT ON PUBLIC ACCOMMODATION. — GOOD-NATURED CRITICISM. — THE PYGMÆI. — SONS OF LOCALITY. — MODERN IDOLATRY. — MY CHARTER-PARTY WITH THE READER. — STERNE ON DIGRESSION.

Copenhagen, May, 1846.

I SHOULD now explain why I so soon take my departure from Hamburgh; my intention being to remain some time in that fine city when I left Havre-de-Grace, and afterwards to make a tour or détour through Germany and Belgium; but fickle as the vows of a coquette are the plans of a rambler, when like myself he strolls under a "roving commission." I plead guilty to the charge of inconstancy, having transferred my affections from a German to a Swedish excursion, to accomplish which, behold me *en route* for Kiel.

In all my longings to see strange countries, —and they have been neither few, nor with any great lapse of time between,—I had always the greatest desire to go "north about." Could

I at any time have chosen between Calcutta and Copenhagen, I should have selected the latter very probably, but to reserve the southern city for some future opportunity.

My imagination ever wandered towards the north. I longed to see Sweden above all other countries; I pictured lakes, sledges, salmon-fishing, the Aurora Borealis, and old Scandinavian manners and legends. The early history of the extreme north, and of Iceland especially were themes that had ever a singular charm for me; rocks, sea, and wild forest scenery are after my own heart: I therefore took little pressing when my Swedish friend left me for Lubec, and "touched thumbs" most resolutely to meet him in Stockholm, if my own movements were fortunate to escape accident. My trip was not to be accomplished in an hour or two's run with the "North Midland," or by a sail across the Channel; I had more than a thousand miles before me, purposing as I did, to cross over the whole breadth of Sweden besides the Baltic and Categat, before I could muster at the promised *rendezvous*.

With such long cherished predilection for my route and destination, every step I take is on the smooth easy road of self-gratification, and can scarcely serve to tire a rambler who wends his way with a spirit that so pleasingly outstrips it. I feel an absolute quickening through my

veins in being so unexpectedly under weigh for Scandinavia, after years of hopes and doubts, and envy no man who cannot appreciate the happiness it produces. We know comparatively little in England of Sweden and the Swedes, and that little, or the desire to add to it by personal intercourse, has unfortunately not been increased by any of the very few writers who have favoured us with their "tours." One author especially, probably the latest, has been singularly infelicitous in the impressions he received, and has bequeathed; and would be sorry, I fain would hope, did he hear the universal regret the people express when alluding to the work in question, that he should not have been able to find "anything good enough" for his notions, when he did them the honour to sojourn amongst them: a gentle, but at the same time, severe retort upon the sayings of any too fastidious or (synonymously speaking) grumbling tourist, probably one of the most unhappy beings, who draws the breath of Heaven but to return it to the world in measured whines and growls. On perusal of the tour in question, and subsequent treading in the writer's steps, I fancied I could detect a tone slightly *préparé*, and many petty items of difference in taste, that were scarcely worthy his recollection, far less severity; an opinion I have since been confirmed in, by a later work in which as much

favourable bias towards Norway is displayed, as is anything but an inclination for the country I am now hoping to form an acquaintance with. After very carefully beating up the ground, through high-ways, bye-ways, and in chimney corners, I am happy to say I found an amount of apparent kindness and hospitality, where I had no claim to look for either, as well as an evident *liking* towards the English in Sweden, that could not fail to gratify the tourist far more than any trifling discomforts, or deficiency in small daily appliances, could or *should* serve to annoy him.

To a certain extent, the public accommodation offered to the stranger in every country, and *paid* for by him, becomes his future right of comment, whether in praise or censure; and I believe it will be generally admitted that no writer could act more unfairly to the human stream flowing after him, did he not candidly make it, and proclaim his treatment as a guide or warning. This is his main chance of utility, and deeply would he deserve to be despised did he *injuriously* extenuate, or *maliciously* report upon his quarters and usage. But, let him make his remarks in "a friendly way," with a hint, and jocular, though at the same time hearty rap over his landlord's knuckles, should he deserve it, making him believe you to be his best friend, as you are in fact, and not an

ill-natured guest as difficult to please as Mr. Pelham's valet.

With men of any mind, a writer or speaker, though received on courteous sufferance as a foreigner, may not only give his opinion upon unsightly objects or discomforts, which might readily be removed or improved, if held up to view by him who has seen and consequently knows the contrast of countries, without the slightest chance of causing offence; but, possibly, might be the means of his receiving an acknowledgment at their hands for the interest he takes in the subject. Not so with the Pygmæi, and alas! the many; they will not so receive your gentle animadversions, however good naturedly you make them, or deeply they be merited, and will quarrel with you, if you happen to say that the streets are muddy in their native town.

I know a furious little son of Bile and Local-fever, who resideth in a miserable market-town in England of the smallest class, who once seriously quarelled with myself and two ladies, because we quizzed the display made in the market-place by the half-dozen butter-women, and few pots and pans; and who told me the most vile, black, coal-pit district in England was superior to the valleys of the Pyrenees, or Grassmere, by reason again, that he had never seen them.

Oh! these touchy, localized, vestry-meeting-taught curses at a table, how I loathe and fear ye! You cannot speak of the elements, or the last comet, without having a personality, rather than the tail of the latter, wove into the chat; and should you unguardedly complain that the aforesaid streets are badly lighted or narrow, or that the train or coach does not keep time, in the town wherein he turns on his little axis, you will have him on you! as if you had defiled his father's grave, or refused to "do his sister justice." He cannot bear it, it is a cruel, premeditated reproach on *him* to complain. Yet see! how he smirks, and bows, and lightens up, as the "great man of the neighbourhood" haughtily and distantly returns his officiously proffered salutation,—heartily despising the attempt at borough *ton*, which the touchy, querulous gentleman aims at; being resolutely denied admittance into the "county set," excepting during the contested election, when they work his bones, and sorry Rosinantes to an extent of cruelty to animals, that loudly calls for merciful ass-and-cur-protecting Martin's interference; wincing all the while, as they do, under the hateful familiarity they can scarcely avoid during the emergency. How blandly do they "My-dear-Jones" him then! lean on his arm, slap his back, and set him off enchanted on a thirty miles' ride after dinner,

to secure a wavering vote: the poor silly idolator saying to himself, as he rides between the crested pillars to the park, "How we apples swim!"

Sincerely hoping that Scandinavia has few such sons as the worthy whose *miniature* I have essayed to sketch, and that it may be of service in assisting us to steer clear of the gutter of locality—in whose shallow, though foul puddle the ideas and prejudices of such men stagnate, save when stirred into a noxious miasma by their own invidious self-applied personalities, which they contrive to distil from the broadest generality broached, I shall ramble on in the best of humour myself—

"Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair,"

sincerely rejoicing if I can infuse any portion of so right a spirit in my scribbling as to render it contagious; though by no means pledging myself to be either "contented" or "canty," without that "little" or "mair" are forthcoming in return for disbursements, supposed to be amply sufficient to secure them. Nor, (that we may perfectly understand each other, dear reader,) do I pledge myself to take thee by the nearest or most beaten track, and not to wander down the green lanes of retrospect, or to brush through the copse of digression,—or let my pencil float down its stream, (I give thee

the choice of simile) if I am "i' the vein," in search of those objects I hope to etch for thy amusement, by the way-side. As Sterne says, "Digressions are incontestably the sunshine, the life, the soul of reading:" so now to Kiel! to Kiel!

LETTER V.

KIEL. — THE RAILWAY. — THE "CHRISTIAN VIII." — THE VOYAGE. — ARRIVAL AT COPENHAGEN. — THE HÔTEL ROYAL. —THORWALDSEN.—FRUE KIRK.—ICELAND.—A NOBLE BRITON. —THE MUSEUM OF THORWALDSEN.—HIS TOMB.—COPENHAGEN. —NELSON.

KIEL is rather a nice old town, and greatly favoured in having a beautiful country on all sides of it. The railway from Hamburgh is laid through a dead level, and I should think must have been one of the cheapest lines to complete in Europe,—you hardly see a single natural difficulty to oppose it: yet is it dear enough to the *voyageur* notwithstanding, with an illiberality on the part of the directors respecting baggage, anything but creditable, and scarcely to be believed to be the regulation of a Hamburgher. They only allow you forty pounds, the weight of an ordinarily filled knapsack, and charge for every other ounce at an exorbitant rate.

Our steamer for Copenhagen, once the old Scotch "Vulcan," but now the "Christian VIII.," was announced for eight o'clock in the evening, so that we had ample time, having arrived

before noon, to lionise and refresh at Kiel. We found a tolerable hotel kept by Mr. Marselli, and met with every attention.

The frith of Kiel is very pretty; on each side the shores are wooded, and intersected here and there by hedges, quite as in England.

The "Christian VIII." was commanded by an extremely kind, attentive fellow, who spoke very good English, and took considerable pains in shewing me our course over the Baltic on his charts, as well as in explaining every point of interest. I have much pleasure in acknowledging this politeness, as well as in offering my meed of praise to the old "Vulcan;" who, though a patriarch amongst steamers, behaved admirably during a very heavy gale and head sea. This increased our passage to nearly twenty-four hours, though with average weather I believe they can accomplish it in about fifteen.

There are several extraordinary islands of immense altitude in this part of the Baltic; one, the island of Möen, has a perpendicular cliff of dazzling whiteness and great beauty, against which the stormy sea beat on the morning in which we passed, with terrific fury.

We landed at Copenhagen on a lovely Sunday evening, when searching baggage was, for the first time since leaving France, again the order of the day; though the trouble and inconve-

nience was rendered next to none by the prompt and civil conduct displayed in all the officers alike who had the unpleasing duty to perform.

I drove to the Hôtel Royal, and found every civility, an extremely agreeable family *table-d'hôte*, with excellent fare, at Mr. Löbell's. One day we had German, English, Swedish, Danish, and French, all spoken together; it was a perfect *Babel d'hôte* indeed, though every one made himself sufficiently intelligible, to leave no doubt of there being an universal wish to please, and be communicative. You only hear *one* name ever mentioned in Copenhagen, though it is one that will ever be a tower of strength and future beacon to the large city. Need I say it is Thorwaldsen?

Men speak not, think not of the king; they ask you, "Have you seen the Frue kirk?" or church of our Lady, within whose walls are the twelve apostles of Thorwaldsen, with the grandest, most holy conception of the Saviour, the chisels of future ages may vainly essay to surpass. The figures, larger than life, and thrown *into* life by the immortal Icelander, teem with varying expression and deep feeling. The cold and shapeless blocks from Carara became obedient to the mind and hand of man, till they assumed his own perfection in grace and form, and appear only to wait

the influence of that Supreme Power who could "breathe into their nostrils the breath of life."

There is the kneeling figure of an angel, holding a superbly sculptured shell, immediately in front of the altar, truly heavenly in face and purity of expression.

The Frue Kirk should have "judge not from appearances" written over its portal; for never did a more unworthy exterior enclose so great an amount of internal beauty: it is lamentably unsightly in its order, so much so, that your eye is pained by a second glance; yet would a view of the matchless treasure it contains amply repay a pilgrimage from the torrid zone.

Thorwaldsen was born in Iceland, a dreary, storm-beaten isle, nearly deprived of all communication with its fatherland. It is the abode of all but ceaseless winter, in which the sun, rarely for more than a few months out of the twelve, is ever seen. Yet in this unknown, sea-girt speck, sprung the man whom genius, art, and poetry of every clime, all but worship. His father was a cutter-out of figure-heads for shipping, to follow which lowly calling, I believe, the young Icelander was transferred to Copenhagen, where he is shortly to be buried in the midst of his works, in the magnificent museum, or rather mausoleum, that is now nearly completed to hold them.

To the eternal honour of an Englishman, it should be mentioned, that Thorwaldsen was fairly launched into fame, or rather at that time into existence, as a sculptor, by his well-timed and liberal patronage; he saw the kindling spark that would have died but for the friendly breath he gave to fan it into life, and eventually the unquenchable flame it rose to. The noble Briton, for such he was, untitled though he may have been, well merits a niche in the museum of his immortal *protégé;* for who has not *felt* the mine of wealth one friendly hand at starting would prove, as our willing though unaided, and consequently, alas! useless plunges are made to clear the mire which surrounds our early footsteps? How seldom is that hand held out at the right, the *pressing* moment, though it fails not to strew flowers affectionately o'er your *grave, artificial* though they may be, or to be held up pompously in the "committee" graciously formed to see you earthed becomingly! That hand was not withheld from Thorwaldsen, by the generous, far-seeing patron he encountered; and if you would know the result,—visit Copenhagen.

The museum of Thorwaldsen is now all but finished. It was originated through subscription, to which a large amount was bequeathed by the sculptor himself, after he had provided for, I believe, an only daughter. The build-

ing is in the heavy Egyptian order, a style I am not enamoured of myself, though it is admirably arranged in the interior for displaying the treasure it will contain; to which, I need not say, I devoted an entire delightful day.

In the centre of the large quadrangle is the tomb of Thorwaldsen. The very air you inhale breathes his name; the sweetly sad, yet loving mouth of his own Psyche pronounces it audibly—if you *listen!* Great Jove himself—his own creation—points to his ashes, though thank taste and heaven there is as yet no attempt at an epitaph, and righteously do I hope none will be made.

This unrivalled temple has several novel features in its conformation; on each, or rather every side, above as well as below, are a great number of separate compartments, probably twenty feet square, lofty in the extreme,—all painted elaborately in fresco. The colours are magnificent and in the best possible taste, though all varying as you proceed. One is a deep chocolate with a ceiling of pale yellow, decorated with white flowers, the basement being black. Another a mazareen with fresco-paintings of peacocks, gorgeously executed. A pale green follows, with various classical subjects, as the Olympic Games, painted on the ceiling; a deep Egyptian red, a brilliant yellow, all differently decorated in relief, with

mosaic flooring, compose these compartments, in each of which will be placed a *single piece* of sculpture. Far better for the *connoisseur* to be able thus to view their separate charms, than to be cast into the bewildering *mêlée* of beauty that most galleries are so crowded with.

Thorwaldsen died in the theatre at Copenhagen, at an advanced age, lamented as a national calamity, too sad for his country ever to hope to see repaired. His manners were *genially* polished and natural, his conversation pleasing in the extreme,—greatly resembling my own honoured countryman Chantry in these attributes, as I am given to understand—a singular and felicitous coincidence, as one would at first imagine, but a natural consequence to the true poetry of soul and depth of imagination, which animated both men alike,—as the slightest reflection must assure us.

Copenhagen is a large *stony*-looking place, evidently very dull; and with much originality about its features,—has an air of *respectable mediocrity*, which with other places I have visited since I left Hamburgh, denotes that a thorough stand-still principle predominates.

There are squares large enough to parade an army in, notwithstanding the vast elbow-room the louts of fellows, arrayed in uniform of brick-dust hue and made for "growing in,"

would require. Palaces of course; in one, there are no less than five hundred and fifty rooms, (provided, always, I was told the truth,) and a few narrow streets in which the principal shops are built; in all of these, a singular taste prevails of painting the various articles in which they deal, in minutest detail. Some are extremely well executed, and give an air of liveliness to the otherwise mean thoroughfares.

There is an Athenæum, in which a few English periodicals and other books may be seen; a theatre; on whose boards the drollery of a Romeo making love in Danish surpassed anything it is possible to imagine; "*Monsieur Macbeth, prenez garde de Monsieur Macduff*," was *Yorkshire* compared to it.

To sum up:—but that Nelson gave the place a little notoriety,—for which, instead of being grateful, the Danes are yet somewhat sore—together with the fact that within its walls repose the works and honoured remains of Iceland's immortal son, Copenhagen, as a capital, would never be heard of beyond the Categat and frith of Kiel.

LETTER VI.

COPENHAGEN TO GOTTENBURG. — "THE CHRISTIANIA." — THE SOUND. —THE CATEGAT. — ADMIRALTY NONCHALANCE.—ARRIVAL AT GOTTENBURG. — THE INN. —"PLEASING THE EYE."—THE TROOPS.—AN OPINION ON UNIFORMS.—SALUTING.—POMPOSITY.—APPEARANCE OF GOTTENBURG.

Gottenburg, May, 1846.

FROM Copenhagen to Gottenburg, you have a delightful sail,—if in "vackert väder," as the Swedes say, of about one hundred and fifty miles, through the Sound and Categat, with the coast of Sweden on your right, and the lovely island of Seeland or Zealand on your larboard hand; the latter, in fact, accompanies you nearly all the way, and is truly beautiful in its shores and general features.

This fine island is wooded, fertile, and undulating, and, I believe, extremely well cultivated.

The whole coast appeared deeply indented with fine bays, and exceedingly picturesque, so much so, that I shall be greatly disappointed if I have not the opportunity of seeing more of it.

The "Christiania," carrying the mails and a Norwegian pendant, got under weigh about three o'clock on another glorious afternoon, and soon left the batteries and steeples of Copenhagen far astern.

Helsinborg on our weather bow, with the castle of Elsinore on our lee. This strait is the principal source of revenue to Denmark, and as they ask twelve shillings English for a sight of one of their palaces, I should think "the Sound" a very pleasant one to the Danish lords of the exchequer.

You can see Windsor, the Luxembourg, and Louvre for nothing, but in Copenhagen everything is "rixgeldt." I wonder the Swedes, who possess half the channel, should submit to pay Sound dues, as they do; a toll, one would think, *they* should be free from; and that the march of Sir Robert does not tempt them to "kick over the traces."

We found a cheerful top-gallant breeze in the Categat, and splashed along merrily. The officers in command of the "Christiania" were both extremely pleasant men,—like all northerns, perfect linguists; and desirous of being communicative and agreeable. Though on my taking one of them for a Swede, he set me right with a fierceness which led me to imagine I had not paid him a compliment in my erroneous supposition. A Norwegian has the pride of Lucifer on

the score of nationality, for which I honour him from my heart!

Nothing could be more enchanting than this sail; we had the wind "with us," and a lively, dancing sea, through which we steamed at the rate of ten knots, forming a wake behind us, that reminded me of a river of soda water I have at times encountered *in my dreams.* The sun retired in great splendour, leaving a twilight at this early season, which lasted till near midnight, rendering our coffee and promenade on deck equally delightful.

By four o'clock this morning, the blue rocky coast of Sweden was close aboard of us, and by half-past five we were pulling up the two miles of river which form the harbour to Gottenburg; the "Christiania," in true admiralty nonchalance, charging what she thought proper for the passage, and dismissing us to suit her own especial convenience. There is no opposition, and consequently some slight *im*position, the fare being excessively high for the distance.

A fresh salmon trout, good *café au lait*, with a waltz well played in the adjoining room by some unknown fair one, were no unfavourable specimens of a new country:—all to be enjoyed before half the world had awoke.

The inn is *horrible* in its appearance; the entrance is such that an English gentleman's shooting pony would take fright at it. It is

dirty, squalid, and evidently denotes there is no notion in Sweden of "pleasing the eye" whereat the stomach rejoices. *Could* digestion proceed with a wife facing you in curl-papers and a dirty cap? Certainly, decidedly not; nor can appetite remain, as you cross the villanous threshold of Mrs. Tod; at all events, if new to such scenes.

Really, a five pound-note judiciously laid out in a pot of paint, a bit of floor cloth or matting, a few evergreens, and a block of sandstone, would make this hotel everything that a tourist would wish for. Let them sweep up the absurd sprinklings of juniper, that offend both the eye and nose; substitute a bit of carpeting, and not be too proud to be told these things,—and above all, get a few cheap iron bedsteads, in lieu of the packing-cases they put you in, adding a little wool and hair for a man's bones, and they will make Sweden comfortable in a month. If I had not a sincere liking for the country, I would not thus obtrude my advice, and assure the Swedes if I sketch a likeness or two, without flattery, it is in the spirit of friendliness, and not in a less amiable one.

Gottenburg is, I imagine, the second town in Sweden, and though very well built, and of lively exterior, has something of the *stationary* predisposition about it. Everything seems inactive, in comparison to the bustling places I

had so lately left, without there being anything like a shop, or food for the gaper to browse upon.

The troops I saw at Gottenburg were the nearest approach to our best men that I have met with. They are tall, well made, soldier-like fellows, dressed in the best taste, dark blue with yellow facings being the uniform of the squadron of dragoons then quartered in the place. They had, to my notion, a very good military helmet, as well as a bearing and contour not easy to improve. They had also a simple moustache, without the vile beard to aid their good looks; and though possibly not quite so covered with glory, (*or pockets,*) as the red-legged little heroes I had so lately left, the Swedes would parade with them, or any troops in Europe, and not fear the inspection.

Since I saw these men, I have seen most of the army, and have scarcely met with an under-sized bad-looking soldier, though their gait and seat on horseback might be materially improved. The uniform of the infantry is particularly good, far better, in my humble opinion, than that of the "Mantalini" looking guards; like the rest, blue and yellow; one regiment blue, and scarlet, with white cross belts. The old chako of the infantry is also good as can be, as far as appearances go; of ample height, and not too heavy; when without the feather nothing can be more soldier-like. I am

really sorry to see the officers have adopted the regulation undress cap of the French infantry; the one with *the* pique, and narrow crown, only differing, by having the little, *infantine,* yellow rosette of Sweden stuck directly in front. This doll-like silken bow may possibly be the type of some heroic deed, but its appearance and texture savour of anything but "the camp," to my thinking. The French casquette is an infringement on nationality, as well as an instance of *imitation,* neither of which pleases me. Another *splendid* helmet, that has lately been introduced, I *honestly* took for one belonging to a fire-brigade! it being exactly similar to one of our own. Nothing can be more unsightly, or unmilitary than this new head-dress—excepting probably the *Albertinian* abomination inflicted on ourselves; there is a *slouch* in the neck, or rather a smothering of the back part of the head, perhaps the most natty point of a man when nicely "groomed," which the brass coat-of-arms in front, another symbol of a city force as I thought, and spike or "prod" on the top—only requiring a vane to be thoroughly completed, does not in the least relieve.

This is the land of ceremony I can see already, and of complete military despotism with the *beau monde:* every man to be in the least *comme il faut, must* be in service; there being in reality no occasion for soldiers, they are incessantly

"playing" at them. A naval officer who had served with "us," informed me he had "an unfortunate brother in the guards who had *eleven tings for its head!*" The salutes an officer meets with, during his peregrinations, are enough to turn the heads of the young gentlemen, and the hands of the poor devils who stand sentry into horn, from the continual slaps he is obliged to give his musket. If an epaulette is promenading the bridge at Stockholm, the sentry under the palace steps slaps away at every turn—about thirty in an hour—and if a couple of swaddies should chance to meet one, they "bring up," all standing, "stiff as a midshipman," making the most ludicrous flapping salute with one, or I think both hands, till he is fairly out of sight; the promenaders generally tumbling over them, in consequence of their sudden full stop. I like not this,—a soldier, if he carries a musket or marshal's baton, is a member of the military brotherhood; both receive pay and perform duties it would be impossible to accomplish without their mutual struggle and *enthusiasm.* I like not to see the soldier reduced to the flunky in his chance rencontres with his officers.—That manly, dashing, perfectly respectful, though *hearty* salute, our fellows in their foraging caps and rambles give their officers when meeting on a promenade, is delightful to witness; and very different to the solemn, oft-

repeated salaams that appear to be a general order in Sweden.

I am also disappointed in the manner of the out-door Swedes. I fancied the old, dignified, Scandinavian Udaller and his descendants,—sons of Mythos and the Storm—to be more composed and less pompous than the present race. The flourishing of hats, the bowing and scraping, and ceremonious "backing and filling" that I have seen already, would give the *boulevard du Temple*, the "go by." I never witnessed anything equal to it. A Swede *cannot* let his hat alone; he will take it off to your dog, if he addresses him; coming in—going out—as well as every instant he is in a *café* or public room, is he clutching at his doomed beaver. I never know when I am right, or rather wrong; and but for the weather, and symptoms of baldness, I should certainly carry my hat under my arm, or leave it at home altogether.

This is very sad taste, and anything but a token of much heartiness, in my opinion; as well as being a copy—from not the most valuable original in manners, under the "new regime." The women are very different; they have that pleasing bend and graceful *empressement*, that the usages of good society demand with comparative strangers, but *they* lead me to believe, that manner is more thought of than *heart*.

I love that genuine, "pot-luck" offering, yet gentlemanly familiarity amongst friends, that I never see, except—no matter where. The bow I see current in Sweden, is of the "obsequious dancing school order," which Burns so greatly disliked.

Gottenburg is placed within a huge granite amphitheatre, which confines the view on all sides—and must in winter form a cheerless barrier to it; nothing can be more cold and desolate than this blue, sterile ridge, in its appearance.

The town is intersected by streams, which are crossed by numbers of not very elegant bridges. I counted no less than seven or eight, standing at one particular point of the quay.

The Gottenburgers have the character of being extremely hospitable, and partial to the English, as well as of possessing an energy in matters of business, that does not extend to the capital.

I have a little trip of some six hundred miles before me—more or less—for a Swedish mile has never yet, I believe, been correctly done into English measurement. I shall therefore "book myself," and say adieu.

LETTER VII.

"THE POLHEM."—A GROUP OF TOURISTS.—ANTICIPATED LOITERING.—THE ELF.—THE SEASON.—BOHUS.—OUR CUISINE.—A COUNTRY-HOUSE.—TROLLHATTAN.—SWEDISH VIANDS.—MY PREFACE.—TURN-IN.

Gottenburg, Wednesday, May, 1846.

THE little "Polhem" being advertised to start at five o'clock to-morrow morning, I have taken the advice of her commander, and made my first night's acquaintance with her ladyship, in preference to the scurry over the detestable pavement of Gottenburg at so early an hour; having previously secured a whole cabin, through the recommendation of a Danish friend, who said, if I did not take the precaution, very probably some "old infernal," possibly an "old Vife," might be put in with me at our first resting-place, as once happened to himself, to his unspeakable horror and misery. Having the prospect of at least a four days' passage, the society of this "old infernal" would not be the most agreeable in the world; as it is, with quarters solo, nothing can be more so. I am now, at ten o'clock, "free on board," seated in

my cabin, writing as peaceably and quietly as if I were in a wood.

The little room, about seven feet square, with ample height, is painted a very light blue, with a ceiling perfectly white, having a comparatively large window, with damask curtain, and a door to slide and fasten at your pleasure. There are two sofas *en face*, covered with pink striped chintz, which do duty for beds during the night; there is a mahogany wash-stand with a cover forming a writing table, on which is placed a decanter of clear water, and a wax light. There is a carpet all *over* the apartment, and lastly sheets and pillows laid on one of the sofas, beautifully clean and tempting, so much so, that I shall straightway stretch my limbs, and bid you, dear reader, "a fair good night."

Thursday Morning.

"The Polhem," began puffing up the power of her thirty steeds by four o'clock, feeding them with logs of pine, that were piled upon her deck in sufficient quantity to last the day, having depôts of fuel at every station. I rose with the steam, and found a group of tourists, male and female, already assembled on the pier, ready to take the steamer.

They are a very *nice* looking set, with extremely pleasing manners, one or two are very

"bonny creturs," with fair hair, and fairer complexions, with good teeth as well as figures.

They made even their "yaws," and "nays," and *mycket-vackert*,—Anglicè, "Very Pretty," sound somewhat musically, a no slight difficulty, I imagine, with the numerous harsh v's and k's they have to contend with.

The voyage from Gottenburg to Stockholm, being justly considered one of the wonders of Sweden, I shall probably loiter in my recollection, till I am left behind by my lighter heeled or brained reader; but I promise him, that when he shall have viewed the incomparable diversity in pure natural scenery, as well as the surprising works of art which absolutely pour upon him in this unequalled trip, he will willingly loiter, and linger over the reminiscence as I do.

We started to an instant. The vapour rose from the water, and curled gracefully round the blue granite hills, as we steamed up the Elf, and "hailed the smiling morn," in health and spirits becoming the *anticipated pleasure;* for great as is the actual enjoyment, it is feeble in comparison to the pleasing reverie of undefined anticipation; but a truce to moralising; proceed we up the clear and winding Elf, which flows between two ranges of granite for a considerable distance after leaving Gottenburg, occasionally diversified by patches of low, grassy

land running to the margin of the river. We encountered numerous flat-bottomed vessels, sloop-rigged, conveying deals cut in the forest far inland, and intended for the English market. The freshness of the air, and backward vegetation made me fully aware that I had left the beautiful "Seine" far away to the south'ard. The season here had scarcely thrown away its winter garments; in Normandy, half a month ago, spring had nearly cast them for the more brilliant ones of summer; though I felt the northern climate the more congenial of the two, my spirits rising into a complete anti-dyspeptic fervour as I sniffed the breeze that swept the blue hills of Sweden.

The ancient "hold" of Bohus on our left, shews the remains of strength and feudal consequence, and was once the scene of fierce contention: it being a border fortress, and opposed to the first inroads of the Danes. A conference of some importance was held at this castle, between the kings of Norway, Denmark and Sweden, many centuries ago. The old grey "keep" and embattled walls are in extraordinary preservation, and relics of olden times only requiring the pen of the novelist to endue them with romance and interest.

An excellent *dêjeûner*, for which purpose the little vessel has a small *salle à manger*, was truly welcome. The fare is good as *need* be, and ex-

tremely moderate in price; more perfect cleanliness and attention it is impossible to see, add to which, a silver fork, napkin, with fresh fish, eggs, and veritable cream, brought on board every morning, leave little to be desired in our floating *cabaret.*

The "nice party," I regret to say, leave us before we arrive at Trollhättan. They have invited me to walk up to the château to which they are going, the steamer having an hour's passage through several locks, giving time for a ramble. The view from the windows and terrace of this country house is very fine, with a hanging wood immediately below them. Our host was kindly polite, and would have pressed a whole day's good things into the single hour I had at my disposal; but the "Polhem" has again entered the Elf, and compels me to join her.

The approach to Trollhättan is exceedingly fine: the river winds amongst every variety of scenery, rocks covered with the sable fir, and graceful birch start up from the stream in every fantastic form, leaving a long sweep of it fading most deliciously into perspective. The falls are the finest I ever saw, not from the height but from the volume and velocity of the water, rushing and tumbling with incessant roar, amidst a chaos of rocks and shattered pines, with the wild and rugged scenery on all sides. Nothing

can be finer; the colour of the water is of the deep, heathery hue, that so harmonises with the dark rocks and darker foliage.

There is a very pretty, and pretty good hotel above the falls, at which I got a bowl of delicious sour cream. Eaten with powdered sugar and ginger, this forms a favourite dish in summer with the Swedes, and is one I like exceedingly. The best plan is, to add a small quantity of sour milk with fresh cream, and whip them into bad humour; the genuine sour milk I cannot manage.

The various dishes I have had placed before me in Sweden are not exactly to my taste; there is too much sugar mixed with everything alike,—as well as preserves added on all occasions. I saw dried goose and preserved barberries; rein-deer and raspberries frequently eaten together, with a great many sweet soups introduced between the courses; one of which, if eaten after the meat, or alone, I like amazingly; it is sago soup served hot, with a glass or two of white wine, sugar, and lemon boiled in it; to which they add macaroons and raisins when they serve it. This is a pleasant, and I fancy wholesome dish, but for all their sugared, greasy messes I have no fancy.

I had nearly three hours allowed me at Trollhättan, during which pleasant saunter, I wrote to thee, dear reader, the few introduc-

tory lines I trust in thy good nature to receive; enjoyed myself amongst the rocks and woods, as well as among a gay crowd of villagers, who were celebrating some trifling *fête* or holiday.

The Elf left us, or we left the Elf, as you like, about sunset; the Venern lake receiving us on its broad unruffled waters most smilingly. I then reluctantly retired to my snug little dormitory, though the very long day and exercise, under anything like ordinary circumstances, would ere this have reminded me of its necessity.

LETTER VIII.

THE VENERN LAKE. — WENESBORG. — A RAMBLE. — WOODLAND REVELRY. — THE CANALS EN ROUTE. —THE VIKEN LAKE. — THE VETTERN. — MOTALA. — EXTRAORDINARY SCENE. — THE BOREN LAKE. — ANOTHER STROLL. — AGRICULTURE. — WRETA KIRK.—ANCIENT MAUSOLEUMS. —"THE DOUGLAS."—REVIEW OF THE ROUTE.

FRIDAY morning found us steaming amidst the islands of the Venern; a cool refreshing breeze shook the firs that seemed planted in pure granite, so perfectly free from everything like soil was the deeply wooded coast near which we were sailing.

We remained a short time at Wenesborg, during the "small hours," at which place we took on board a fresh supply of wood, together with a brace of officers in an undress uniform, who proved a very agreeable acquisition to our mess, and contributed no little to my *mems de voyage*, as well as to my happiness whilst it lasted. We have all had four hours' leave of absence granted us for a ramble on shore, whilst the "Polhem" proceeded through the canal which intersects the two lakes, the Venern and Vettern; there being no less than

ten locks with double gates to pass through in her intricate course. I willingly made one of a skirmishing party, and have just rejoined the steamer after a very delightful walk. All nature seemed wild with joy as if in ecstasy at the departure of a northern winter, cheered by the once again sun-clad, beamy sky.

Everything teemed with life and merriment. The birds carolled as if celebrating a festival; dragon and butterflies were revelling on the downy fragrant palm, that I met with in great beauty and luxuriance, as well as with countless wild flowers, the "forget-me-not," the Alpine strawberry, and violet in profusion; fish were rising on all hands, forming their flickering *exciting* rings on the water. I gathered the periwinkle, several specimens of heaths, the arbor vitæ and juniper, and saw the alder, with birch in great beauty. I missed the oak, beech, yew, ash, and elm in the woods during this stroll. The path was full of mosses, arrayed in their gorgeous livery of "green and gold," upon which I felt almost grieved to tread, so beautifully they rose, and alas! fell before me.

I must have walked at least ten miles, before I was overtaken by the "Polhem," my comrades, long before we had marched half that distance, having come to a halt at some wayside *auberge*. Having decorated my pretty cabin with my woodland spoils, I joyfully dived below

to the *salle à manger*, where the roast veal and cranberries,—the latter of which I made interest to exchange for a potato,—were not the least welcome objects that greeted me. The canals we pass through are nearly as picturesque as if the work of nature rather than art; without the least Hollandish feature in their appearance, being winding, broad, and overhung by the graceful birch, which thrives in this country to an extent we know nothing of in England; it is now clustered with blossom, or "lambs' tails," as "we lads" were accustomed to call it. The shores are of the same blue rocky nature, in many instances towering above our little ship and her modest funnel. One portion of the canal is carried over a country whose altitude is five hundred feet above the level of the sea, at which point a small obelisk is erected.

The Viken lake is equally pleasing with our former course, having deeply indented shores, numerous wooded islets, with very rich coloured water. The mists of evening rose in fantastic wreaths from the lake, as we brought up for the very short night, during which prudence recommended us to anchor.

Saturday.

On mounting the deck betimes, after an excellent night's rest, I found we were steaming across the Vettern. This lake is at least a hundred miles in length from N. to S. and is a very

capricious lady, as Captain Falcke, our worthy commander, gave me to understand; sudden squalls from the hills frequently lashing the clear waters of the little sea into fury. He tells me he has often found a storm rioting in the centre of the lake, as if a legion of demons were performing their ablutions, when for a considerable distance from both shores the weather was comparatively fair, to such an extent indeed as to *compel* him to put back. This morning, the breeze was just sufficient to curl the water gracefully, and refresh all on board, after a sultry evening accompanied with thunder and heavy rain.

We were let loose again at Motala, and walked through a pretty valley, in which I found the oak, the ash, and elm, though not in luxuriance; the yew and beech I could not find, neither have I discovered either of these woodland belles in any of my Swedish rambles, nor do I believe they exist in the country. We had another canal that let us into the Boren Lake, through a channel that may be truly likened unto a crystal staircase; there being five locks and gates, each containing water for the length of our steamer, down which she stepped, (or was lowered in reality) from an altitude of quite a hundred feet, still she reached the level of the lake. It was a curious sight, to see a steam-packet walking down stairs as

leisurely and composedly, as if she were an old lady descending from her chamber to dinner; and struck me, as being no trifling proof of the extreme training and docility, to which we have brought the terrific *fifth* element in our sphere, as steam may not inappropriately be termed.

The view at Motala is exquisite: in fact it may justly boast of being the most superlative bit of scenery in Sweden. You have the deeply embayed swelling shores of the lake, fringed with varied foliage, till they fade in the far distant perspective; the rapid river and beautifully winding canal joining the large sheet of water, with a well-wooded undulating tract of country between them; the former affords the supply from the inland sea, the Vettern. Here the little "Polhem" set her foresail, and with a flowing sheet and gallant breeze made the water fly from her bows, as she splashed along at the rate of ten knots. Another canal of nearly twenty miles in length, passes through a very well cultivated country, in fact the best part of the kingdom, as I am informed and joins it with the Roxen, a lake which is of greater extent than the one we have just left; with very beautiful shores, and the same clear blue water, though perfectly free from salt.

If the scenery I have so far passed through,

was in France or Germany, half the people of England would be "raving" about it, but as it is in a far more healthy and cheaper region, and (speaking from my own stomachic barometer) infinitely more congenial to British lungs, it is scarcely ever visited.

Before taking the Roxen we had three hours' stroll allowed us, during which I saw a good specimen of Swedish agriculture; the land being apparently well cleaned and drained, though the fences were very unsightly, no farm *can* look passable, with these hideous, unevenly topped *chevaux de frise*, crossing it at *wrong* angles, as they do throughout the whole land.

The principal object of interest was the ancient church of Wreta, then undergoing a thorough repair, extremely creditable to the authorities. There are several very ancient mausoleums in this old kirk; one of a Danish prince, and also another of a Swedish king, bearing the date of 1193; with their respective crowns hanging pendant from the ceiling over their tombs. The most gorgeous in heraldic blazon was the "grafchoir" of "the Douglas," to which family, quartered with that of Crewe and other ancient names, there are nearly fifty coats highly emblazoned with the insignia of the noble Scot's achievements. He, with scions of the Hamiltons, Stuarts, and others, took service with Gustavus Adolphus, in the "Thir-

teen Years' War," and they are buried becomingly in the land of their adoption; the last, an Otto Douglas, is modestly lying in the cold kirk-yard, denoting the "inside all full," or a falling off in the fortunes of the fierce mercenary's heirs. This ancient Swedish church is well worth seeing, there being many relics of by-gone days, and records of old families to be seen in it; it is also quite a curiosity in its architectural style and external peculiarities, both being different to everything I had yet seen.

The Roxen lake is about twenty English miles in length, lying E. and W.; our course lay a point off the E. The whole passage from Gottenburg to Stockholm, shews an undertaking creditable in the extreme to Swedish intelligence, engineering, and perseverance; we steamed through eighty miles of river, one hundred and twenty of canal, one hundred and fifty of lake, one hundred and sixty over sea, and passed through seventy-five locks, and thirty-five bridges in our four days' cruise; one I shall ever recollect with extreme pleasure; it gave me the opportunity of crossing over the whole breadth of Sweden, without fatigue, *ennui*, or discomfort; at an expense, too, so moderate, notwithstanding my "private room," as to enhance the pleasure in a ratio commensurate with the trifling outlay.

The civility, perfect cleanliness, and attention on board the snug little "Polhem" were beyond all praise, leaving nothing to be desired, but a repetition of such delightful excursions.*

* The steamer I have so frequently mentioned, takes her name from a Swedish worthy, of great talent and celebrity, viz.: Polhem the engineer.

LETTER IX.

THE ROXEN LAKE. — TWILIGHT. — SÖDERKÖPING. — A SLIGHT "CONTRETEMPS."—ULFÅSA.—LINEAGE OF THE BRAHE. THE "BONNE BOUCHE" OF THE CRUISE. —STEGEBORG. — A LINGUA FRANCA. —THE BALTIC ARCHIPELAGO. — THE MÄLARE. —ARRIVAL AT STOCKHOLM.

THE head of Roxen lake is diversified in a very pleasing manner, by numerous islands well wooded, bays and creeks, as well as being beautified by its rugged crown of granite. The sun set in great splendour as we left this water for the Asplangen by another canal; this word is very *mal-a-propos* to the winding, though artificial courses as seen in Sweden, they being uniformly clear and flowing, as well as fringed by the drooping birch, and without the slightest resemblance to the straight, formal cuttings of England and Holland; the former covered with Pickford's unsightly craft; here you meet with a picturesque galliot occasionally, and numerous market boats of quaint hull and rig. The twilight at this early season remained with us till near midnight, at least four hours later than Paris, at which time I "turned in."

Sunday Morning, May, 1846.

I found our little ark brought up opposite the small wooden town of Söderköping, pronounced Soderchuping, an accident having occurred to one of the gates of the canal, which, when repaired, only left us in greater difficulties, viz. a scarcity of water; the element having escaped through the damaged portal, so that we stuck "hard and fast," and soon became the centre of attraction to the *beau monde* of Söderköping. Early as it was, not six o'clock, many nicely dressed people came to the banks to have a stare at us. Several bonny faces, in white bonnets and plaid shawls, had issued out of the red painted log-houses, that would have graced the best promenade in "Auld Reekie;" all looked pleasantly, having a natural unaffected air, that quite consoled us for our trifling *contretemps*.

The village had a tranquil, unfrenchified, uncaféd, anti-catholic look, that gratified me exceedingly in the early May Sunday morning. Rugged blue granite hills covered with the dark fir on our left, with swelling fields and clumps of trees on the other hand, formed the features of the country round Söderköping, which I found afterwards to be a favourite resort for the health-seekers in Sweden; a spring of mineral water being the attraction.

Having at length received a supply of water

from the canal above, we were enabled to make a start, feeling our way very carefully, till we arrived at Mem, a prettily situated hamlet at the head of one of the inlets to the Baltic, here-away perfectly lake-like in its features, having the shores close on either hand, with innumerable islands interspersed, forming a very picturesque marine *coup d'œil.*

On the right bank of lake Boren, we passed the château of Ulfasa, pronounced Ulvosa, now I believe the property of Count Stjerneld. The original site was formerly occupied by the "holds" of several ancient Swedish families: the first mentioned being Magnus Minnesköld, who held it with his dame, the celebrated Ingrid, Ulfva *or* Ylfva, till the year 1260. It was then held by Manson and his fru Sigrid, who left issue. The heiress to this latter family, Ingeborg, married Berger Personn, or Pederson, of Finland, and became mother of St. Brita, from whose blood springs the old and noble family of Brahe, related to ancient Swedish royalty.

We have the *bonne bouche* of the excursion yet to come, notwithstanding all the beauties I have so faintly attempted to describe; this is literally a surfeit of dainties. The frightful Baltic, as I imagined, is here studded with countless green isles, covered with foliage, with cattle and sheep browsing where a scanty pas-

turage can be found; the verdure proceeding from the mosses, rather than any abundance of grass, leaving a vista of water, wood, and rock in our wake, with an equally glorious perspective before us. Nothing can be more enchanting than this sail; the morning is in delicious keeping, fresh and bracing, though sufficiently genial to admit of our little white coffee equipage, with its glass pitcher of thick cream, being placed upon deck by our tidy Yung-fru. We

RUINS OF STEGEBORG CASTLE.

have just passed a fine ruin called Stegeborg, famed in Swedish history for hard fighting and romance; it was once the key to the coast, and defended according to its importance.

We have so many exquisite views on all hands, that I cannot reconcile myself to take even half an hour's nap, for fear of missing any

of them; so greedy do I confess myself to be. How seldom is this delightful trip made by English tourists, who prefer broiling and being plundered at Baden, Brussels, or Les Eaux, (*bonnes* or *chauds*), when congenial Sweden would I am sure, gratify every English eye, really fond of pure natural scenery.

I was greatly amused by the way in which I received information on passing objects, from one of the Swedish officers, on board the "Polhem." I knew nothing of his language, and he scarcely more of mine, with the veriest smattering of German and French to assist our *lingua franca;* so that we conversed in all tongues, drawing upon each for a word, when falling short in our vocabulary, which, by the way, was always the case. One instance will suffice: "Do you know," said I, "an Englishman, who lives somewhere hereabouts; what sort of a person is he; is he in fact what *you* term a *gentleman?* I merely ask out of curiosity, not knowing him but in print." "No, it is not a gentleman I tink; it has taken its, Kelna, to be its vife, but not a married vife; its book is not the worst of its works."

Nothing could be more conclusive than this. The Swede's good-nature, in trying to explain and translate for me, was a complete proof of his kind-heartedness, and gratefully do I acknowledge it.

Still steering amongst an apparent labyrinth of islands, with the wooded embayed shores close aboard us, our course seems quite closed by granite clumps, through the mazes of which our little vessel twined in a very coquettish manner: we have had fresh pike for dinner, and everything comfortable as before. The delay at Söderköping had made an *entrée* into Stockholm this evening an impossibility, greatly to my delight, being far happier in the prolonged sail amongst the islands of this beautiful blue sea, than in the anticipated noise of the capital.

Nine knots an hour were insufficiently fast to outsail the beauties we had on all sides of us in the Baltic Archipelago, as the inside channel of that sea, in which we were steaming, might be called. It has various names as you proceed, perhaps the most beautiful part being in the concluding sail. The width is within compass to enable you to enjoy both shores, which are high, well-wooded, and indented very delightfully. High over head a brace of eagles were soaring, apparently motionless, as we entered the Mälare by another short canal, as it was called, though it seemed to me to be a wide, natural inlet, overhung by high banks, planted with splendid specimens of the mountain-ash. Here we brought up for the very few hours that darkness covers the earth.

Monday, May, 1846.

I had so many views promised me by the worthy skipper over night, that at four o'clock I was walking the deck; and never was the self-imposed penance of very early rising more liberally rewarded. We were in the Mälare, —a brilliant, winding water, of near forty miles in length, and a quarter of one in breadth at this particular point, — having extremely fine shores, embayed at intervals, and covered with foliage; here and there châteaus and cottages, with well cultivated fields, meet the eye, with the usual number of islands, thrown together in the most fantastic groups that Nature could have imagined in her varied and frolicsome handiwork. I have so dilated upon the incomparable beauties of this voyage, that, wishing to steer clear of the shoals of "heroics," I must leave numberless points of view unchronicled, that would repay a very, very long journey to visit; and land you, on a lovely morning, before the sun has well risen, at Stockholm.

LETTER X.

THE "NARROW GAUGE." — SMARTNESS. — IMMEDIATE APPROACH TO STOCKHOLM. — STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE. — THE INNS. — APPEARANCES. — MY QUARTERS. — MORPHEUS AND HIS BUGGY.

Stockholm, May, 1846.

I ALREADY perceive that the "narrow gauge" is entirely in use in Sweden, as well as in Denmark, which I sincerely regret, for the sake of both these fine countries, and hope, indeed, that the present intelligent prince who reigns over the former, will adopt ere long a broader principle.

This is the land of passports; right of search, even after landing from a home port, with a systematic waste of time, and expense attending such customs, highly detrimental to commerce and dispatch. The Swedes have no notion of being *smart*, an attribute in our English porters, as well as in their American brethren, which instantly strikes every one alike; they bungled over a few packages of baggage in a sleepy, lubberly manner, that was anything but conducive to a favourable impression on landing.

The immediate approach to Stockholm by the

Mälare is not so fine as you would imagine from the transcendent beauties that accompanied you within a mile of the city, when everything like the picturesque leaves you, without a tree being visible near it. The houses, too, are of all sizes, the small ones by far predominating.

The natural advantages of approach are not adequately appreciated, or rather done justice to by the Swedes. Their whole style of architecture is mean to a degree; and their houses on each side of the Mälare quite unworthy that superb piece of water. With a few of the old palaces of Venice on each bank, a tree at intervals, and a gondola or two afloat, the northern capital, from its more romantic environs, would far exceed the other. You do not see even a balcony to any one of the houses, than which nothing is more pleasing to the eye, whether in or out of doors. A few balconies filled with flowers and evergreens, as in all our London houses, would be a vast improvement to Stockholm.

The inns are all without the slightest external recommendation, — sadly *au contraire*, — one frequently sufficient to insure an *entrée* without a more legitimate introduction; having many a time and oft decided upon our quarters from a casual glance at appearances *en passant*. How a clean flight of steps, a well-matted hall, with the "wee bit ingle blinking bonnily" through the bright panes of the "travellers'

room," arrest your steps involuntarily, as, trudging after your baggage, you gaze right and left in search of a *caravanserai* with an encouraging look! In Stockholm they are all equally unfavourable at first sight, and infinitely *worse than they look* in everything relating to bed and board. Nothing can be more wretched than the abominable abode I have managed to get located in; or more extravagantly high, considering the miserable fare and attendance, than the charges of the amiable little Swedish Jew who keeps it. I sleep in a den without a morsel of carpet, in which I am also obliged to eat, there being nothing like a parlour or "coffee-room" in the house; or in any hotel in the place, in fact. I break my elbows nightly in the narrow, "cribbed, confined" thing called a bed; and have fancied myself, in my tossing dozes, as forming the entrance-hall to one of the huge ant-hills that fill the woods of Sweden; for Morpheus either *fleas* away entirely, or otherwise drives me through imaginary realms of eternal wool and stifling fumes in his *buggy;* till Phœbus overtakes us in his phaeton, and kindly gives me an airing in the outer world.

Poor as is the public accommodation in Stockholm, I am compelled to recommend my countrymen to stick to "native talent;" for I never encountered the amount of imposition, discourtesy, and stinginess, following a profusion of telescope

curtseyings and smirking dulcet vows of good treatment, as I endured for many months in a *semi-Englishwoman's* house in the "Brunkerberg." Once in the web of an agreement! and dire was the change in my monthly computation and dietary; the former assumed a figure as ungracefully *embonpoint* as the latter became "small by degrees, and villanously less."

LETTER XI.

VOYAGE TO UPSALA. — APPEARANCE OF THE PLACE. — THE CATHEDRAL. — MAUSOLEUMS AND GRAFCHOIRS. — CATHERINA JAGELLONICA. — POLAND. — LINNÉ. — THE COLLEGE LIBRARY. — THE STUDENTS. — THE HOSTEL. — RETURN TO STOCKHOLM.

Upsala, June, 1846.

I TOOK the steamer this morning for Upsala, and have had a very pleasant sail up another arm of the same beautiful Mälare that I was so enchanted with on my voyage to Stockholm. Nothing can be finer than the deeply-wooded shores of this unequalled water, for such it may safely be termed; there are more than a thousand picturesque islands alone dotting its surface; all adding to its singular beauty. We steamed about fifty English miles in one of the small river or lake boats of probably thirty, rather slow, horse-power; but nothing to compare in point of *cuisine*, cleanliness, or general comfort to my esteemed little friend the "Polhem." The vessels to Upsala pay a dividend of more than twenty per cent, I am given to understand, whilst the Gottenburg

boats, from the great length of voyage and heavy expenses, I regret to hear, are far from being profitable. The one that is so lucrative, might well take a lesson or two from the excellent management and liberal treatment every passenger alike has such just reason to extol. I can only say I have great pleasure in adding my meed of praise, and heartily wish the spirited proprietors every success.

Upsala is the great seat of Swedish learning, in fact, the Oxford and Cambridge of the country, and though it cannot boast of much similarity in grandeur and antiquity of buildings, with those truly unrivalled cities, it is extremely well worth a visit, and very pleasing in its general features.

There is a tranquil, clean, grassy appearance about some portions of the place, that is refreshing in the extreme, after the villanous pavement of Stockholm.

The houses in Upsala, are nearly all built of wood, but appear very comfortable notwithstanding. I feel quite a wish to possess one of these log dwellings, and fancy they are capable of being greatly improved in appearance, by having verandahs, or trellice-work added, as well as the charming French *jalousie*, than which, nothing more enlivens a house's face, or proves so excellent a defence, during an excess of heat or cold, to both of which alter-

nations of climate Sweden is particularly exposed.

These wooden houses are frequently of considerable size, being generally painted a deep red or stone colour, with the door and window frames white, to which, muslin curtains, pretty flowers, and far prettier faces, give a *tout ensemble*, well able to bear the tourist's scrutiny.

The cathedral is the "lion" of the place, and the queen of Scandinavian churches; it is a curious old pile, built of red brick, with porches of stone quaintly ornamented in relief. The two original square towers in themselves are in excellent keeping, but are now ruined by taste, that seems to increase in barbarism as civilization advances.

The Black Dwarf had infinitely better taste in his display of architecture than any of our modern authorities possess, or the two small black deformities called turrets would never have been added, as they have in late years, since the original ones were struck by lightning. These unsightly abominations are worthy some gentleman's stable-yard, with a fifty shilling clock, and dinner bell for tenants, but Vandalism, where they are indeed. The interior of the cathedral is without any architectural decoration, though it is lofty in the extreme, and of great length, having a venerable cleanliness pervading, in lieu of the plaster images, artificial

flowers, dirty old rush-bottomed chairs, and swealing tallow, which so desecrate the fine churches in France and Belgium. For researches in genealogy and heraldry, "Garter King" might spend a day or two with satisfaction in this fine old temple. I had a long and loitering stroll through its solemn aisles, and found many deeply interesting relics of Swedish history and gallantry. The mausoleum of Gustavus I., with his two wives, contains a good specimen of modern fresco painting; besides the three recumbent figures in white marble. There are seven large compartments in this particular grafchoir, in each of which an event in the celebrated monarch's life is eloquently recorded by Sandberg, the details being also chronicled by the same artist. John III., son of Gustavus, has a separate grafchoir, or knightly burying place, in which a curious monument by Donitelli is erected to that prince, with a singular history attached to it; it having been shipwrecked on its way from Italy—where it was executed by order of King Sigismund—and afterwards recovered.

Far more interesting to me was the monument to the queen of the above-named prince, — Catherine Jagellonica, — a daughter of the royal blood of Poland: the fact of which is proclaimed by more than thirty-six separate shields of brass emblazoned in relief, which sur-

round her tomb. There is the recumbent figure of the Polish princess, and eventually Swedish queen, in white Finland marble, lying *à la Française*—at some distance from her husband. Over her head is her crown of silver, weighing upwards of thirty-five pounds.

A sigh might well escape a man, as he contemplated the former splendour and chivalry of Poland, and the damning evidence it bears of *Europe's* spoliation, (for the acquiescing spirit merits no less censure) in its present torn and mangled state. Poland! (how spontaneously the very name sounds, free, national, and regal) through whose veins ran the knightly blood of honour and chivalry, elegance and learning,—ages before the northern Condor was heard of in national ornithology,—whom all the other countries in the world were at one time behind in the arts and charms of life. *She* is bound in chains by ruffianly brute force and numbers, for no crime, for not even a pretence, far less reason.

Oh, France! France! *you* should, and could once, have saved your well-tried ancient ally—and yet have it in your power to release her from her bondage, had you but the will and energy to set about it. Prussia, I think and hope, is only waiting for a pretext to dissolve the inhuman partnership, and to give the Poles the freedom, the whole world will, or ought, ere

long, to *demand*, without permitting a demur much less denial. To aid the efforts of Poland to shake off her galling yoke is a good work, to which every man of every clime should strenuously lend his most willing hand. * *

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There are grafchoirs to the ancient families of Brahe, the premier in Swedish *noblesse*, in the cathedral at Upsala; as well as to a humble son of Scandinavia, whose name will be venerated when deeds of arms and noblesse are equally forgotten; for science *will* retain her wreaths, when granite shall have crumbled into dust. There is a very beautiful monument in porphyry erected to Linnæus, "the prince of botanists," with a fine medallion of him in bronze.

Upsala is of great antiquity, and in the dark ages was celebrated as being the place of human sacrifice and burnt-offering; Odin had then a strong-hold at Sigtuna on the Mälare, which town was formerly the capital of Sweden.

The college library has a very valuable and rare collection of books, containing upwards of one hundred thousand volumes, besides several thousands in manuscript. They have also the celebrated copy of the Bible, or rather four gospels, written in letters of silver upon vellum; supposed to be thirteen hundred years old. This rare volume is called the "codexa rgenteus" and belonged originally to an abbey in Westphalia.

There are about a thousand students at this university; they wear simply a white velvet cap, with a black band, without any gown or other distinctive badge; though I believe they have every advantage from men, who are not only "professors," but well able to inculcate sound learning, as well as most modern accomplishments. I hope to see Upsala once again before I leave Sweden, so greatly pleased am I with it; I like its venerable minster, its quiet grassy walks and birchen groves; I like the log hostel, and the tolerable fare we had the appetite to enjoy: I like the good-tempered lasses above all, who had ever a pleasant look, and a laughing "yaw, yaw," in reply to my *lingua franca*, one that would have puzzled a professor of the unknown tongues. In the mean time, my reverie and "pencilling by the way," in which I have indulged during my tranquil sail down the Mälare, are disturbed by the two half-pounders on the bow of the "Upland," announcing our arrival once more at Stockholm.

POSTSCRIPT.

A REUNION.

The Skeppsbrön, midnight.

I have just returned from a reunion, or jovial and scientific muster of artists and their friends, who subscribe to the doctrine, that "all work and

no play makes Jack a dull boy." I feel much gratified with my evening's entertainment, having rubbed off a whole month's dulness amongst the merry fellows, and returned to my quarters a true believer in their admirable creed. I was introduced by my friend, the "Rough-looking Gentleman," and had the greatest politeness, as well as offers of service from every one I came in contact with.

We had an excellent band of music, with national airs, songs, and choruses mostly set in the minor key, and excessively pleasing; quite as excellent negus, and Swedish punch,—a compound richly deserving to be sued for seduction, so blandly does it insinuate itself into your good or evil graces. We had some capital *tableaux vivans*, with a march round the gardens in which the society's rooms are situated, headed by the band. The evening was enlightened as well as enlivened, as the roars of laughter indicated, by numerous speeches on literary, political, dramatic, and comic subjects.

All was conducted in the best possible spirit—"Goodhumour" and "Brotherhood" being the tutelar saints of the evening.

LETTER XII.

TOWN SURFEIT.—THE PAVÉ OF STOCKHOLM. — CLASSIC ALLEYS. —THE SWEDISH TEACHER OF DEPORTMENT.—CEREMONY AND SALIVA.—POMPOUS HUMILITY. — SHOP-KEEPERS AND GENTRY. —THE PALACE.—THE LIBRARY.—THE SLEEPING ENDYMION.

After a fortnight's sojourn at Stockholm, my *sole* panted for the greener paths of Sweden; worn and weary she absolutely gaped for any change from the vast granite quarry, with which a Norman sabot or a paviour's heel could ill contend. I had been to *the café*, and marked well the universal dulness which reigns in this northern capital; had strolled through classic alleys, from "Apollo's" quarter to *rue* "Deucalion;" from "Phœbus's" *entry* I found myself in that of "Narcissus;" and discovered that the *rue* "Bacchus" but led to "Pluto!" so I resolved upon launching my canoe upon the Mälare, and forthwith seeking a wigwam.

No city in Europe is paved so terribly as Stockholm, nor is there any one that so loudly calls for M'Adam, or his art. There is not an inch of ground to walk upon, that is not set with small, blue, granite boulders as sharp as dragon's

teeth. It is impossible to convey to you the misery of promenading this town; it is even worse than Havre, which I thought pre-eminent in its villanous *pavé*: a couple of boards laid alongside the principal streets would be indeed a luxury for the foot passengers, an affair readily to be accomplished in a country where wood is to be had for the cutting. You see fellows limping in torture, equalling "the pilgrim and the peas," with tight French boots on, in most instances, to add to it! for they are far too straitlaced to admit of anything stouter in the severe school of Swedish dandyism which prevails, in due accordance with the strutty pomposity of manner. The schoolmaster they have is evidently a vulgar martinet, uniting bustling overstrained ceremony and palpable obsequiousness in his code,—and cannot be too summarily displaced for a teacher of a more manly, less ostentatious style of deportment, in which, experience has taught me to place far greater reliance in an emergency, than the one I think and find so wearying and falsely *décoré*.

Ceremony, amongst all alike, is carried to a most ridiculous extent. If you put on your hat in the public room of a club, for one instant before you go out, though the room is neither the one they eat or read in, you are fined five shillings. With this regulation no man, particularly a stranger, has any right to complain,—if he knows it he must conform; but

with such a high tone of club law, you would not expect to see a floor so covered with saliva, that a respectable poodle would not walk over it.

In the dinner room, at your coffee, in church, in the drawing-room,—*everywhere* do you *hear* the disgusting deed incessantly committed. Walking with ladies it is the same,—it is *one continued spitting*, for which they appear to tickle their throats, and strive to accomplish as *publicly* and *noisily* as possible. They surely *cannot*, I fain would hope in charity, be aware, that, if not contrary to *bonos mores* in Sweden, as well as with the common order in France and Germany, it is eminently so with every other person in the world, who has the slightest pretension to be esteemed *comme il faut*, as well as being absolute nausea to a refined stomach. It is revolting to see the subject in print, I only hope it may give the Swedes some idea how vastly more so it must be in practice. Nothing but a friendly feeling induces me to make allusion to this most vile of all vicious accomplishments. To conclude my remarks on the manners of the Stockholmers, I am compelled to say, that my belief in the social or cordial mixing of the different classes is considerably lessened, rather than increased, by the studied condescension, if it may not be called pompous humility, which gentlemen practice towards the shopkeeper. I must illustrate: — a friend of mine, a good,

manly, gentlemanlike fellow, was kind enough to assist me in making a small purchase—a book, I think. Taking his hat off in the street, he entered the shop, bowing, scraping, and apologizing in such a deferential, subdued manner, that I thought the very ordinary-looking gentleman behind the counter must be some illustrious *émigré* incog.; and, at all events, that I stood a poor chance of getting my book, or home, that evening, all the time being given to the ceremony that filled the shop. I like not this; it plainly denotes a studied care, not to allow the shopkeeper to forget who he is, — or otherwise a presumption on the part of the latter in the exaction of such form from his townsmen,—be assured it is very great *pride* on one side or the other. No one, I hope, imagines for an instant, when an English gentleman walks his pony on the flags of his county town, taps at the window of "Jones, the draper," or "Brown, the bookseller," and asks a question or makes a purchase, with a good-humoured nod, and "How do, Jones?" or "How are you, Brown?" that he intends to insult him, or lower him in the scale of fellowship in which he is placed,—far, *very far* from it! and should he walk into one of their beautiful shops, and not perchance uncover, or bow for half an hour, the tradesman is not hurt; he would much rather join in a bit of jocular chat, or offer any and every little

service he could dream of, to aid "Madam and the young ladies," for which more solid benefits are frequently returned, if the power or necessity are there, with a basket of game, a friendly inquiry and *mutual goodwill* constantly passing between them. No, no! this over-garnishing does not in the least improve, or, indeed, prove the goodness of the viands it so all but smothers; it rather deceives you in your fancied repast, leaving, instead of the nourishing *morceau* which you look for at the bottom of the dish, nothing but artificial flowers, with a "jolly sailor" *made of sugar*, or a princess cut out of *beet-root.*

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I have been over the palace, and am greatly pleased with its plainness and perfect absence of everything like extravagance—mere comfort —that is Swedish comfort—with great cleanliness meets the eye; though if you look from the splendid, unrivalled façade, fronting the bridge, *something else* will, that it is lamentable to behold. A very poor royal mews, with wooden, dirty hovels; wheelbarrow and water-cart sheds are immediately in view, where a small square or planted promenade might, with a trifling outlay and sacrifice, gratify the sight.

The library is very good and fitted in excellent taste, with a venerable garb to many of the rare volumes, in happy keeping with the ancient

wainscoted apartment. There is a museum and small gallery of paintings, out of which collection I set aside a landscape by Claud, and *the* Endymion, when I am permitted to make my selection. This latter gem is an antique, with scarcely a sound limb to boast in its body, but for grace and nature in the slumbering youth, knowledge of anatomy, and exquisite expression of feature, it may safely defy any chisel to attempt an improvement, be it from whence it may *

* The reader may form some slight notion of Swedish ceremony, when he is informed the use of the first and second person is entirely unknown in conversation; the titles of the respective parties being invariably insisted upon. For instance: if you are desirous for a shirt for Sunday, you do not say to your washerwoman, "can *you* let me have my linen by such a day?" but, "can mademoiselle or madame oblige Mr. Titmouse?" Or, in catering for your hotch-potch, you inquire (*with hat off*), "has Free Potartishook any peas?" The homely, convenient, pronoun, save with the Dalecarlian peasantry, is quite obsolete.

LETTER XIII.

THE KING OF SWEDEN. — HIS AUTHORSHIP AND LITERARY ACQUIREMENTS. — HIS SNUGGERY. — SWEDISH ARTISTS. — "OLD BERNADOTTE." — HIS RENCONTRE WITH COUNT MÖRNER. — THE GREAT LUCK OF SWEDEN. — THE PRIVATE WEALTH AND LIBERALITY OF BERNADOTTE.—AN ANECDOTE.—THE ENVIRONS OF STOCKHOLM. — THE HAGA AND DJURGÅRDEN PARKS. — BYSTRÖM, THE SCULPTOR.—A PASTURAGE FOR THE GODS.

OSCAR, the present king of Sweden and Norway, is the second of his dynasty, having succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Bernadotte — or "Carl Johan" as he was re-christened—and appears to have stolen every heart in his kingdom, his name being the theme for universal praise and affection, with which short, yet most true and respectful notice I dismiss such august subjects, in as far as concerns their "anointed" attributes. With his majesty *in mufti* I shall take the tourist's licence, and scribble away, without any recollection that he wears purple occasionally, or that he is different to any other "gentleman's son" for the nonce.

I have had a peep into his "snuggery"—a pretty term to give a king's private apartments!

—however, such is the case, and extremely interested and touched with reverence have I been, at the evident literary taste and labour displayed in it. An excellent library, containing every standard work, from Voltaire to "Egan's Life in London!" books opened and marked on every table and reading-desk; rough copies in MS., in the king's hand-writing, scarcely dry; pattern helmets, sabres, presentation copies of new works, bills for trifles made out to the "fountain head," and strung on files immediately before his eyes, a good armory well arranged, a painting of a favourite dog who was his constant companion when crown-prince, a few good paintings by the best masters, interspersed with a few works in sculpture, compose the outfit of the royal "snuggery." All denote the scholar and man of business, as well as of refined taste, and convey a complete proof of his majesty's proficiency in the invaluable art of "knowing the economy of time" in the various pursuits he gives his mind to, and *carries out.*

He may have sinecures in his gift, but God knows he has retained anything but one for himself; he is a true specimen of a royal Caleb Quotem, being personally applied to on all sorts of matters every hour of the day. He is one of the craft, too! having ventured into print, and been reviewed most favourably; his topic doing equal honour to his heart, as his style

and composition are deserving the critic's praise. What king has ever thrown off a post octavo, or ever dreamt of writing his manual, and then only when obliged, but Oscar of Sweden, and peradventure "puir Jamie" of Scotland? I only trust he will continue and give us a volume at least once a year. The literary taste displayed in the present truly popular king of Sweden, is an example to the crowned heads, and one rather difficult though desirable for them to imitate. I must not omit naming for the edification of my fair readers, that his majesty is "a very nice-looking fellow," all the compliment respecting looks that one man may well offer to another, though it is an expressive phrase of their own, and implies all that can be said on the subject. Yet it involuntarily compels me to remark, upon the great deficiency everywhere to be noticed in Swedish art, having reference to painters and engravers, for nothing can be more spiritless, and unlike in fact, than all the portraits you see of the king of Sweden. You perceive something of the *shape* of the face, the moustache, and "label," to say who the print is intended for; but there is no particle of the *debonair*, intelligent, and particularly gentlemanlike *expression* that struck me as pervading the original.

The artists in Sweden appear to strive to put all their subjects at a *discount;* whilst all

others, in every country alike, give them at least fifteen per cent *premium*, after they are struck off. There is not a view in the whole kingdom that has had justice done to it; there is a formal, *weak*, vapid air about every engraving that I have seen, which would only be credited by the artists themselves, could they for one instant place their works amongst the engravings of "Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves."

The palace at Stockholm contains some historical paintings that are interesting; in many of which, "old Bernadotte," as he is familiarly called, takes a prominent part. There is a fine painting of Pau in the Pyrenees where he was born, with some battles which the head and courage of the Béarnais hero were mainly the cause of being won by the Swedes and their allies against the French.

The history of Bernadotte's accession to the throne of Sweden absolutely savours of romance, and is scarcely credible, were it not so well authenticated. Born in an humble dwelling in not the best street in Pau, the fortunate soldier seemed to spring with one bound from comparative obscurity to a crown.

I am told, and I believe quite truly, that upon the difficulty of governing Sweden by any member of the old dynasty being apparent to all alike, a young gentleman, a Count Mörner, went into the "highways" almost unac-

nected with his country's faction, jealousy, and blood, who might serve their purpose. He "fell in" with Bernadotte, explained his difficulty, wants, and terms, and "hired" him there and then: having an excellent character for his efficiency in command, and from the all but universal satisfaction he gave in a long and admirable reign, there seems the most just cause for congratulation on the selection so happily made. The moment was one of vast difficulty to Sweden: a successor to the infamous Charles the Thirteenth* had to be *sought for*, and, saving the few errors into which Bernadotte was seduced by his imperial and wily neighbour, and which, it is but fair to say, he did his utmost to repair, upon conviction—referring to the hated, yet, as Civilization trusts, transient influence of the Russian cabinet in Stockholm—nothing could have been more propitious than his choice, or worthy the gratitude of his country. I chanced to see a print of the interview between Mörner and Bernadotte, which, though sketched in the style of caricature, was extremely expressive of the scene.

The general was portrayed standing leaning with one hand on a chair, listening to a "trifling favour" he was requested to grant to the count—who I believe was an old acquaintance—

* The statue to Charles the Thirteenth, is the only one in Stockholm over which a sentry is placed: were he to leave his post for a single night, the execrated effigy would assuredly *follow!*

probably to the amount of "fifty" or a "hundred," as the soldier might imagine; *but!* Mörner proceeds to tell him they *want a king;* shews him the duties and emolument of the place, saying, plainly as lithograph can, "there it is for you if you like, *say yes*, and I'll close the bargain this moment." The bargain *was* closed, and Bernadotte became king of Sweden, by the "voice of the people," as it is written over the portal of his ancestral home at Pau. He brought a large private fortune to Sweden—the fruit of successful campaigning—which he laid out in estates, anything but profitably as an investment, though probably with judgment in the sequel, having all the difficulties of an "incoming tenant" to contend with, notwithstanding the earnest solicitation he had received to take the reins. He found a proud, though, fortunately for himself, not a very wealthy nobility to conciliate, and that a *pavé* of French silver made a sure gangway to their hearts. A Swedish count dubs all his sons (if a score) with his own title, and sends his august brood into the world to pick up their living as they can. Old Bernadotte assisted many of these with a liberal hand, though he had, like all men in office, his favourites and parasites. They tell an anecdote of his having sent a couple of thousand "banco" or some such sum, in the small paper notes of Swe-

den, bound up as a pocket volume, to a young Grefve who he accidentally heard was embarrassed, simply inquiring, when he saw him some time afterwards, "how he liked the subject?" The count replied, "he had been so deeply interested, that he had scarcely slept till he had finished the volume, and was on the most pleasing tenter-hooks for the *denouement*." Bernadotte was too much a Frenchman to be in the least taken aback by the assurance of his *protégé*, simply replying, "he should have the second volume, but it was the *last*."

Notwithstanding all this liberal tact, and effective services on his part, the late king only just escaped the usual fate of all suddenly raised idols; having rather "overdrawn his account," at the time he was, perhaps happily for himself, removed from the scene. Nothing but his advanced age, and almost hourly prospect of being displaced by the "grim tyrant," kept his enemies (and who is without them?) from making their increasing discontent heard in louder strains. His entire ignorance of the Swedish language was anything but in his favour, and frequently commented upon to his disparagement; he nevertheless *understood* the *country* sufficiently to effect many signal reforms and repairs in it, and to leave sterling proof of his excellent reign.

* * * * *

The environs of Stockholm are delightful; the parks are naturally beautiful. In the Haga you see trees and underwood in the primeval luxuriance of the forest; with excellent drives over the large extent of rocky and partly cultivated domain. The buildings and barges on the water I cannot say much for, there being painted canvas or imitation *marquées* with ginger-bread gaudery, that would do honour to Bartholomew fair. I fully expected to hear a tambourine, and "walk up, if you please," burst forth in true Easter Mondayish splendour.

In the Djurgården (deer garden, or deer park), which is nearer to Stockholm, there are very pretty drives, with a small summer residence for the king to shew himself in, for no place can be more public, through his extreme good nature, or less ornamental; the grass is scarcely mown, and says little for his majesty's gardeners; he should get a Scotchman to put the place in order, and *keep* it so. In the latter park, or rather on its outskirts, I visited the villa of Byström the sculptor in Swedish-Italian style of architecture, not exactly to my taste. In the interior it is better, having a valuable collection of that artist's works. I noticed a couple of nymphs bathing, or rather scarcely venturing to bathe, as large as life, and full of delicacy and beauty. The little modest timid damsels

are trying the temperature of the water with a toe, and, of course not imagining themselves to be gazed at by fellows in drab paletots, are coquetting and shivering as nymphs may be supposed to do on such occasions.

Byström's grandest figure is a sleeping Juno rather larger than life, with the infant Hercules *pulling* at her in a very ravenous manner. She is thrown into most delicious unconsciousness and freedom of attitude, evidently dreaming of Love and Thunder. The Swede's conception of a help-mate for the mighty Jove is earthy, but very, *very* comforting; there being no lack of flesh and blood in his goddess. She is poetry rather *embonpoint*, having nothing of the feather and vapour cut of a deity about her.

Her little, sturdy, curly-headed son is enjoying himself vastly, and cannot help to thrive, grazing as he is, on such a glorious pasture.

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LETTER XIV.

CHARLOTTENDAL.—THE PROSPECT.—TWILIGHT. —COUNTRY CANTONMENTS. — A "PRO" AFTER MY LATE "CON." — MY WIGWAM.—THE FOREST.—THE DELIGHT OF A SOLITARY RAMBLE.

Charlottendal, June, 1846.

I HAVE pitched my tent at Charlottendal, a wooden hamlet, if indeed it aims at so great a distinction, placed on one of the bays of the Mälar, and very beautifully situated in every respect. My quarters are the best I have had since I entered Sweden, with a view on all sides of me it is impossible to gaze at with fatigue; nothing can be prettier; no cream need be thicker, eggs fresher, or any man have a tidier "flicka" to wait on him than I have. I lay my weary bones to repose with ecstasy in this anchorage, I trust for some time, being heartily tired with the six weeks' incessant change of sheets and filthy *pavés*.

The delicious air, the quiet, pure, Swedish scenery, the wooded hills encircling me on all hands, with the beautiful lake immediately below

my windows, form a contrast to my last fortnight's rocky, stifling abode, that nothing can exceed. I am serenaded by the cuckoo and thrush; night we have none; I read distinctly at eleven o'clock, P.M. by twilight alone. The delightful, dim, yet anything but hazy light that this country enjoys in summer, must be seen to be believed, much less understood. If they have cold in winter, they have summers which amply compensate for the seasonable chill they experience, with a twilight —the very word itself is music—that a southern knows nothing of.

The Stockholmers are all on the wing for the country; log-houses and temporary cabins are tastefully fitted up and filled during summer, by those whose movements are under their own control. Here are several rustic cantonments perched amongst the crags and wild roses, in one of which I was most hospitably received on the first night I arrived at Charlottendal. The manners of the Swedes within doors are gay, kind, and unaffected in the extreme, with an evident affection amongst themselves, and disposition to be hospitable to strangers, it is delightful to witness. A piano, with some of the quaint, though very pleasing national airs; a substantial tea with et ceteras, or "sexa," as they call this comfortable meal, made the log-hut and its arrangements appear vastly cheer-

ing; the impression, a reception and scene of this sort makes upon a man on his "first appearance," need not be expatiated upon: it went far to reconcile me to greater losses than the capital, and to prove a slight set off to the pomposity I complain of, as predominating in Swedish manners out of doors.

The lake is full of fish, apparently with a constant appetite, and is truly refreshing to gaze at during the heat of the day: there are boats running every hour to Stockholm from various rustic ports, composed of a few planks and a hand-rail jutting from its banks, which make this *rus in urbe* retreat of mine all that I can wish.

I get a sight of a paper occasionally from England, though the news is completely weaned by the time it arrives in Sweden, though still news, and very interesting news to me. My gun, rods, and camp-kitchen with (dear friend of my heart!) my tea-pot are ranged in settler's fashion, along with a few books I have fortunately brought with me, altogether making me resolved to believe myself very comfortably "brought up."

The forest is close adjoining, into whose dense primeval shades I have had a long day's ramble and bivouac. The minute beauties of the vegetable world are beyond description. The mosses, golden, ruby, white, and beautifully

green, are such as I never saw in any other country; the juniper is clustered with berry, though the barberry, a garden shrub with us, is only in flower; the alpine strawberry and periwinkle are blooming in profusion amongst the soft, springy turf. Even the cheerless, sterile granite is covered with luxuriance, the birch and fir seeming to prefer its rocky crest to the more cultivated ground. Everything is full of life and gaiety. How instructively, how poetically, how eloquently does a solitary ramble of this sort speak to the heart! what delicious food for reflection, and true enjoyment is to be met with in the silent wood, by the lover of Nature, if possessed of a mind tranquil and humble enough to delight in and appreciate her numberless beauties and exquisite handiwork!

I have tested myself over and over again, as to what I have really felt to be the greatest amount of genuine pleasure I ever experienced in my past life, without alluding to anything like a "good action," to perform which, is the *ne plus ultra* of pleasurable reflection; but for true mental and bodily enjoyment, *without alloy*, I never found anything to equal a long solitary walk in a beautiful country. I remember it was always the same; and some especial strolls so vividly, that they might have been taken no later than yesterday. I recollect all my

Derbyshire, Westmoreland, Pyrenean, Highland, and, perhaps more beautiful than all, many parts of my Yorkshire excursions, with peculiar satisfaction, and am grateful indeed to find the same relish accompanying me to Sweden.

LETTER XV.

LINNÆUS. — HIS LIKENESS, PARENTAGE, AND AUTOGRAPH. — THE STUDY OF AUTOGRAPHY.—THE LINNÆA BOREALIS.—HER HABITS AND ABODE. — WEST-END AND TRUE POETRY. — BOTANY.—THE ENTHUSIASM OF ITS VOTARIES.—DEATH OF LINNÉ.

THE Swede, whose fame and name have found the most permanent abiding-place amongst the worthies to whom science and learning alone pay lasting tribute, is doubtless Linnæus. His is truly the greatest name in Sweden; as having, in his own particular walk, done that which other men *could* not, or at all events *did* not; though they one and all admitted the greatness and value of the work when completed. He classified the previous discoveries made in botany, and is an authority unrivalled, or probably unapproached, at the present day.

To the mutual honour of the subject and the founder, is there a Linnæan society in England, where every scrap of MS., biographical anecdote, as well as the whole works of the gifted Swede, are cherished as they deserve. There you will get far more knowledge of Linnæus and his life, than you can learn

from any amount of his promiscuous countrymen; but as I am in the land of his birth and unequalled researches in botany, for my own gratification, I have sifted the small-talk of all I came in contact with, who could give me any traits of character or early anecdotes in reference to Linnæus, from hearsay again on their part; and hope the very name will be sufficient guarantee for interest, however unworthy the few wild flowers I have gathered may be to add to the Linnæan chaplet.

This, indeed, is not my aim; I write sincerely, hoping to gratify my reader, and though a sketch occasionally may appear faded in the eyes of some, it may nevertheless be fresh to others; and being so to myself, I scribble accordingly; from the chat I hear—after being duly winnowed—and my own observation; I pilfer not from "old Tomes;" and if this is piracy I must plead guilty, and hoist the rover's flag. "*Imprimis re Linnæus*"—I give you a portrait of the great botanist; it is one, I am told, "as good as any,"—which, though saying little, may mean more—however, I catered for it with great pleasure for my English gardening friends, and fancy their opinion in, and reverence for, the works of Linné, will not be shaken, when they behold the deeply marked, intelligent features that even this print portrays, as the index to the mind stored beyond

every compeer with the love and knowledge of Nature and her minutest works—the fruits of his unwearied study and research, through the varied "paths of pleasantness" he followed for a life-time to attain.

Carl Linné was born at Stenbrohult, in the parish of Abbohärad in Småland, in the year 1707, on the 12th of May. His father was a humble country clergyman, for which peaceful calling the young Linné was intended and educated, though his tutors sent him home with the character of being a lad entirely devoid of application; one who would wander for days after wild flowers, in preference to studying his Greek and Latin, and prophesied, as these dull, near-seeing pedagogues usually do, as far from the truth, as they were from comprehending the bent of their pupil's extraordinary mind. The whole history of the life and character of Linné is indeed comparatively meagre, viewing the vast interest now vested in them: probably, like many other great names, his was only fully appreciated when his services were lost, and it became too late to collect the neglected or forgotten trifles which now appear of such value. I saw, I believe, the only undoubted autograph of Linnæus in the royal library, affixed to a deed or covenant with his publisher, bearing the date of May 16, 1745, and written in the bold, character-

istic hand you would look for, when you mark the eye and mouth of the writer, in even the humble print which accompanies this letter. Nothing indicates a man's disposition, mental peculiarities, manliness or effeminacy, capacity or weakness, so forcibly as his hand-writing. This is a subject not adequately studied, though the doctrine is allowed by a few; I will defy all the bumps in your head, or "wrinkles" in your face, to betray any of these traits so truly as "a scrive of your hand;" and if you will carefully note the autographs, and peculiar characters of any number of your own friends, you will readily—after practice—detect the sympathy between them. Like all scientific pursuits, this is not to be acquired without study, but I have the firmest faith in the truth of it myself, and fancy I could decipher an unknown correspondent's character, or some well known trait in it, from his signature. Linnæus writes as if the subject calling for his sign-manual was of sufficient importance to make legibility desirable (not always the case at the present day), combining the bold freedom with the clearly defined character you would expect from the man, whose rambles and picturesque studio did not incapacitate him from the art of classification and mechanical arrangement; a rare accomplishment indeed to retain, amidst the gaiety, if not wildness of ideas, almost essen-

tially the consequence of leading a wood-land life. Linné, selected a tiny wild-flower, that he discovered, of exquisite beauty and delicious odour, to bear his name; one that refuses to exchange the silent glen and melancholy wood, for the more gay parterres of horticulture. Cultivation to her is death: the spirit of the little beauty is broken if you attempt to remove her from the mossy turf and shady solitudes in which she blooms, and is not to be soothed by the gardener's most tender care. A Swedish friend of mine in describing this little floweret, unconsciously expressed himself in his broken English in terms full of genuine poetry; not poetry of the "New Timon" sickly and sickening strain, the wreaths of whose leprous love, and maudlin suicide, are twined with branches of the *literary Upas*, till the odour becomes more suitable to the nostrils of the frail Cyprians of the Hay-market, than to the Grecian nasals of the pure, though sadly "wearied Nine."

To sing of ladies' maids betrayed, and parish matters, fit alone for beadles' ears, with *illegal* throes and swoons, may be called "West-end" poetry! but cantos of such trash do not equal the Swede's description of the Linnæa, in my old-fashioned reading.

We were walking by the shores of the lake, near Charlottendal, on a lovely evening—the heat

of a burning day being replaced by the delicious twilight and evening breeze—talking of Linnæus, a theme on which my companion spoke well and feelingly. I gathered a small flower, and asked if it was the Linnæa Borealis, not having then seen it. He answered "Nay, she lives not *here!* but in the middle of our largest woods, where nought is heard but the cuckoo and the rustle of the trees, she spreads her *lee*tle arms close to the moss, and seems to resist *very* gently, if you tear her from it. She has a complexion like a milkmaid; and, ah! she is very, very sweet and agreeable." The little creature is truly all this, and as a fairy link and memento of the *great botanist*, becomes endued with an interest the haughty geranium or stately camellia cannot boast. The walks I had eventually in search of the little lady were numerous, and excessively pleasing, till I became so sensitive on beholding her, that I remained gazing at her modest charms without a thought of rifling them. I felt an absolute compunction in ever having plucked this little woodland beauty; she seemed to sigh and die in my very hands, and to tell me that the selfish, transitory gratification I had in view could not be accomplished!

What a delightful, heaven-born study is botany, how serene and exquisitely pleasing must be the path to the accomplished votary, and how replete with health and mental joy!

I have heard men talk so eloquently on the properties, sympathies, dispositions, and loves of flowers, heard them explain their genealogy and pedigrees, their connection with the blooming children of the wilderness, the results of civilization and connubial ties, their various periods of existence, and cause of decay, till I have believed — *as they did*—that rational beings were their theme, and not the inanimate flower they so *gently touched* and feelingly expatiated upon.

At Mr. Booth's in Holstein, before made mention of, I saw some such specimens of "air plants" I had little notion of being in existence.

There was a "butterfly" in bloom, that was only equalled by the living Papilio cooling himself amidst the rose-leaves outside. The Pitcher plant from China, appeared as *naturally imitative* as if just imported from Dresden or Worcester, the shape and colour being truly the personification of "China." The water-lily, the Passion-flower, and the countless variety I saw, all possessed feelings, habits, and *consciences*, in the opinion of the botanist, which he never dreamed of believing to belong to the men about him,—nor did he libel his people, or flatter his blooming pets in his horticultural creed.

Linné after a life of unwearied research,—the results of which he happily bequeathed us, died at Upsala on the 10th of January, 1778. He

had received the highest honours his native country could bestow, and now, as I have previously stated, lays claim to be considered of the first rank in the particular walk to which he had devoted himself.

LETTER XVI.

THE DALECARLIANS. — THEIR INDUSTRY AND AQUATIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—COSTUME OF DALECARLIA.—THE PASSAGE-BOATS. —A DALECARLIAN BEAU.—A TRIBUTE TO CHARACTER.

THE Dalecarlians sojourning at Stockholm, during summer, amount probably to a couple of thousands, and are an extremely hardworking, civil, and trustworthy set of people. They annually migrate from their native fastnesses for the season, hoping and striving for the means on which to subsist through their long and dreary winter. The women are extraordinary creatures, and possessed of the most indomitable industry and perseverance: they pull all the passage-boats that ply on the lakes round Stockholm, stopped by neither weather nor distance, scarcely resting one whole hour out of the twelve, and, during the height of summer, working till within one of midnight. These "hands" would be a close match to our own Deal boatwomen, a boat's crew of whom beat the best eight-oared "gig" that could be manned by French sailors, at the Havre regatta last year: a match in which gallantry to

the fair sex (!) had nothing to do—it being one of genuine hard pulling, of several miles, for a considerable sum, enough to cause water-side gallantry to "sheer off;" when our aquatic amazons gained the victory, to the rage and vexation of the vanquished Havraise blue jackets. This scene I had the exquisite satisfaction to witness, and was told the women offered to fight the men afterwards, for any sum they might venture on, and that the lady-like overture was politely and discreetly refused. The Dalecarlian boat-women wear their own costume, converse in their own language, and herd together in quite a clannish mode:—they dress in the coarse linsey-woolsey petticoat, with a gay striped apron worked in the garment; have a kind of leathern jacket laced in front in a bodice, with silver eyelet holes and clasps, to which are attached shoulder-straps; they have a head-dress of coarse woollen, edged with scarlet, and in winter another larger jacket made of undressed lamb's-skin, which they wear with the wool inside, and decorated with a long woollen fringe. In hot weather they wear a white linen bonnet trimmed with home-made lace. They have shoes, the soles of which are filled with a couple of pounds' weight of large nails,—wide red stockings complete their costume. They are all cleanly in their persons; and as frugal, merry-hearted a set as ever were created. They have, without excep-

tion, the most lovely teeth I ever beheld; teeth so white, even, and beautifully formed I certainly never saw but in these hard-working creatures' mouths; and well they try, and need them, for they invariably eat bread as hard as a stone, and could, I believe, bite the head off an iron ram-rod with ease.

The boats they work are in imitation of the steam-packet, having paddles and paddle-boxes, awnings, and accommodation for a dozen passengers. They are of "four Dalecarlian" power and christened with various names, as the "Swan," "Gripen," &c., other boats are worked by oars, though they are uniformly "manned by women." I became exceedingly interested in the habits and history of this singular people, and resolved upon an excursion on foot into their country, the wildness and primitive state of which, I am told, is well worth viewing. The costume has continued the same, without the slightest change, through a lapse of several centuries. With all the privation and *incessant* labour, which have fallen to the lot of the Dalecarlians, I have not seen or heard of the slightest trait of greediness or attempt at extortion, but have noticed a very contrary disposition in all those with whom I have come in contact; and in a summer the intercourse is daily;—their honesty is proverbial; equalling the devoted love of simplicity, *strict nationality*, and ancient customs,—all of which

only increases my desire to enter the country inhabited by so sterling a people.

The men are "hewers of wood and stone, and drawers of water," and are employed on the roads and public works—being equally hard-working with their wives and sweethearts. They are all men of leather, having invariably a goodly pair of buckskin breeches, with red worsted tassels to the knees, a stout leathern apron; a leather coat, with the undressed sheep's skin inside; they also have shoes made of hide and iron,—for there is an equal weight of each. They wear a broad-leafed black hat trimmed with many gay worsted ornaments, and appear to select a garb of the very best quality for lasting and wearing. A thorough outfit in the fashionable costume of Dalecarlia — leathers, apron, and silver buckles included—costs a considerable sum, and indicates the most judicious economy on the part of the purchaser, "the best being truly considered the cheapest."

On Sundays and *fête* days, the women make a great display of silver ornaments,—as clasps, buckles, and rings, evidently having an eye to captivating "the leathers," at whom they set their caps, as they "feather their oars," and, I sincerely trust, their winter nests into the bargain;—for if ever an honest, hardworking, creditable race existed, I firmly believe the Dalecarlians may justly lay claim to the character.

LETTER XVII.

OUR NOTIONS OF SCANDINAVIA. — SWEDISH COUNTRY LIFE. — "THE GOOD THINGS OF THIS LIFE." — SOUR CREAM. — A HOP "AL FRESCO." — A SWEDISH COUNTRY-DANCE. — THE GENTLEMAN IN WOLF-SKIN.

As you very probably, in common with nine-tenths of the English people, fancy Scandinavia to be the region of eternal snow, illuminated occasionally by the Aurora Borealis; where the only bird seen is the eagle or ptarmigan, and the only shrub the dismal fir; as well as form your own notions of a respectable gentleman dressed in wolf-skins driving his rein-deer to market, as the general if not highest scale of its fashion and *beau monde;* a notion, though perhaps rather overclad in description, I candidly admit to have formed myself as infinitely nearer the mark than the true state of the case—perhaps a little sketch of country Swedish life, in my own immediate locality may not be unacceptable or fail in interest.

I was invited to partake of a family dinner without notice or ceremony, at the comfortable

"log-hut" I have before mentioned; I use this woodland phrase without the least idea of disparagement to the dwelling, but to make you exactly aware of the nature of its architecture and arrangements; a hut may be large or small cleanly or otherwise, comfortable or not, but if built of logs I prefer calling it a "hut;" for, its claim to any of the household attributes I have named, you must judge for yourself. At half-past three, on a lovely afternoon, probably a score of people met at the rustic *rendezvous*. The floors were strewed with sprigs of the juniper and flowers; the fire and rough places decorated with oak and lilac branches, in true country fashion. The reception was everything that kindness and true hospitality could prompt; when with little of the "horrid half hour" to bore us, we were turned loose at a table covered with plates of salt herring cut in slices, anchovies, Bologna sausage, pickles, cheese, bread and butter, with a dram for those who liked it. This was all intended for a "whet," and very generally resorted to by the party, all of whom from health, spirits, or youth appeared in little need of a *hone;* however, they strapped and sharpened away, till some excellent roast beef and "potartis" with salad, spinach, and other vegetables were handed round; after this came a bowl of most exquisite sour cream, which so excelled all that I had before eaten, that I

made friends with the kind-hearted Fru for a receipt. She justly piqued herself upon her sour cream, and of course had a way of her own in preparing it. I give it you for your *edi*fication; it is too good to pun upon, so do not imagine I intend one. First keep your cow! then put a quantity of new milk into a linen or calico bag, leave it suspended for twenty-four hours in summer, perhaps a longer time in winter may be needful; in that time all the water will have drained from it, leaving a curded, though scarcely to be called curded, a thickened substance, to which add plenty of fresh cream, and serve with powdered sugar and ginger; both of which are in my opinion quite superfluous, it being as near perfection as possible without either, and well worthy your immediate essay.

After this we had some excellent perch; other viands, to *look* at which was an impracticability on my part, concluding with a wholesome frothed cream and preserve, or country trifle, all home-made, there being cows lowing within ear-shot. We had beer and porter, Bordeaux and home-made wine, after a very few glasses of which, a general burst took place for the grass in front of the house; here cushions and cloaks were in requisition, coffee handed round amidst a series of skirmishing and romping amongst the young folks, to keep us alive—

it being a family party of all ages, from the "governor" with his snowy locks, to the "recklin" of half a score years, possibly his grandchild.

Some now took oar, and boated across the lake to make a flying visit on a neighbour, myself among the number; others got to the piano, the "governor" had a nap, ditto his dog; when in the cool of the evening, as soon as the delicious twilight succeeded the glorious sun, we all set to work to dance on the half-green and rocky plateau to the piano drawn close to the open window. We formed a quadrille of a dozen, the "wild creturs" danced the polka through the grass within an inch of the water; to this followed some droll Swedish dances, the fun of which can scarcely be described. In one of these *country* dances, two people commence taking in turn every one in, till the chain includes all; then the leader, some active young lady, twists and twines it under the arms, or round the bodies of the performers, all retaining hold of hands till the *figure* becomes excessively droll, especially if there is some stout, rumbustical gentlemen melting within the fantastic folds. The servant lasses,—without exception the best-mannered specimens of their class in Europe,—having put away the crockery and tidied themselves, were pressed into the service, plenty of partners being both ready and

willing. Tea, "strong waters," sandwiches, and "good nights" finished this very pleasant *day*, just before the *night* was really gone, for I declare, on retiring to bed at midnight, I could discern the second hands of my watch perfectly by pure twilight.

I *mean* no breach of hospitality in thus etching a little log-house life in Sweden; and sincerely hope no such impression will be taken at home, or abroad. Having told you that trees and meadows as green, wild flowers as gay, and I think more numerous, than in England, are to be seen here, in place of the eternal cold and snow, I think it only fair to say that the gentleman with the rein-deer and wolf-skins did *not* dine with us yesterday at all events, in lieu of whom we had the merry unaffected scene, with the nimble-footed, hearty performers, I have so very inadequately done justice to in my sketch.

LETTER XVIII.

POETICAL LICENCE ON CANVAS. — FREQUENTLY AN ERRONEOUS CHARGE. — EXTRAORDINARY SCENE IN THE HEAVENS. — A HEAVY THUNDER-STORM.—A CAUTION TO CRITICISM.

THE "poetical licence," or indeed freedom with *romance,* which so frequently is supposed to be lavishly taken by painters in the apparently exaggerated tints they at times give to their skies and clouds, is in most cases a thoughtless charge of the critic, arising from presumption, lack of knowledge, or perchance of memory on his part, and great injustice to the artist's faith and truthfulness—reality, far exceeding any human conception, however extravagant it may be, in the extraordinary vagaries they severally display, in intensity and variety of colouring, rapidity of change, and gorgeous solemnity of *coup d'œil.*

In this northern world I have viewed some such scenes in the heavens, as will make me very cautious in giving my opinion on the "licence" in question, for the future. In the latter part

of June I was on the Mälar about sunset, and never do I remember to have witnessed anything approaching the extraordinary, almost appalling features they assumed on that particular evening. To the south-west a huge mass of rolling, intensely black, mountain-shaped clouds, were heaving into the flood of sunset, like an immense fleet of line-of-battle ships, crowded with sail of the hue of death; they followed in our wake with palpable progress, and formed quite a half-circle from van to rear, varying in the altitude of their outline, as may be imagined would be the case in a fleet of first rates and smaller craft sailing in company. The bellying courses of the larger vessels with their hulls were surprisingly delineated.

The extreme edge of the whole line, indented and tortuous as it was, was tipped with a light more brilliant than lightning itself, so purely white and dazzling did it appear. The sun was retiring behind the black canopy, and shed his glowing rays obliquely to the water, through a sky that intervened of the colour of brilliant illuminated amber, shaded here and there with a delicate purple. High over all the vault was absolutely in dome, so clear, so blue, so perfectly defined were its proportions; a few fleecy clouds, far lighter and whiter than swan's down, were floating to the extreme north and north-

east. In mid-heaven the blue was divided into two shades, by a line as in a sardonyx, making altogether a truly magnificent *coucher du soleil.* The heat had been oppressive for several days, and evidently required the electrical valve; of which we had the benefit in earnest, before we had well reached the shores of the lake. The black squadron closed completely round the city, and then opened its fire in salvos of "heaven's artillery;" the lightning was grand in the extreme, of every shape, and taking every direction; the rain fell in a deluge, all completing the terrific beauty of a heavy thunder-storm; a scene in which the poor Dalecarlians and their passengers, crossing the lake at the time, I'll venture to believe, saw little charm. Though no great or new matter to allude to, I could not help asking how many connoisseurs in Trafalgar Square would give credence to the probability of an artist ever beholding such a scene in nature as the one I have described; one excelling the imagination of a Martin, and defying the united art of the world to do justice to, did it make the attempt. Let it make us silent, though doubting in our criticism; for, great as was the impression this extraordinary scene made upon me, thousands would let it pass before them unnoticed. There were men in the boat with me at the time, who scarcely

gave it a glance, far less a remark; all their attention and joys being centered in a vile cigar and congenial chatter, the principal words that I could catch being "yast *so*," and "*rix-daaler*.'

LETTER XIX.

MIDSUMMER DAY. — "FUN." — PUNCHINELLO. — A SWEDISH FAMILY IN ECSTASIES. — A FRENCH SKETCH "EN BOURGEOIS." — "HOME" IN SWEDEN. — A SWEDE'S OPINION ON ENGLAND AND FRANCE. — MY OWN HEARTY CORROBORATION. — THE LONGEST DAY. — MIDSUMMER DAY CONCLUDED. — AN EARLY SUNRISE.

THE day for general merry-making, and of course the one most anxiously looked for throughout the calendar in Sweden, is Midsummer day; and as the sun rises not later than two o'clock in the morning, and does not set till close upon eleven at night, they have ample time to make a very long one of it. The longest day I ever passed was certainly on the 24th of June in that country, and if happiness is measured by quantity, I imagine the Swedes took their fill of it, "after their kind;" for "fun" in Sweden has none of the merry-making, side-splitting attributes of the revels of France, Italy, or England. Here you see no Wombwell, Ducrow, or aeronautical Green; no fat or learned pigs, cups and balls, Tom Thumbs, French giants, accompanied as these are by sound of sacbut, tambour, harp, and dulcimer, as well as the per-

suasive eloquence of the varied showmen, arrayed in their tatterdemalion finery; there are no whirligigs, or inimitable Mr. Punchinello, whose unique and laughter-breeding squeak sets every urchin mad, and their elders and betters involuntarily grinning, as the terrible old gentleman alternately thwacks his wife, the lawyer, the gravedigger, and the devil; holding his cudgel under his short arms, and displaying an action and emphasis so comical, as to make the most miserable churl forget his ill-humours. How the house-maids and dolly-mops rush to the windows and club their halfpence as the droll squeak is heard in the street below; the spell-bound clerks and errand-boys dare their masters' ire; and, as I have said before, many street-walkers, boasting far greater dignity, become rivetted to the pavement to have a look at Punch! They know none of these things in Sweden, but appear to prefer a sociable jog on a long bending plank, supported on trestles, which rises and falls under the weight of the *merry* coterie, in a most ridiculous manner, as I imagined in my ignorance or want of taste; it being an universal specific in this country.

Set a Swede on a waggling plank,—I can find no word more explanatory or poetical,—and give him a warm dish of well seasoned scandal with his pipe, his happiness will run over, so full is his cup. He takes greatly after the French in

the way in which he passes his idle time in summer, and makes quite as serious a matter of his out-door enjoyments. Set up the plank in somewhere about 59° 15′ N. L. by 18° 15′ E. L., and substitute very general comeliness for the freckled, flat-sided, full-eyed lady of the south; a brace of plainly dressed youngsters for the fancifully arrayed ancient looking infants, with frog-like countenances, eating *bonbons* with the puffy, bearded old gentleman with watch-key and cotton umbrella seated on the grass, most likely with his coat and cravat off; for whom in turn substitute a taller personage, rather underfed than otherwise, though somewhat puffy withal, with a ring on his fore-finger containing a tablet large enough for the family epitaph, rings in his ears, and a pair of loose galoshes to his feet; set him waggling and spitting in a cloud of smoke on the aforesaid plank, whilst his "fru," or "flicka," is setting out the herring, strömming, and schnaps on the grass, and you have a Swedish family *en bourgeois*, in lieu of, or to pair with, the sketch *à la Française*, one I think not easy to be mistaken by any one who has strolled in the suburbs of a French town, on a summer Sunday evening.

It is in vain to look for a Swede at home in summer; in fact the word is *libelled* if used in reference to him, equally with the former country. He will readily and joyfully meet you

at the *café*, in the theatre, or on the promenade, but seldom over his own mahogany, saving in a ceremonious, amply prepared way, a kind of invite we so abhor in England, at least speaking feelingly, if I may be allowed, greatly preferring a "pop visit" and share of "pot-luck," to all such hollow-hearted ceremony, expense and trouble.

As I heard a travelled Swede (than whom no man is more pleasant or unprejudiced, a better linguist or a more amusing companion) say, I think with some truth, "the most agreeable fellow in the whole world for *one* day is a Frenchman," equally as is an Englishman unpromising, in fact repulsive, "and disagreeable on the first casual meeting: but," added he, "jog on in their respective neighbourhoods for a month, or six, or longer, and *then* report between them.

"The former will have *devoted* himself to you for the first half-score hours, have promenaded, dined *à la carte*, and *chasse café'd* with you, seen you to your hotel with bows, promises, and ravishing language, and *then*—have forgotten you for ever. He proceeds to his quarters, thanking Saint Dominique, or Hyacinth, as it may happen, that you have not cost him a franc beyond his usual dining 'addition,' and meet him when you will, will talk of love, *la chasse*, or his *bonnes fortunes*, but not a word about his dinner-hour or domicile: he has probably discovered a 'new

man,' or an old compatriot for his *café vis à vis*, and thinks no more about *you* than he will of them to-morrow.

"Meanwhile," continued the Swede, the "Englishman has kept you at arms' length; he has not asked you to dine or marry his daughter the first day, but the following month finds you met by both with a friendly heartiness not to be mistaken. They seize your hand, playfully, though sincerely, scold you for your long absence, and conclude by ordering the extra knife and fork, and the 'little blue room' to be prepared for you. No excuse, as Justice Shallow said to Sir John, *can* avail you; 'by cock and pie, you cannot away to night.' This is true enough, the very servant, as he takes your hat, smiles on you, and is right glad to see you; the old terrier licks your hand and wriggles a hearty welcome. You are *at home*, and expected to *feel* so. The next day your host places you beside him in his dog-cart, and drives you to the place of a friend, who is of the 'same persuasion;' and, if you continue to be a 'proper man' you may live and die on these terms together."

My memory recals so many, many pictures of this sketch, that I cannot refrain from etching, as I stroll far away from the sterling, unaffected household virtues that shed their halo round every hospitable hearth; the very reminiscence of which is a balsam to the heart. Yea, and

sweetly as yon polka-chiming pendule may fall on the sugar-and-watery wave that bears your lightly victualled bark through the slippery salons of the gay continent, I would not take it in exchange for the brave melody of our homely kitchen "Jack," as he joyously "ticks" and most musically doth keep time," as you strain your yearning eyes across the few fields of swarth, and up the far seen bridle-road, for some chance good fellow to drop in and partake of your family meal. Then, as you exhume the ancient magnum from its venerable dust, and cautiously pour the glowing stream into the gently aired crystal, how heartily do you thank the propitious Sisters for the "friend" sent to your gate, and for the bee's wing dancing in the brilliant "bottle" you have to give him! *Telle est la vie,* to our present notions, and long, long may we continue to think so.

The span of the longest day was such, that I gave myself up to every current of thought, and eddy of recollection, without an attempt at avoiding them, as accessories for slaughter; hence this spontaneous intrusion, for which I offer thee, dear reader, a myriad of apologies, and resume my nearly forgotten theme.

Midsummer day is one of great Swedish gaiety, and relaxation from work by all alike; with plenty of dancing, executed by the humblest in a far more graceful style than our clod-

hoppers can boast. At Drottingholm, a summer palace of the king's, some of the troops were reviewed,—and thousands of glasses of Swedish punch consumed by the delighted throng.

The place was crowded with extremely well-behaved people; steamers running constantly to the trysting place from the city, loaded with festive freights, and reaping a good harvest, I make no doubt, by the venture. The most pleasing object that met my eye was the "May Pole," or *June* Pole here, there being many very tastefully decorated, round which the people dance till sunrise. In many instances, the expenses for the occasion are paid by the patroon, or master of the performers in the *fête*. I was at a large ironfoundry, where about three hundred were regaled with cat-gut, strong cheese, and Swedish brandy to their heart's content, in a *salle* decorated with birch and lilac, till none of the primeval blackness of the den was visible. All *waltzed* and galloped to national airs, and conducted themselves very becomingly. The patroon had his own friends about him, for whose comfort a very good supper was provided. From this comfortable house, I took a walk about one o'clock towards the east, and ascended one of the rugged eminences, to witness the sun make his appearance, at an hour I could scarcely believe to be possible. If I say that he had set outright by eleven o'clock, I shall be within compass, though long

after that hour the horizon was sufficiently illumined to denote the short distance he was removed from us. It was perfectly light at midnight, so light, that I could read the smallest print, without the least difficulty. The numerous rocky eminences were crowded by different parties, waiting the appearance of the great luminary, it being usual to give him a general greeting on this particular morning; some had guitars, and made the valley echo with song and laughter. I was fortunate enough to mount a hill to which no one came, though it was quite as high as any, though not possessing the easiest path; here I strolled amongst the most beautiful mosses I ever beheld, and soon was gratified by the earliest sunrise I certainly ever saw. About half-past two o'clock, the extreme edge of the horizon glowed with a deep rouge-like fire, and was instantaneously followed by the sun bursting into view, or so perceptibly moving, (as we are accustomed to think,) that he appeared actually lifted up from the dark earth. The prospect was a panorama of lake, granite, and luxuriant foliage,—the former glistening in no less than half-a-dozen different pools, with islands and craggy isthmuses intervening. The birds never seem to rest in this country in summer, for at midnight they were singing, and long before the sun rose they were tuning up again.

In Norland, whither I had intended proceed-

ing for this especial morning and evening, I am told the sun is really only absent from us for little more than half-an-hour; making Midsummer day and night into all day, in reality.

I strolled down the hill again, and entered my quarters, as much pleased at the sight of my bed, as I had been gratified by the glorious scene I had witnessed; fatigue, weariness, and one of the most bitter mornings I ever was out in, making a blanket and pillow, if not quite as picturesque in their appearance, infinitely more consoling in their embraces, than the most rugged defile an izzard ever bounded over.*

* The sun rose on the morning recorded over all but a blighted world. He left our hemisphere hereabouts, glowing with fervour, if not fever; he returned in less than three hours, and found the lungs of nature frozen, vegetation covered with a hoarfrost, and the author chilled to the very marrow.

The change and effect were so terrible, as to cause the event to be marked in the calendar of Sweden by the name of the "Iron night."

LETTER XX.

BELMAN THE POET. — HIS FEST. — PUNCH AND POETRY. — THE TORPID ENTHUSIASM OF SWEDEN. — CORRUPTION AND PRIVILEGE. — TRADING DICTATORS. — OFFICIALS. — THE EVIDENT DESTINY OF THE COUNTRY.—THE REQUISITE LINE OF ACTION. —USURY.—POSTAGE.

THERE is another great day in Sweden,—namely, the 26th of July, devoted to the memory of Belman the poet; on which occasion a society or club of convivial admirers of punch and poetry assemble in the Djurgården, to do honour to the departed bard, and ample justice to a very good supper; flooded by nothing less than brooks of inspiring waters, which, rippling, bubbling, and at times desperately fuming, at length tumble themselves into the frith of Lethe. There was an immense assemblage on the day on which I was present, together with several very excellent bands of music, placed in different parts of the park, who played, to the great delight of the people, all the airs of Belman, besides other good music; added to which, were displays of fire-works, singing in chorus, and considerable speechifying. Orations over punch

amount to an absolute epidemic in Sweden; every man is restless and unhappy till he gets on his legs to propose the health of his neighbour, or make some startling appeal to the company on passing matters, when the compliment is instantly returned, and debating becomes the valued "bone of contention."

This evening they, one and all, harangued as pathetically as Frenchmen do over a grave, particularly if celebrating the obsequies of some "infernal machine" manufacturer, or starved demagogue; *then* the tears and grinding of oaths must be witnessed, to be enjoyed properly. At midnight the jovial wassailers, orators, chanters, and "inspired," emerged from the garden they had made "private" for the evening, preceded by a flourish of trumpets, and the whole outside throng, to the bust of Belman, whose stony brow was duly wreathed in laurels and stage fire; when another oration was administered to the patient, by some old gentleman, the stream of whose heroic blank verse bubbled into a most unpoetical hiccup occasionally, as I imagined, though it was instantly drowned in the loud cheers and bravoes of his admiring audience. The return march was made in a step anything but military; "the breadth of the road, and not the length," being the difficulty, as the Perth fiddler said. Two fat gentlemen twirled a polka together; some waltzed, though

more joined in the universal *reel* that was the order of the night, or rather morning, "as daylight did appear." The huge bowls of insinuating compound had another farewell *salaam* paid to them; the fiddlers' healths were proposed and drunk with all honours; when "bus" and "fly" were scrambled into, and "sweet home" sought by the Belmanian, or rather *Brumalian* revellers.

I am ashamed to say it was sadly too late for my notions before I arrived at Charlottendal, after assisting at the immortal songster's *fest;* and intend, by way of an atonement, to study my Swedish, in order that I may be able to enjoy some of his melody, which I hear is peculiarly pleasing.

They term Belman the Burns of Sweden, and absolutely venerate his memory. The Swedes are all more or less musical, and have an enthusiasm, *when roused*, which might do wonders, particularly if directed towards political objects; especially to reform some of the corrupt abuses and puerile restrictions under which they willingly suffer, as it would seem. Men in England, France, or Germany, would not credit the extent of privilege claimed by the different trades in Stockholm, nor the degree of unaccommodating policy carried out by them all. No poor widow, supposing her to be left destitute, and dependent upon her own exertions, can make a shirt or cap for sale without being instantly "pulled

up" by the milliners; no man can lay out the only guinea he has left, in a sheep or a pig, slaughter the same, and offer it or part to the public, without having every butcher *legally* suppressing the attempt to turn the "honest penny."* It is the same with every trade: these last named worthies *compel* you to take a certain quantity of their most abominable meat, not deigning to sell you a pound of mutton chop or beef steak, as Mr. Giblet would, with equal courtesy as if you cleared his magnificent shop. The various eating-houses manufacture a stated lot of messes *per diem*, to suit their own pantries, and would as soon expect to hear a Swede ask for a *barbecued* crocodile, or a *condor pâté*, as the slightest deviation from the *carte*, were it a morsel of cold roast beef, or wing of a chicken. I once went into the kitchen to try to teach them to mince a dish of cold veal I saw, and left my party in fear of being denied admittance to the *restaurant* for the future, in consequence of the unusual *eccentric* request.

This is no caricature. The tradesman is the dictator, owing to a sneaking, Yankee-like subservience on the part of his customer, assisted by the absence of all wholesome competition.

Every second man you meet is an official, with

* Since the foregoing was in type, a considerable modification in this most infamous policy has been effected through the determination and right feeling of the present king.

a wretched income, in the aggregate, it is nearly an impossibility to exist upon.

These numerous berths under government are highly detrimental to self-dependence, exertion, and entrance into the legitimate walks of life; the general aim being at the few hundreds "banco" stuck on the state target. Men who, but for these over-peopled bureaus, would be traders, agriculturists, or engineers, are sighing away their lives for that paltry augmentation to their stipends, which comes but with the loss of their youth, and ability to struggle further; being left in their old age with barely enough to keep soul and body together, with—unfortunately—habits and notions requiring a more healthy exchequer.

There are officials in Stockholm quite sufficient to carry on all our English matters of business; with nothing but atrocious *octroi, false valuations* of *imports*—especially English—useless searching of baggage, and *viséing* passports, when only moving about Sweden, with other petty annoying police details, to employ them.

In France I never saw a gentleman's gig searched, as I witnessed in passing through one of the gates of Stockholm; the gentleman with whom I was riding living within a hundred yards of the hateful barrier, and being, of course, an official himself. You see watchmen parading in daylight,—in the early morning I mean,—with

drawn cutlasses, as if in an enemy's town, rather than at home, acting as peaceful, friendly guardians; as well as many symptoms of a sad deficiency in wholesome trading spirit, with little of the *tone* of the nineteenth century to be recognised.

There is a fine field for an "influential director" in Sweden, one that would insure a return a hundred-fold if once *fairly* turned over and equally laid down into the fresh, fully stocked pastures of agriculture, and the level *well ploughed* plains of commerce; to which peaceful paths her steps were alone intended to be steered in the great scheme of European economy. I fain would hope this wholesome, right-judging influence is not wanting, though I am compelled to say it is as yet all but silent in the land. Instead of the waste of gunpowder and "desportes with armes," which appear to have no cessation, I would, were I a Swede, rather hear the command of the harbour-master, and the strange yet musical cry of foreign crews in my port; I would prefer rearing a good "short horn" fat wether, or tolerable nag with a trifle of bone and substance to carry me—than to subscribing to the spiritless *octroi*, restrictive doctrine, or to the "blank cartridge" taste for soldiering, and restless display that prevails. I would reduce the chain of sentinels who stand over stables, bureaux, and unpopular statues; and substitute a silent police for the horn-blowing, sabre

carrying guardian of the night. I would endeavour to exchange the money-lender, or *accredited usurer*, who takes the name of banker, for some one more worthy the character and reputation; and not willingly pay six or eight per cent, for money with ample security, when the rest of the world is content with four, and in many cases infinitely less. The incredible oppressive rate of postage should be reduced, had I a "say" in the matter, thereby putting my country into some little communication with the rest of the world, as well as with her distant children at home. I would ask to have my rugged coasts lighted; and make the almost impregnable defences given the interior of my country a valid reason for disbanding half the army I see "standing at ease." These I would turn into farmers and *militia*, and get them spliced to the many tidy "flickas" who are singing "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" and by such means people a country, which, in many large districts, is all but uninhabited, and lying waste for want of hands to clear and cultivate it. I would in fact annihilate the *narrow gauge*, and *adopt a broader principle.* A short rail-road from any of this rich forest district, with inland seas everywhere for its terminus, would in a short time be the means of throwing wheat and barley into England, and tenfold the quantity of iron and timber into every European port.

All this only requires a pilot; there is plenty of native energy and capital, or security for obtaining it in the country; but both, or rather all is stagnant, and rendered innocuous by reason of idling; pomposity, pipe-clay, and quarter day, with the feudal notions in reference to "privilege," to which I have alluded, being the deities the Stockholmers worship in all but manacled thraldom.*

* The postage of a single letter from England to Stockholm, addressed in *due course*, is two dollars and forty shillings "banco," or five shillings English money, within a penny; a charge so preposterous, that I fancied there must be some mistake, it exceeding the British postage of four letters to or from *India*, and being the amount of *sixty* in our own country, should they travel from one end of it to the other. But one of the army of officials at the bureau said, that my letter having had "a fortnight's journey, it *could not* be dear at five shillings;" reasoning as the Scotch dentist did with his patient, who, when after charging him double fee, reminded him that he had been pulled three times round the room into the bargain. The endeavour to turn the abominable, uncalled for delay into an excuse for an exaction, deserving the name of extortion, is true Swedish logic, for in no other country that I have been would the doctrine be tolerated. Having had to pay a *sovereign* for *four* letters, previously to making the discovery that *every merchant in the place eluded the obnoxious* tax, by aid of steamers and agencies in Hamburgh, I may be well pardoned for being a little sore. A sovereign *is money*, and the postage of four letters appears very little as an equivalent, having resided much abroad, and had, at all events, five and twenty for the same amount in every other country; but I name the "legalised imposition" more from sorrow at the fate of commerce, than with any reference to my own petty grievance, as, under such a yoke, she must languish and eventually die.

LETTER XXI.

AN EXCURSION.— THE "SCANDIA." — SÖDERTELJE. — SWEDISH HORSES.—TULL-GARN. — THE ROUTE. — FARMING.—GIANTS OF THE WOODS.—THE "ENGLISH PARK" AT TULL-GARN. — THE CHATEAU.—SOLILOQUY ON LUCK.—THE QUEEN-MOTHER.—OUR FARE.—BOTANICAL EXCURSION.—THE "GOVERNOR."

The 1st of July, 1846.

I LEFT my rustic cantonments on the lake betimes this morning to join my friend, the "rough-looking gentleman," on board the steamer at Stockholm, purposing to proceed in her as far as Södertelje, and then cross the country "in search of the picturesque." The "Scandia," a very pretty new iron boat, left her moorings precisely as the clock of the Riddar-holms-kyrka struck eleven, the hour she was advertised for, having a full complement of passengers, and a glorious morning to encourage her in her start for the distant province of Scania, whither she runs regularly from Stockholm during the summer months. This voyage consumes at least four days and nights in its accomplishment, and must be rather a valuable assistant in teaching a man the practice of patience.

The few hours' delightful sail we had this morning only gave us cause to regret the fleetness of time, and the rapidity with which we passed the incomparable beauties we had on all hands of us. We steamed about five-and-twenty miles up the same branch of the Mälar, I had been so enchanted with on my arrival at Stockholm from Gottenburg. The season was then comparatively young for Sweden, now it was in its prime: the effect of the genial weather was everywhere conspicuous, the grass was down where the meadows approached the lake, the fir had become more sombre and more beautiful, the birch and oak were in matured luxuriance, though already tanned by the scorching heat they had served to cool.

The "Scandia" disgorged us at the bridge of Södertelje, and then proceeded through the short winding canal that forms the outlet from the Mälar to the Baltic. Here we refreshed and ordered a pair of the small horses of the country, to a very primitive looking phaeton we had with us. The little animals have a host of equine virtues, and are well deserving a friendly word or two; fast, safe, and moderate in their desires, they patter along at a good eight miles an hour, and never seem to flag. I have scarcely met with a broken knee, or remarked a vicious temper in passing through a province. A piece of bread, and a few downs of water at the end

of a stage, with a quarter of an hour's rest, serve to refresh these little nags, when they resume their journey as merrily and willingly as ever, their owners, the post-masters, receiving as much for the twenty-five miles we took our pair, with a bait as described, as an English pair of posters would have cost in half a league: we paid exactly five shillings.

Södertelje is a clean, respectable, wooden town, with streets running at right angles and possessing a very fair hostel; we fared very comfortably and then proceeded to Tull-garn, a chateau or palace belonging to the king, whither my friend had an official call to make, and where he had a gracious *entrée* to the larder, and bachelors' lodging rooms for himself and (long life to his Majesty!) a friend.

Our route lay through a valley nearly all the way, flanked at unequal distances by broken ranges of granite, wooded with the greatest luxuriance.

On either side of an excellent natural road that wound in an undulating pleasing manner towards the south-east, were fields of rye, peas, and flax, with a very few patches of wheat, though the latter looked extremely clean and healthy, though small in ear. The rye was the staple article in produce, and appeared to promise a good yield, having a length of straw greater than any I had yet seen; the potatoes were invariably

clean and carefully hoed; in fact, but that the fences are unsightly, all this district might be termed agriculturally respectable, and pleasing to the eye of an English farmer; whilst the romantic back-ground of rock and lake, which never left us, would serve to gratify the tourist, whose taste preferred the wilder scenes of nature. We passed through a forest belonging to the king, in which were some such giants of the woods as I have seldom seen excelled. The Swedish pine here grows to a magnificent size, perfectly straight, and, in many instances, without a single branch but a few short ones at the extreme summit, appearing like a green tuft on a mast-head; the whole navies of the world might find themselves in spars in this forest. The approach to Tull-garn is extremely pretty, a long avenue of ash and oak, with a good railing on each side the carriage-road, large meadows, fields of grain, with broad drives through the wood, being the features of the domain, hereabouts called the "English Park," a compliment I duly felt; and though the attempt to copy one of those unequalled, purely English scenes on Swedish clay and swarth may not be easy, the struggle with climate and difficulty only says the more for taste, which prompts such imitation. The English park,—the stately daughter of nature and cultivation, through whose shady groves of towering elms, and venerable oaks, the antlered herds roam in the light of our harvest moon, and

crop the herbage that centuries have served to make short and sweeten,—is not an easy sketch to copy in any part of the world; but at Tull-garn that portion of the domain, which has been christened after the English beauty, is extremely pretty and vastly pleasing, I can well imagine, to his majesty's footsteps, after suffering the throes produced by a Stockholm promenade. The château was built by Duke Frederick, brother to Gustavus III., who, if report says true, lived in almost Eastern fashion at this retired, Baltic-girt, country dwelling; he died out of his harem in Rome when quite a young man, when the estate fell to his sister, whose heirs eventually left it to the present king. Whilst roaming through these splendid woods I could not refrain from soliloquising on the luck of man. I had not long since left Pau, and seen a very humble dwelling, in which the founder of the present royal family of Sweden was born, and now surveyed a domain, bounded by the horizon, and the countless beauties of a matchless landscape, and this but a speck of the owner's kingdom. I had seen Charles X. of France at the Tuilleries, and immediately afterwards a hunted fugitive; Louis Philippe from teaching French at a guinea a week, become the richest private individual, and most potent far-seeing prince in Europe.

Reverie led my thoughts towards a thousand

instances of sudden freaks of fortune in private life, occurring in my own time, but none appeared so tangibly evident as the rise of Bernadotte.

Old Madame Bernadotte, or the queen-mother as she is called, was making a royal progress to the south of Sweden, and drove up to Tull-garn with a retinue of four and forty horses, with servants in proportion, or *keeping*, and would have made a dilatory "West-ender" envious of the hours she kept, she could not have dined before eleven at night, after which she promenaded the grounds, and retired after sun-rise; giving orders for her *déjeûner* to be ready by three o'clock — when she would again move her army of comforts,—or torments,—for another short day's journey. The queen-dowager of Sweden has the universal character of being an exceedingly charitable and kindly disposed old lady, and may well be permitted to keep her own hours, or practise any little eccentricity she thinks proper—nothing like an intriguing, unamiable, or personally interested trait having been discovered in it, since she entered upon her important duties, and exalted station; and, as the "old soldier," her husband, left Sweden all but universally regretted and respected, so does she continue to do honour to his memory, and disarm even the scandalous whisper of a court. She has every one's good word, and bids fair to retain it.

We fared sumptuously at Tull-garn, eating wild strawberries and cream, literally three times a day, with roast leverets, stewed eels, and iced butter for breakfast, with a plunge in the Baltic, by way of an appetiser for dinner.

I met a large party of botanical pilgrims in search of the *Linnæa borealis*, to join whom I took little pressing, and enjoyed a ramble in the deep woods amazingly. We found the sweet little flower in profusion, and took every pains to remove earth and moss in sufficient quantity to tempt her to try the life of civilization; but my specimens drooped and died before I got home, and made me regret more than ever the useless attempt.

The steward, or governor, to the royal estate, most hospitably invited us to spend the evening after our botanical excursion, when tea and materials for a substantial "sexa" made their appearance. The young ladies sang a glee in the open air, and contributed greatly to our happiness. The whole party struck me as being especially unaffected, and desirous to shew themselves "on hospitable thoughts intent," adding one more pleasurable reminiscence to my already superabundant store.

LETTER XXII.

DESIRE TO VISIT GOTTLAND.—"'BOUT SHIP."—SÖDERTELJE.—THE CHURCH-YARD.—A RUSTIC TUMULUS.—AN EARLY MORNING SCENE.—THE "TEARS OF THE DAWN."—ARRIVAL AT GOTTLAND.—APPEARANCE OF WISBY FROM THE SEA.—SOMETHING NEW.—ARRANT SELFISHNESS.—COURTESY.—A GLANCE AT WISBY.

Wisby, July, 1846.

I HAD heard, and pictured to myself so much about the ancient city of Wisby in Gottland, that the edge of my curiosity seemed likely to cut through its scabbard; making a personal inspection of that remote, and comparatively unknown island, if not essential to my tranquillity, at all events into a clamorous request for relief, on the part of the highly whetted sufferer. Consequently, hearing that a steamer would touch at Södertelge, on her way to Gottland, I instantly resolved to "'bout ship" and take passage in her; deeming myself highly favoured by the interest chance seemed to have taken in my wishes and movements, she seldom having chimed more auspiciously with either.

After we had therefore passed a couple of

days at Tull-garn, we drove back to the former place, where I anchored for the night, after having made an excursion round its environs and suburbs.

The walks and country round this town are extremely picturesque; one particular hill I mounted immediately above it, commands a most extensive, uninterrupted prospect over wood, lake, crag, and valley, pleasingly rugged and diversified.

The church at Södertelje is of a quaint, peculiar style of architecture, greatly resembling the one at Wreta. The church-yard,—that loadstone to the stroller's steps,—put in its ancient claim, and left a gratifying impression of Scandinavian affection and sentiment; several of the graves being entirely covered with the dry, white moss from the woods heaped up into mounds, surmounting which, were chaplets of living "forget-me-not" planted in water, and evidently tended with that careful zeal the heart alone can prompt. How emblematic of life and death was this simple yet expressive picture! the arid, lifeless moss, contrasted with the gay and blooming, though fleeting fading flower. There were four white roses flowering at the corners of one of these rural tumuli, completing the beauty of the modest, yet graceful monument.

The "Gottland's" paddles might be distinctly heard at several miles' distance, as I waited for

her on the bridge of Södertelje. The sun had not yet risen, the lake and woods were shrouded with the very lightest web of vapour, that rose perceptibly as I gazed, like an elfin curtain before an audience of fairies. All nature was in profound repose; when the booming of the steamer's two bow guns reverberated from hill to hill, and far over the sleeping lake in rebounding echoes.

I stepped on board as the vessel passed through the lock a little before three o'clock, and found a gay party of tourists condemned to the quarter-deck, the berths being filled to their exclusion, my honoured "rough-looking friend" amongst the number, he having left me at Södertelje, promising to accompany me to Gottland if possible.

The sun soon dispelled the vapours from wood and lake, and sleepless passenger alike, and licked the "tears of the dawn," which hung in liquid pearls from the long eye-lashes and ringlets of the Swedish belles on board, as well as—grieved am I to spoil his delicious repast—the self-same jewelry hanging pendent from my friend's grim "*rouge et noir*" moustache, and penthouse brows. Away we steamed amidst forests and islands, till the true Baltic received us with propitious smiles and an unruffled front. By four o'clock P.M. "land" was discovered, by aid of good eyes and pocket Dol-

londs, and by "klockan sex" we had a perfect view of the most extraordinary *tout ensemble* of sea-port, ruin, fortification, limestone cliff, and water, that eye ever beheld, wherever in its voyage *round the world* it may perchance have roamed.

Nothing that can be conceived by the imagination, can give the reader an adequate idea of the town of Wisby. From the sea, it is a vivid sketch of ancient Troy. I have seen in some illustrated, old dog-eared volume of black letter, the very counterpart of this old city; the formal lines of embattled walls and profusion of turrets, the double moats, sally-ports, portcullis, and gates require only a few heads in iron pots to be seen above them, with a wooden horse on the plain, to send our imaginations back a few thousand years, and complete the well-known tableau.

I could not compose myself, or lose the feeling of healthy excitement I experienced; so enchanted was I with the discovery of not only having found something absolutely new,—that invaluable boon to the wanderer,—but something so strange, so comparatively unknown as this ancient Scandinavian city. I felt my star to be brightening in the luck that had been reserved for me, and stepped ashore in the happiest vein of anticipation.

I intend to be very careful in giving a de-

scription of this place; in earnest of which I have taken a couple of old-fashioned rooms within the very ruins, have set my good-natured friends to work with brush and pencil, and then most ungratefully let them depart home again, by the return steamer, without an *overwhelming scene*, (this *entre nous*,) for verily, the accompaniment of footsteps or *voices*, when exploring, and ruminating as I hope to do, would be as distasteful as a companion to an alderman, when sitting down to a woodcock.

Before I had been in the island an hour, I received the most unequivocal proofs of politeness and attention. Civility and courtesy, *en passant*, are indigenous to the limestone strata of Gottland. Every one, to the "tiny bairns," bade me "good day," and if, by chance or friendly scheming, an overture to serve could be made, ceremony did not stand between me and the kind-hearted Gottlander. The information, assistance in passing through the island, and nameless little kind offices I received, demand my earnest acknowledgment. I was the only Englishman on the island at the time, in fact, during the fortnight I remained on it, and imagine not one in ten thousand are even aware of its existence,—though few places can be more intrinsically interesting, or more filled with ancient remains of departed wealth and grandeur, with food for speculation and research, than this singular sea-girt speck of earth.

There are *now* the ruins of eighteen large churches or cathedrals; upwards of forty embattled towers, with the remains of a castle, and numerous convents, and other buildings not satisfactorily accounted for; with a perfect line of lofty fortification entirely encircling the whole.

Within the walls, the variety of old houses, zig-zag narrow streets overrun with verdure, as well as triangular uneven open spaces, ornamented again by *deliciously* uncouth gables, rough flights of limestone steps, Anglo-Saxon arches, huge door frames and iron work excel every thing I have been able to discover in some years of scrutinizing rambles. Chester is infinitely more perfect, and certainly is *unique* in its peculiar features, there being nothing in Wisby to compare to Watergate Street in the former city, in respect to carving and decoration of gables, neither can you walk on the walls of the latter, but the whole formal line of the original defences, joined to the ruggedly rural, yet Gothic *coup d'œil* of Wisby make it far more quaint and interesting to the antiquary and artist than any city, with an omnibus and glittering railway-station to be seen at every turn.

Gnarled wallnut, elder-flower, and venerable apple-trees, garden palings, and wooden balconies of curious device jut out at every corner, flocks of geese roam and cackle through the grassy

streets, wherein once waddled the portly burgher and his armed retainer; mingled with these is an absolute *mêlée* of ruin, in Gothic, Saracenic, Byzantine, as well as every other order that ever existed, or was invented for the special building of Wisby.

I was bewildered at selecting points of view, so numerous and exquisite were they, turn which way I would; so that I must let this glance suffice for the present, and try to sleep off part of my pleasingly wearied sensations.

ST. CATHERINE.

LETTER XXIII.

THE RUINED CHURCHES AT WISBY.—SAINT CATHERINE. HELGE-AND'S-KYRKAN.—SAINT MARIA.—SAINT NICHOLAUS.—ABSENCE OF ALL CHRONICLE OF THE CITY.—THE LAST ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP.—RUINS.—THEIR APPEAL TO OUR IMAGINATION.—FANCY, REVERIE, AND SOLITUDE.—GRAFTING AND SUPPOSITION.

Wisby, July, 1846.

ALL the ruined churches at Wisby vary in their style and peculiarities, and have their several admirers; I placed my affections upon two, namely:—St. Catherine, and Helge-And's Kyrkan, or church of the Holy Ghost; sketches of which I was fortunate enough to

obtain. The former possesses a singularly fine oriel window composed of seven exquisite lanceolated compartments in high preservation; the pillars of the main aisle and transepts are octagon, and shew the chisel marks as freshly as if they were struck yesterday; a carpet of the very greenest, shortest, and freshest sward covers the whole interior, harmonizing delightfully with the fringes of wild roses that flutter everywhere from the summit of the ruins.

The most curious in my opinion is the other church I have named, the Helge-And's; a small bivaulted building in itself, not more than fifty feet in diameter; it has some peculiarities that have never been satisfactorily explained. The body of the church is octagon, and composed of a lower and upper choir, the former having four octagon, and the latter an equal number of round pillars; the only approach to the upper compartment being by a narrow stair of stone built in the thickness of the wall. In the ceiling of the ground choir is a large octagonal aperture, placed exactly in the centre; this is the inexplicable feature of the ruin, one that has invariably puzzled the antiquary from all countries. The supposition is that the opening served as a voice conductor from below, where the service was performed, for the edification of nuns or novices who were seated above, that they might participate in it without being liable to

the gaze of the common congregation who occupied the lower aisle.

Some antiquarians think the upper story was reserved for the heads of the peculiar sect to which the church belonged; so that they might be equally free from the stare of the lower orders. Whatever was the purpose to which the extraordinary aperture was applied, it strikes the beholder with wonder at the present day; and is a rare instance in ecclesiastical architecture, if indeed it may not boast of being a solitary one. There is a solidity and sombre quaintness about this curious old relic of long past ages that greatly add to the interest it excites, whilst you gaze in speculative reverie on the dismantled temple, and draw upon fancy to repeople the two choirs with the rude forefathers of Gottland, with their fair and Heaven-consecrated daughters steeped in the severity of their dark devotion; whilst the beautiful strains of Luther's hymn peal from the organ of St. Maria as I muse, and change the tableau of the mind to the comforting realities of our own time.

To name, or particularise the ruins of Wisby would require a web of detail into which my loitering small talk is difficult in the extreme to weave; she is of a restless vagabondizing turn, and instantly snaps or gets entangled when I leave the sketchy chatter of the rover, and make the least attempt at figures. I could no more

write a "Hand-Book" than I could *read* one; and forget my distances and disbursements as easily as I retain the impression of a view,—or a kindness conferred: but, to endeavour to name one or two points of interest, I would recommend St. Nicholas, St. Maria, and St. Oloff to the notice of the visitor to Gottland. The former is of a splendid *dis*order I cannot describe; every window varies in size and shape, and is placed as irregularly as possible. One of the most beautiful rosette form, cut from a single piece of limestone, is placed far from the centre of the doorway, anywhere but according to architectural rules. The eastern window is extremely fine; a group of lancets being mullioned into a vast oriel of exquisite proportions.

St. Maria, the only church in which service is now performed, is equally irregular in its peculiar style, the windows varying as in the one just alluded to; there are three wooden turrets elaborately carved and ornamented, with galleries round them, surmounting the towers of this church, which give it an exceeding chaste and curious appearance. The gateway to this fine old pile is peculiarly quaint and striking. The interior contains some few monuments of the wealthy burghers and their families,—to several of whom are portraits in the uncouth style of the period; though there is scarcely a thread of the long genealogical line of the merchant princes of the

Hanseatic era to be met with; nor is there a manuscript or chronicle of the deeply interesting

GATEWAY OF ST. MARIA.

old city remaining, the last Roman Catholic bishop having conveyed them with the library into Poland, where, after considerable inquiry and research by authorized parties from the island, all trace of them has unfortunately been lost.

This act of spoliation on the part of the bishop has deprived the earlier annals of Wisby of everything like authenticity, all being vague supposition and guess-work. This has evidently led to many mistakes and widely-propagated errors; for instance, a strong flanking tower commanding the northern gate, and plainly in-

tended for such purpose, is termed the "Mint," or "Money house;" rather an unlikely position for a store of bullion, as it is exposed to the very first assault, and liable to be undermined from without. This and many other misnomers applied to the different parts of the ruins, would readily be detected by the accomplished antiquary, and I know no place in Northern Europe where he is so likely to meet with a sumptuous repast, as at Wisby.

Ruins never fail to make an eloquent appeal to our imagination and sympathy; the indescribable charm of fiction and romance, hallows every moss-grown arch and time-worn buttress. Fancy strains her eye to dive into the long past scenes of yore, and refreshes and soothes herself in the mental tableau she conjures from every broken lattice and deserted shrine.

In her delicious, dreamy reverie, she pictures to herself the men who have long since past away, and strives to imagine their peculiar traits and daily habits. She throws her mind's eye into the very *heart* long mouldered into dust, revives its fierce plots and gentle beatings; its throes, its joys, its sunshine; replumes the hawk and seats him, "belled and jessed" as of yore, upon the slender wrist of the fair, yet roundly moulded form, she *plainly sees* issuing from yon ruined portal, and merrily accompanies her to the field! Such is truly the charm of solitude

and honey to the musing wanderer. Our own country is beautified by countless ruins, which add greatly to the tourist's happiness; each possesses its separate interest, and is mused over with the love we commonly bear antiquity, mingled with the pleasing feeling of consanguinity we claim toward their departed lords. These are graphically and elaborately described by able writers since the time of Doomsday survey, and have their origin and existence satisfactorily explained; but to find the remains of monastic splendour so profusely scattered over a small almost unvisited island, plunged in a surly hyperborean sea, as I did at Wisby, might well attune the mind to deep soliloquy; and to make the inquiry, whence all this came? and who could have been the people who originated it? for there is none such in the parent land; and in no other place of an equal size is the same amount of ruin to be found. This I have endeavoured to explore, I dare not say expound, by question, and personal examination; occasionally grafting my own supposition upon the gnarled appearances before me. The fruit of this lowly budding, I send thee, dear reader, with sincere diffidence, the stem which bore it was all but decayed; scarcely a leaf fluttered from its shattered branches; I found the soil as barren as the burning plains of Sahara; my own lore aided me but little, so I prithee, pare well

the rind from the modest pippin, and add plentifully the sweets of thy good-nature to thy "milk of human kindness," as thou partakest of the poor dessert I have reared for thine especial palate.

HELGE AND'S KYRKAN.

LETTER XXIV.

THE BALTIC. — ITS ILLEGITIMACY. — ANOTHER "SPONTANEOUS INTRUSION." — HIGH AND LOW WATER. — THE LEGITIMATE OCEAN.—THE GALE, AND SCHOONER IN THE OFFING.— HYPOTHESIS RESPECTING GOTTLAND. — THE STRATA AND CLIMATE. —CAPABILITY.—THE HARBOURS OF SLITO AND WISBY.—ANNALS OF THE ISLAND.—THE HANSEATIC ERA.—FORMER MAGNIFICENCE OF WISBY.—CAUSE OF ITS DOWNFALL.

Wisby, July, 1846.

GOTTLAND, or Gothland, is poetically termed the "Eye of the Baltic," and rises in the midst of that bastard sea; for having neither tides nor salt in its capricious waters, with but a scanty share of the finny tribes that so bountifully are permitted to crowd our own, I can never bring myself to believe the insipid stagnant pool to be a legitimate son of venerable briny ocean, whose murmuring ebb and flow, falls so soothingly on the dreaming senses far, far inland, as the drowsy ear drinks the half solemn yet vastly pleasing sound. With that thankful exquisite thrill produced by comfort and well assured security, the scarcely conscious

listener utters a prayer for the bold mariner plunging through the curling seas and summer gale, till gradually overcome by the melodious anodyne he resigns himself to deep and tranquil slumber.

Mechanically gazing to sea-ward, as he rises and throws wide his lattice to the breeze, in lieu of the foaming surges he left half-a-dozen hours ago, beating high up the rough shingle and iron cliffs, he views a broad and level beach, stretching for miles in an unbroken expanse of brilliant yellow sand, on whose hard flickering surface flocks of snow-white gulls and kitty-wakes have alighted, where perchance the early morning "nymph with bright and flowing hair" had danced during his happy dreams, and yet is there no "footing seen" by which you may trace the homeward route of the sea-born dancing maid.

The billows that rose over-night on the tide of summer have long since subsided; a blue and unclouded horizon meets the delighted gazer's eye, with numerous craft of varied rigs heeling gently to the expiring joyous breeze—all is hey-day and happiness. And should dread winter riot over cliff and strand and sea, how vividly changes the scene with every foaming tide! Now the bay is brimful of rolling breaking waves; the salt spray dampens the rushing pinions of the gale, and flies far to leeward

over the snugly sheltered village; the now hidden, now seen trysail in the offing claims all your eye and thoughts, with many a fervent aspiration for the weltering schooner's safety. Meanwhile, you *oil the hinges of your gate!* and prepare both food and extra fire for the perchance storm-beaten though welcome stranger, stranger now no more; and whilst the fierce wind careers round your dwelling, anxiously do you wait for a view of those yellow sands and honey-combed rugged rocks, that are now submerged beneath the boiling sea. Anon you have it, and behold the retiring waters breaking beyond the lowest mark of ebb; a dark and deep belt of glistening sea-weed relieving the now furrowed beach from its usual sweet monotony. You see knots of the rough and hardy sons of ocean gathered under the sheltering cliffs and humble gables, anxiously gazing like yourself to seaward; and,—praise to the great guardian of the dark and howling night!—a close reefed topsail added to the trysail, and the gallant schooner out of every immediate danger.

To wander at the extreme edge of low water, or to lave the fetlocks of our well-loved, coy, yet docile mare in the rippling tide, and at every heave of the vast ocean, perceive the yeasty wave advancing slowly, yet surely as eternity, has oft delighted me, to an extent, the stagnant, tideless seas of Baltic or Mediterranean cannot efface

They lack the health, the breath, the *spirit* of the moving deep.

Return we now to Gottland, "an you please." The island has been gradually rising from the sea, or perhaps the more correct hypothesis is, the sea has been diminishing by evaporation, and has receded in consequence from the land, though the *very* learned will tell you there is ever a supply of moisture to replace that absorbed by the heat; yet I *know* large pools are dried without ever being again beflooded, and that liquid in small quantities is instantly dried up; consequently I take the latter hypothesis "for choice," to account for the evident augmentation of Gottland; but whichever is correct, there is no doubt of there having been originally several islands where one only is now to be seen; cliffs of rock far inland, bearing indisputable proof of having been washed by the waters of the Baltic. Differing entirely from Sweden and Norway, Gottland displays a strata of limestone, chalk, and sandstone, and possesses in some respects a climate superior to either; the walnut, mulberry, and other trees unknown to Stockholm at all events, thrive here in great luxuriance, and being surrounded by water, the island escapes the lengthened snow-storms both the other countries are ruthlessly doomed to endure. In an agricultural point of view, with the great drawback of almost an incessant scarcity of rain, during the hottest

months,* the island may be said to labour under the disadvantage of great want of skill on the part of the farmers, and lack of capital: otherwise, from being within an easy distance of our own markets, and in the possession of excellent soil in the aggregate, I can imagine no country more worthy of notice, in a speculative view, than Gottland. There is a very fine harbour at Slitö, where vessels may generally be cleared during an average winter, when those of Stockholm, Antwerp, and Hamburgh are closed; the pine is harder and more durable than the Swedish or Russian timber, and full of turpentine, though it is more knotty, and unfit for deals in consequence: for "sleepers," and other railway purposes, no timber can be better. I saw some portions of pine that had been in use, or rather had survived with the ruins, for upwards of eight hundred years.

The *harbour* at Wisby is about fifty fathoms in length, exposed to the full sweep of the west and north-west gales, having several banks in it, left purposely to "bring up" vessels having too much way on them, to the intense delight of caulkers and shipwrights. Nothing can be imagined more horrible than this libellously-called "harbour," or more injurious to underwriters; everything relating to it being "doubly hazardous" to the voyage, and dangers of the open sea.

* To remedy this evil, irrigation *might* be readily resorted to.

The nearest Swedish land is distant about sixty English miles, and that of Courland in Russia, about a hundred and twenty. From Stockholm, the voyage consumes about eighteen hours by steam, passing through the Mälar and short canal, before you make the Baltic.

The name of the island is derived from the Goths; it contains a surface of about one thousand English square miles, and is about eighty miles in length, by thirty in breadth, from the extreme points.

On the western side the cliffs of limestone rise steeply from the sea, and slope gradually to the eastern shore. Sweden has always had the defence and vassalage of Gottland from very ancient times, for which a service of seven armed vessels was demanded in time of war; though the island has been the constant object of foreign claim and struggle, having been fiercely invaded by Oloff Haroldson, a Norwegian king, in the year 1007, and again in 1028. In the year 1398, it was mortgaged to the order of the German knights of Prussia, who kept it till it was redeemed by Queen Margaret, who joined it with Denmark.

From this period Gottland was a constant subject of disquiet and enmity between Sweden and Denmark, until the year 1645, when it was brought under the dominion of the former crown,

under whose custody it has remained, with the exception of the time between 1676 and 1679, when the Danes again got possession, and for some weeks in the year 1808, when it was invaded by the Russians.

But whence the ruins of eighteen churches, numerous convents, a castle, and fortification strong enough for the Parisians? from whom could all these important works proceed? A few Goths and limestone cliffs, placed in an almost Arctic latitude, could need no such defences and luxuries as these remains denote to have existed. To what cause is this extraordinary amount of ruin, or rather the perfection of such buildings to be dated? *To early commerce, and the spirit of trade;* which, in those dark ages, embraced the Persian, Arabic, German, and Indian markets within its infantine folds, and gave rise to the city of Wisby in Gottland.*

* In addition to my notice of Gottland, I have much pleasure in annexing the following extract from a curious old Swedish work, as well as in acknowledging the source from whence I obtained it.

This most extraordinary island is so hallowed by its unequalled relics of a very remote age, as well as rendered doubly interesting by the uncertainty and murkiness of its annals, that I have left no stone unturned in my endeavour to obtain information respecting it. The old chronicle in question, says, "It is unanimously stated by all writers, that in the days of old, there was a city on the borders of the Baltic possessed of an incomparably flourishing trade, of the name of Veneta; which had been the most important trading town in the north for several centuries immediately following the birth of Christ.

About the year 800, a flourishing city of traders called Vineta on the Oder, was destroyed by some influx of waters, aided by the attacks of both

"This city is said to have been totally destroyed by a Danish king; though some writers affirm him to have been a Swede, of the name of Harald, of about the time of Carolus Magnus.

"From the ruin and downfal of this town, Wisby probably dates its commencement, or at all events its advancement. The gates of solid brass and iron, are stated to have been carried away from the former place to beautify and strengthen the latter city. In the year 800, the town of Wisby was removed from the vicinity of Kloppklint to its present site; and immediately made rapid strides in its commercial importance. Large fleets arrived laden with merchandise from all quarters, and formed vast depots in Gottland, whither the general trader of the north repaired to make his purchases.

"The town soon numbered 12,000 inhabitants, exclusive of an immense population of artizans and labourers. There have no doubt been in all near upon twenty-five churches; of which may be seen the remains of eighteen at the present day.

"About thirty years after the foundation of Stockholm, about the year 1288, a great misunderstanding arose between the citizens, or traders in Wisby, and the peasantry, respecting the customs levied by the former, which ended in a civil war of some duration. Wisby received help from the towns of the Wendes, and the country party from the Estlanders and Kurlanders. The latter were several times defeated.

"At length King Magnus Ladulas put an end to this quarrel, by severely chastising both parties; and compelling each district to build a tower, and walls for the defence of the city. This we are informed by Olaus Petri.

"In 1311, there was a great fire in Wisby; and in 1314, a second conflagration which all but burnt it to the ground, when a great number of churches fell a sacrifice.

"In 1312, King Berger requested to buy from the inhabitants a plot of ground of the size of a calf-skin, or rather a portion which a calf-skin would enclose. This he cut into strips, or thongs, and thereby obtained a large space, on which he built

Swedes and Danes, probably the harbour was choked and rendered unavailable: but whatever *was* the cause, the merchants there settled had

what is called the "Calf-skin House," wherein he and his successors resided when they visited Wisby.

"In 1315, King Berger was completely defeated, on his wishing to force upon the Gottlanders a higher rate of taxation, and narrowly escaped with his life.

"The year 1361 witnessed many battles and losses by sea, by which the island suffered severely.

"In 1363, King Magnus and his son Håkan were sentenced to lose the rights to the Swedish crown. Duke Albrecht of Mecklenburg was immediately called in, and received homage in Gottland. He afterwards went over to the states, (or Diet,) in Stockholm.

"In 1380, it was mortgaged, or pawned in fact, for 20,000 rose nobles to the German knights of Prussia; owing to the budget being insufficient to meet the demands of King Albrecht, his pomp and equipment, needful to contend against Queen Margarita, involving the island in all but irretrievable ruin.

"1390. While King Albrecht was a prisoner, his relations, the Germans, offered Sweden to the highest bidder! The towns of Rostock and Wismar opened their harbours to them; in consequence of which, the Baltic was crowded with "pirates, privateers, rogues, and robbers" of all nations.

"This unscrupulous gang of rovers called themselves Vitalian Brothers, or "Fetalic Brethren," by reason of their ostensible aim at supplying Stockholm with provisions. They eventually took possession of Gottland, and committed acts of great violence and outrage, as well as made the Baltic and North Sea completely impassable.

"At length Queen Margarita, aided by the Hanseatic towns, extirpated this nest of scoundrels; she likewise redeemed the island, and annexed it to Denmark; this she accomplished by laying on various taxes upon the Swedes; one of these exactions was termed the "Rump tax."

"In the year 1400, the Wårfru (Annunciation), the college and 117 houses were destroyed by fire.

"In 1411, King Eric of Pomerania commenced the building

to look for fresh anchorage, and seem to have come in force to Gottland, where they erected the city of Wisby, and renewed their operations with the surrounding world.

of Wisby castle, which was afterwards called Wisborgh. In the time of King Berger, it is stated that 'the Brothers,' or Royal Princes, agreed by compromise to divide the kingdom. King Berger obtained Gottland and Öland; and the Dukes Erick and Waldemar, other portions of it.

"1439. King Erick of Pomerania, seeing that he could not retain possession of his kingdom, collected his valuables, and settled in Wisby; whence he issued on piratical voyages, and appears to have been an extensive and successful plunderer.

"King Christopher of Bavaria, after frequently replying haughtily to the complaints of those who had suffered from Erick's robberies and invasions, found himself under the necessity of making an expedition to Gottland; and though the nature of the interview did not transpire, there is no doubt, from the result, that they perfectly understood each other."

If by the unity of a few piastres, and newly born fixity of trading purpose of the eleventh century, the unimportant, scarcely to be termed fertile isle of Gottland, could be raised to the height of prosperity we have such ample proofs it attained through the slender means enumerated; how vast, how incalculable, are the fair prospects of Ireland, should she happily "take a turn," and "cast her skin," under the kindly, yet powerful hand of that far-seeing, *honest-hearted English gentleman*, in whose advocacy and sincerity we behold the first gleam of her regeneration.

It is utterly impossible to calculate the beneficial effect of the invigorating, *spirit-infusing*, searching course of treatment proposed by Lord George Bentinck, on a subject so naturally sound at heart, and full of sinew, as Ireland. She may become at no remote day a home-market and granary of England, surpassing the very best of our foreign ones, and a *sister in reality*; as well as, from her position on the globe, the general rallying point of transit to and from the western world. This latter advantage she must eventually *command*. She might instantly be made the recipient of thousands of small annuitants, who *hive* at Boulogne-

The scale of grandeur, religious pomp, and mercantile importance with which they carried matters, is plainly traceable in the short

sur-mer, and numerous other foreign places of sojourn, who would gladly and profitably exchange their tenures "upon sufferance," for the congenial, hearty, sporting, and sportive "ould kingdom," if they could really believe that her people would be "aisy," and not quite so insanely misled, as they have been, and alas! still *are*, by *professionals*, whose interest is vested in her degradation, and *feverish*, intermitting pulse. The organically vicious in Ireland, the "Captain Starlights," and their cowardly, skulking bands, as well as their iniquitous abettors and paymasters, I firmly believe to be very few; and that they might be exterminated by vigilance, determination, and *district fines where atrocities are committed.* The next generation, and the majority of the present, may be reclaimed by showing them brighter prospects, in reward to their improved behaviour; to which glorious end, the much to be coveted removal of the "old serpent," will act as a most efficient "purchase."

When we take into consideration the insidious, protracted course of mental poisoning which Irishmen have had administered by their own agitating *evil genii* from time to time, and their *consequent distress*, we are led to view their condition, sad as it is, rather with surprise that it should be no worse, than with undue severity, and to augur every future good from their patience and forbearance in the time of temptation, at the *hands of their own magistrates*, and doubly so when goaded by frightful want.

After travelling over a hyperborean, unknown speck of earth, devoid of water-power, minerals, climate, and population, and beholding the remains of grandeur and well-doing, which have arisen from a little well directed wealth and trading energy, which new worlds and their effects have served to dispense with, or rather to transplant elsewhere; no man of expanded views need despair for Ireland, equally as I hope no man of good nature will too severely find fault with the wandering thought, and note, the trip gave rise to. But, we must be fairly off with the "old love," and heartily and faithfully yield to the "new."

outline I have given of the relics which now remain in proof of it. In 1241 the Hanseatic confederacy had its origin; a trading compact that was started at that period between several cities for monopolising the commerce of the world, under mutual convoy and safe guard, and anything but liberal principles. Of this league, Lübeck, Antwerp, Bremen and several other large northern towns were members, and in whose councils and transactions there is no doubt that Wisby at one time took the lead. There was a marine code issued from the port, that was universally recognised and respected in these northern seas, equally with that of Pisa in the Mediterranean. Twelve thousand wealthy burghers lived within the walls in mansions of a quaint and singular style of architecture, combining warerooms, stores, and well appointed apartments under the same roof. Many thousands of artizans and labourers resided in the suburbs, their *quartier* extending for more than a league round the walls of the city. There were halls of guild, libraries, monasteries, and a strong fleet of merchantmen, and vessels of war; all of which have departed, leaving no sign of the actors in the stirring scene, save the ruin of their homes and temples of worship. The place was left, as it was found when the *current* of *trade set from* it, and England became the carrier-general to the world.

G.T.Cdel. Hullmandel & Walton Lithographers.

A STREET AND SPANISH MERCHANT'S HOUSE OF THE HANSEATIC ERA.

WISBY

London Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

The "Cape" opened a new route to India; the fur trade, always of vast importance, centered westwards, added to such sweeping changes, which no human calculation could foresee, the invasions of Waldemar III. of Denmark in 1361, and of the fierce Lübeckers in 1509 and 1525, completed the destruction of the once powerful isle.

There being no capital or genealogical trace of the prosperous burghers to be discovered, I am disposed to think they took shipping and sought for other lands, where they could prosecute their ventures and sail with the stream. Some probably winged their flight to Copenhagen, others to Hamburgh, Dantzic, Leipsic, or London; wherever they went, there is nothing left in Wisby by which their names and fortunes can be traced. The winds howl through the desolate warehouses, and ruined cathedrals, as would be the case with Liverpool, if the Mersey should be choked, or any natural convulsion destroy the out and inlet to the port. The genius of Trade tarries not behind lamenting, should her fountain be stopped, but hastens to fresh fields of enterprise, scarcely regretting the home she leaves without a warning, though it may be deserted for ever.

LETTER XXV.

PROOFS OF EARLY TRADING.—ANCIENT COINS FOUND IN GOTTLAND.—LEGENDARY LORE.—TWO AMIABLE SPINSTERS.—FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE RUINS.—THE WALLS.—ROYAL PIRATES.—THE GENERAL STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.—THE PARSON AND HIS BRIDE.

THAT Gottland was extensively engaged in Eastern and general trading from a very early period, we have proofs beyond a doubt. The unimpeachable memento of dates, coin, is perfect evidence of the monetary transactions that existed long before the word commerce was known in England. Coins of Edgar, Ethelred, and other Anglo-Saxon monarchs being turned up at the present day, though doubtless, these have been Danish payments coming from English tribute or plunder; but to these, Arabic, Persian, some of the famous Haroun al Raschid; Irish, Roman, (the two last also I imagine taken in England by the Danes,) Russian and Asiatic add their confirmation.

The collections of Anglo-Saxon coins possessed by Sweden and Gottland, mostly turned up in the latter island, is superior in some reigns to any-

thing we have. The Swedish government has displayed a spirit the reverse of amiable in this matter; though they have absolutely *reserves of duplicates* of our Anglo-Saxon coinage,—many dies of which we are without,—they nevertheless refuse to part with one, excepting upon terms which they *should* be the last to propose, and *would* be, if in our place, in acceding to.

There are no less than fifty different English towns named on the dies in the cabinet of Gottland, some of which no man can make out at the present day, such places being unknown to us. Many in Ethelred's reign were struck at Thetford, York, Lincoln, Stamford, Hereford, and Exeter, with such names as *Wilton*, *Velin*, *Hanta*, *Roff*, and *Barda* on others. To prove that the English money was paid into the Wisbean coffers by Denmark, all trace of our coinage ceases after the Norman conquest, when our tribute or thraldom to that country expired. The Roman coins commence from the fourth century, and are in magnificent preservation, with a beauty of device and execution superior to all the others. The early Arabic and Persian coins are very fine, and our own Edgars and Ethelreds as sharp in their outlines as if struck during the last fortnight, many of our present Victorias being far less so. This money was paid by weight, and bears proof of having been clipped when it exceeded the sum needful.

There are numerous legendary anecdotes of this curious old place, requiring considerable elasticity in the faith of the hearer or reader to invest them with a feature from the sober face of truth; but as singular as they appear to us, it is well known they fall short of the wonderful realities of that dark, yet extravagant period. Tradition says, the burghers were so immensely wealthy and magnificent in their ideas, that the window frames of their houses were formed of solid silver, with appropriate splendour prevailing throughout the mansion; and that when Waldemar the Dane, got possession of the city, he demanded that two large brewing vats should be filled with gold and silver, which did not serve to satisfy his rapacity; for when he had them placed before him, he insisted upon having "one more" probably "for luck" as he would say in his grim facetiæ; though it turned out *bad* luck for the royal plunderer, as the vessels were so overladen, that they swamped in the Baltic with the treasure and all hands.

The "pretty little story" is completed by the Gottlanders' "*on dits*" of the present day, asserting, through the mouth-piece of the hardy fishermen, that far in the depths of the still blue sea may be seen after sunset the flickering of the long submerged bullion. If this should by chance be read by any of the saga-

G.T.C del.

Hulmandel & Walton lithographers.

ST CLEMENTS, FROM ST NICHOLAUS.

WISBY.

London. Richard Bentley New Burlington Street.

cious contributors to the "Telemaque-Yankee-French-guaranteed Diving Fund," surely their eyes will sparkle as brilliantly as the Hanseatic hidden coin, and their hopes of retrieving the trifle expended in exploring the sandy bottom of the Seine, rise with the flattering expectations held out in my tale. There are the remains of two churches at Wisby, named after saint Lars (Laurentius), and saint Drott, or Trinity which are called "sister churches" to this day, from the fact of their having been built by two joint heiresses to one of the richest burghers of the place; not from any particular "call" they had, but from the honest hatred they bore each other; the two amiable spinsters resolving not even to sit under the same holy roof, so cordially was the family feud maintained by these two pious maidens. I am charitable enough to hope they are placed close together *wherever* they may be at present, as a reward to their sanctity upon earth.

Another strange tale of monkish hoarding is current amidst the ruins and collectors of such curiosities. It seems a Swedish shoemaker found his way to Rome, and overheard two monks conversing about a golden goose, and twenty-four solid goslins that were hidden within the walls of St. Clements at Wisby, and pondered these things sufficiently in his heart to induce him to make a rigid search on his return home,

with what success remains to be guessed at, as he was a prudent man and said nothing; though the fact of his really dying a wealthy burgomaster, without any ostensible means beyond his trade, gives a colouring to the marvellous tale, somewhat purer than the rather pinch-beck tinge of the fisherman's yarn.

In addition to the churches I have named, are the remains of St. Olof, built in 1103; St. Hans in 1130; St. Gertrude chapel, built in 1167, belonging to the merchants from the Netherlands; St. George, situated in the northern suburb, and the traditional sites of St. Jeder; St. Jacob; the Russian church, St. Michael, destroyed in 1449; the castle church; and Solberger convent of nuns—for of these last scarcely any trace remains.

The walls of Wisby are evidently the work of several different eras, having had the original altitude increased, as well as having been strengthened by an inner bivaulted wall, shewing a more developed art of fortification as the cunning and strategy of war advanced; high turrets open to the city side, containing several stories, are placed at equal distances of about fifty yards—making the whole place, if stoutly defended, immensely strong, before "villanous saltpetre" was introduced by the learned churchman.

The castle domineered the town and harbour, and shews remains of great original strength;

having at the same time considerable outworks advanced on the land side to the south, and south-west. This fortress was destroyed by the Danes just previous to the peace of Fontainbleau. It has at times been the strong hold of several royal pirates, who issued from it upon the Baltic and adjoining seas.

The general style of architecture observed in the several churches at Wisby, is the Elder Gothic, or Byzantine with the round arch, succeeded by the Younger, or Purer Gothic, with the pointed vault. The ruined temple of Helge-And is decidedly the most ancient, it having been built in the year 1046.

I was greatly amused at witnessing a bride displayed at Wisby, literally *pro bono publico*, though, I cannot say I much admire the way the Gottlanders conduct the usually sensitive, nerve-trying ceremony of holy matrimony, and fancy not even our "Widow Barnaby" would go through it, (*till after supper.*)

The fair betrothed was married at home about six o'clock in the evening, and immediately afterwards was brought to the window, in which a number of lighted candles were placed, where she had to blush, (if she could,) and shew herself till eleven! an immense crowd being gathered below, having the privilege, accorded by vile custom, of demanding her to come forward, should she be absent from it longer than suited

their notions of propriety! The hero or victim, in this Benedictine pillory, was a clergyman, and equally public property for the night; I merely name this to shew it is a practice from which the *élite* are not exempt. The lady was very bridally attired, and appeared, as I thought, particularly steady under fire, never shrinking from the admiring volleys she received, but enfilading the street in return with eloquent glances, whilst the newly rivetted parson could scarcely be forced to the front, though repeatedly called for; he evidently had more of the "white feather" about him than his more courageous half, gaily plumed as she was. I confess, as a modest man, I went home guiltless of the sin of coveting a "neighbour's wife," whose tastes gave preference to the reeking glare of a public illumination, rather than to the pale, witching beams of the sweet and lonely "honey-moon;" for I cannot but think in this age of freedom, the display might have been avoided, if *really* as disagreeable, as most of my fair, and *foul*, readers may well imagine it. To the former with "caps to set," the custom must be anything but favourable, as I can imagine nothing more likely to induce a *man* to put off the evil day, than the heavy disbursement of impudence he would have to make in paying the terrible penalty I have described.

LETTER XXVI.

A STROLL IN THE COUNTRY.—COMMISSARIAL HINTS.—THE FARMING ROUND WISBY.—ROMA CLOISTER.—A MORASS.—A FOREST SCENE, AND RURAL ANCHORAGE.—A RAINY DAY.—THE HAMLET OF DALHAM.—SLITÖ.—THE ROUTE TO WISBY.—A SUNSET.

A Farm-house at Nygård, July, 1846.

HAVING revelled amidst these ruins, like unto a mite in a mouldy Stilton, for rather more than a week, I pined to smell the fresher, though less classic air of the country; to tread the forest paths and meadows green; and with no little heartiness did I strap on my knapsack, clutch my trusty medoc vine, and march without directory or hand-book, there being happily neither one nor the other in existence in Gottland, toward the southward, being told by the friendly citizens, that all I had to do was to walk into any farm, glebe, or other house, and ask for a shake-down and draught of milk; for bread, saving you prefer the "black, sour, unleavened daily" of the isle," I advise you to get a linen havresack, and stow a few days' rations in it, as I did, with which,—fresh eggs

and fish occasionally, aided by a pedestrian's appetite you must be content to "make shift" in Gottland. A little good tea and tea-pot, some rice, and flask of consoling waters are not a bad postscript to your strolling memorandum,—as they are at times needful to refresh the weary, though voluntary, and consequently easy-minded pilgrim. By noon, on the 10th of July I hauled my land-tacks on board and marched on Roma; leaving the most interesting old city it was ever my good fortune to visit, by her southern gate.

A smart preceding day's rain had rejoiced the hearts of the Gottland farmers, and laid the dust on the excellent limestone road over which I travelled. The Baltic had been fretting and fuming for several days, and was still curled by the expiring S.W. gale which broke the waters as far as the eye could reach into brilliant, bounding billows.

Immediately on clearing the walls of Wisby the country is level and fertile, which, indeed, with the exception of a few miles of forest-girt road, is the case till you arrive at Roma, where there is a very fine farm in a well-cultivated thriving condition, in the hands of a gentleman to whom I had a letter of "brotherhood," as the Gottlanders express themselves when addressing their familiars. On each side of a very excellent road for about a dozen miles, passing through Follingbo, are fields of barley evenly sown and

of excellent quality, red clover, peas, wheat, rye, potatoes, and rye-grass, with an occasional one of Indian corn. The hay was in "cock," and "winrow," and of a fine sweet herbage. At the farm I mention the land was broken into fields of several hundred acres of wheat and barley, bound by natural belts of fir and oak. With a few hedges and gates, as seen on our wolds, this farm would be thoroughly English.

The whole country is adapted for agricultural purposes, having level, champaign features, with good roads and plenty of moist land in the neighbourhood of the tilled ground, to serve as pasturage in the time of drought. At Roma Cloister, or Kloster, are the remains of a monastery, now desecrated by herds of villanous swine, and their disgusting broods,—a Swedish pig is the *acmé* of filth and famine, and a pork chop the *dernier ressort* of the starving pauper. Heaven save me from Scandinavian bacon!

There are some arches and pillars at Roma, which shew signs of great former beauty, though they have suffered equally from the rude attacks of time and the Gothlike assaults of man. The "Master" not being at home, I accepted the proffered luxury of a bowl of *cream*, with which and my fresh-baked bread, I regaled myself outside his roof-tree, and then marched onwards in preference to waiting the return of a farmer from market, knowing of yore how uncertain it not

unfrequently is. I crossed over an immense morass, after passing through part of the farm, composed of rich, black alluvial soil, and full of snipe; wisps of these birds, from the "solitary" to the "Jack," rose at my feet and dropped again with tantalising temerity; they might have known I was unarmed, though I vowed to test their sagacity as soon as I could receive my materiel for action from Charlottendal. I am convinced this fine tract of soft land might be reclaimed, nothing can be richer than its compost, or more promising for grazing purposes; the grass growing in places of a fibre that is rarely seen, is ample proof of its goodness. The route across this wild waste, and through the forest that bounded it, was the most intricate I had ever travelled, and if one of the labourers of the farm had not been kindly sent as my guide, I could not have found my way to Nygård where my dormitory lay. The forest was absolutely perfumed by the Linnæa, which threw up its tiny bell in true woodland pride and coquetry; thousands of birds made the woods ring with their wild chorus, and calls of love or defiance. The melancholy tinkle of the straying herd was wafted by the sighing breeze, as they browsed among the cool sequestered dells, and completed the accompaniment to a forest scene that teemed with life and beauty.

I found a lonely peasant's house at Nygård where I was informed they gave the wayfarer milk and shelter for a trifling guerdon at parting. Here I made an excellent night's rest, and rose refreshed and ready for the day's march before me, being roused from my lair by the early conversation held in the farm-yard beneath my windows: ducks, geese, and pigs all grunting and cackling in their own peculiar *patois*.

There is a curious church in this hamlet, of very ancient date, as well as the remains of a monastery at some little distance beyond. In my stroll to view the church and ruin, I observed nearly at every peasant's abode the marks of humble elegance and well-doing, that appear to be heir-looms of the palmy days of Wisby. Every cottage has its garden containing gooseberries, currants, cabbage plants, beans, peas, and great quantities of lavender, besides a small hop-ground to each. You see little muslin curtains to nearly every window, and an attempt at modest *praiseworthy* decoration, that instantly strikes you most pleasurably. You also see silver spoons, cream jugs, and other articles in common use, which many more important kingdoms do not boast. In my lodging room at this humble farmstead, I have a green quilted silk coverlet to my bed, a bouquet of flowers on the little dressing table, with other symptoms of taste and attention to appearances that are

extremely gratifying, expecting to find matters, as I did, so much the contrary.

About noon a soaking rain set in, most bountifully for the parched earth, but not conducive to comfort in passing through the woods, I therefore resolved to make myself at home, and remain in the good anchorage I had discovered,—trusting to some "spontaneous intrusion" of the mind for amusement, during the *contretemps*.

Occasionally, I really love a wet day in the country, and sincerely do I pity the man whose mind is helplessly preyed upon by ennui, should he by chance be overtaken by one. If pressed by an overwhelming attack of "blues," I retreat upon what little mental reserve I may possess, and am happy to say, I generally find the force strong enough to support me creditably; being rather sorry than otherwise when the rain ceases pattering on the laurels and rhododendrons beneath my open windows, telling me the weather has cleared, and that I may look for interruption. Your "little garden faire," with "wandis railed about," through which you have so carefully trained your climbing rose and jessamine, rejoices equally with yourself in the freshening, steeping shower.

Your carnations quaff so deeply the soft and cheering rain, that, toping o'er with drowsy fragrance, they bend their long stems, and kiss the coy and lowly hearts-ease; whilst the fiercely

moustached moss-rose stoops to salute sweet and modest mignionette; and blushing marygold yields to the embrace of her more rustic beau jonquil. How brilliantly spangles your little lawn! how sweet, how cool, how reviving is the air after a long day's rain in summer! How merrily the partridge calls amongst the dripping hedge-rows, and how savagely rises the speckled trout! And should your tastes incline towards humble cauliflower, and vulgar onion-beds, flanked by your Windsor beans and "marrow-fats," how almost perceptibly your useful culinary friends improve as they imbibe the heaven-sent invigorating draughts, and anon the copious steaming they receive from the reeking generous earth! Your meadow too, and patch of carrots for your nag; nay you cannot be dull on a rainy day if you think of these. Then your gun requires your "friendly care," and, to complete the allegory, "taking to pieces;" your rods, your books, your scribbling, will afford you ample occupation if you only set about it, and vastly increase your relish for the active pleasures of the coming day.

My antidote to *mauvais temps* had not lost its efficacy, though with few of the accessories enumerated to aid it. I rambled amidst the uncouth barns and stables of the farm, accompanied by a shrewd companionable cur, to whom every rat-hole was known "by heart;" I addressed

myself to every living thing I could discover, slyly heaped the racks of wistful musing ox and dreaming sighing horse with delicious clover, their intelligence seeming to prompt dispatch, and that the "cud of the sweet *reality*" should be chewed anon, so ravenously did they devour their unexpected meal. I then ventured into the huge frightful kitchen, where I made out a lingua-franca with the sturdy old Gottland farmer, and a strapping bare-legged daughter, who sang the most sweetly sad, yet plaintive, ditty as she scoured the household pots and pans;—it reminded me of the "Yellow-haired Laddie" in its deeper, sadder notes, and greatly pleased me, as I listened to her unconscious melody. I also made a rice pudding, scribbled over two or three sheets of paper, found my friend "the Don" at the bottom of my knapsack, and lastly went to bed.

My first halting place on leaving Nygård was at the small hamlet of Dalhem, where I found a most beautiful church of the peculiar pointed architecture, and spiral turret you meet with in this island, there being I believe nearly a thousand churches altogether on it. An inner gallery, open at intervals, runs round the tower, and permits an extensive view to be taken over the country. The whole is level and densely wooded, with roads and occasional clearings to be seen amidst the universal forest

that otherwise everywhere meets the eye. This church was built in the year 1046, and is particularly quaint and elegant in its style and peculiarities.

The country hereabouts is at times inundated and rendered unserviceable, from there being no means employed to drain it; though I feel convinced these fine soft prairies are quite reclaimable, did they attempt it in earnest; they stretch away for leagues on either hand, and are sheltered by deep woods and swelling frontier hills.

At Slitö is a splendid harbour, large enough for a fleet to manœuvre in as well as anchor, with apparently not the least use for it. The village has little else to boast, excepting a very bad *auberge* and imposing host; the fellow could speak a little French, and availed himself of the lore to lessen what little conscience he may have been born with; fully proving, how sadly "evil communications corrupt good manners." The route to Wisby, about twenty miles, is over a high sterile unproductive tract of country, in many parts quite as much so as if it were composed of lava, which it greatly resembles. The fir grows just as well or better than in more likely soil: occasionally the land improves, when every advantage is taken in cropping and cleaning, barley and potatoes being the staple.

In heading to the westward, I had another of those gorgeous sunsets which seem peculiar to this latitude. Before I reached the coast, the refulgent varying clouds swept in ever-shifting form and hue over a dark forest of pine which formed the foreground in the scene, and appeared to be signalising a rainbow fully developed in the S. E., that seemed to reply, in its flickering aerial movements, to the signals of the flag-ship commanded by the great luminary in person. As the forest was passed and the ocean became visible, the scene was grand in the extreme; high over head the azure was ethereally blue and clear, blended here and there with a deeper, darker blue, which was shaded again by streaks of glowing rouge, and orange, which fell in floods of fire on the watery far distant horizon. The ancient turrets and ruined temples of Wisby, added their charms to the glorious *coup-d'œil*, and "thus Phœbus bade farewell to every leaf and flower," and I returned to my wigwam.

LETTER XXVII.

THE END OF THE FEAST.—A SIGH FOR THE CROWD, AND NEWS FROM ENGLAND. — RUST AND REVERIE. — MENTAL HOUSEWIFERY.—ADIÉU TO WISBY.

The Gottland, at Sea, July, 1846.

As, after the departure of soup and haunch, you toy and trifle with the "pretty little tiny kickshaws" of the feast, so, dear reader, did I, divested of the keen edge of my exploring appetite, devote another week to quiet, peaceful strolls amongst the ruins of Wisby. I loitered, dozed, and dreamed amongst them, extending my walks occasionally to the north and south, where banks of wild thyme and mossy hummocks offered a seductive couch; or, further still, where the craggy headland afforded many a fair sea view. The effervescence had subsided, and left the tranquil sillery of the scene behind. I began to feel at home; knew every zig-zag street, and buxom water-carrier; every old gable and flowery casement; and could hit the key-hole of my snug, though humble, dwelling without a lucifer. I then began to saunter towards the *pier!* and

look for a son of Neptune learned enough to give me tidings of the looked, and (must I confess it) longed for bark from the main land. I yearned for news from home: I desired to move, and elbow my way amongst the crowd; I sighed to read or hear my native tongue, and, above all, to know *who was in the minority.* To touch the electric wire from England, which, emanating from the world's ever throbbing heart—*London!* passes by latitude and longitude, over sea and clime, and possesses a thrill to an absent son, at its extremest point, which the concentrated galvanism or political interest of the universe cannot give.

I found the rust of reverie settling on me, spite of exercise and scribbling, from which you should guard your spirit, as housewives do their holiday fire-irons, using the unguent of good society, and folding it (as are wrapped the polished irons aforesaid) in the *well-read journals of the day.* Then sally for a fortnight's cruise amongst the hills and vales and ruins of the world, if you will; take a retro and prospective view of life; ponder and moralise as you roam, but *return* refreshed to the haunts of men, and ready for the fray!

So dear, peaceful, reasonable, curious old town, adieu! To thy cliffs, thy ruins, thy kind and civil people I bid a hearty *vale!* and, if for ever still a *vale!*

LETTER XXVIII.

THE CLIMATE OF SWEDEN.—THE INTENSE HEAT.—THE SIMMERING LAKES.—"OUR BRINY FRIEND."—WINGED TORMENTS.—THE ELEMENTS ENRAGED.—A TERRIFIC STORM.—SCARCITY OF SEASONABLE RAIN.—THE BOUNTIFUL ALLOTMENT OF CLIMATE TO ENGLAND.—A DROUGHT.—OUR YORKSHIRE WOLDS.—A FARMING SCENE.

Charlottendal, August, 1846.

THE heat in this country is at times completely overpowering, at least I found it infinitely more oppressive than any of our hottest "dog-days," or even the well-remembered fervent *chaleur* of the south of France. In July and August the sun is absolutely blazing in this northern latitude for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, making it an impossibility for the earth or air to cool during his short absence. He rises, shines, and sets at fever heat, for there is no apparent difference in the temperature of the atmosphere at six or seven o'clock in the morning or evening, and at highest noon; indeed, I think the first-named hours are, if possible, the hottest of the three; and having had a chamber directly facing the East I am well able to offer an opinion.

The thermometer, for the last month, has been ranging between 104° and 110° of Fahrenheit, without the least symptom of change to be noticed. Weather more intolerably *burning* I never endured; yet have I this very day received a letter from Paris congratulating me on being in a "cold country," as my correspondent, with thousands besides, imagine Sweden to be at all seasons.

These lakes afford no coolness during all this terrible time, but appear to simmer under its influence, like a Greenwich cauldron of water-souchy. So is it with them all, particularly when surrounded by hilly shores; there is no life in their waters to resist heat, or rather moving freshness to accompany it, having at the same time a predisposition for a squall, and considerable danger attending them in consequence. You have no warning in lake-sailing, and need a careful hand at the "sheet," however fine the weather may be.

With our old, well-loved briny friend for a *vis-à-vis*, hot as may be the clime on whose shores he so gently rolls, or fiercely tumbles, you are always cheered by his refreshing breath, as waking from his short siesta after the evening ebb, he stretches himself and murmurs in the gloaming. Though so calm on shore that a lighted taper might burn unmoved in the open air, yet with the first heave of the flowing tide do you perceive and feel the delicious saline freshness, as,

at set of sun, you leave your shelter and wander to the sea-side.

These inland seas have none of this, but seem rather to catch and radiate the heat; and, as the first fierce ray licks up the lingering twilight in your chamber, do the gnats, the largest, loudest, and most savage I ever had to contend with, blow their fiendish horn, and buzz in your dreaming ear, as, hovering like a vampire's brood, they make their swoop to tap your vein and swig your gentle blood, whilst you with many a hearty slap revenge yourself on the glowing proboscis and tingling ear that call you owner, the winged and hateful pest seeming to turn his horrid buzz into a yell of derision as you make your groggy hits, and vainly try for slumber. Tossing your frantic arms, and grinning through your dreams, you "half-unveil another charm," in the sturdy leg you have thrust like an outrigger from your bed to cool: on this tempting joint, "all bashfully struggling into light," do the black and humming flies instantly settle; and where they fail to tickle they do not forget to bite, compelling you to haul your limb *inboard* with a drowsy malediction, and turn again in time for the gnat's renewed attack with the bayonet, whilst the aforesaid flies have a battle royal or an amorous wrestling match within the mazes of your hair, probably winding up their fight or courtship in your very ear! No one can tell the misery of

these nights and mornings if they have not lived out of England; and I imagine my experience is comparative ignorance, and therefore bliss when likened to American luxuries in this respect. It is such *bliss*, nevertheless, that I would gladly exchange, if I could, for any country in which these winged miscreants are unknown, or less presuming. I have a wasp now on my table as large as a *small* sparrow-hawk. I never saw such a monster,—he has horns like the Durham ox (a *short* horn, if I remember right) with a sting as long and sharp as a *small* rapier. The Swedish gnat is a twin brother to a New Orleans musquito, if he does not come of a worse family. Seen through a microscope he would frighten a nervous man,—his long dagger-shaped head, scaly body, strong speckled wings, and numerous sinewy legs, make this petty torment into a miniature dragon in his aspect and blood-thirsty nature. I made war upon them in the day-time with great slaughter: they then seem, like other birds of prey or ill-omen, to be overcome by the desire of sleep, and settle on the wall again if you miss your aim, as a jack-snipe will in a bog. I shot them with a pistol! only charged with a cap, and made a good bag on several occasions, though there was a nightly *guerilla* force which defied all my assaults and strategy, as easily as Abd-el-Kader does the French, which will give you some notion of the gnat's ability at "hit-

ting and getting away," as old Tom Cribb would say.

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The elements in this northern world are of fierce and terrific character, breaking out into war and fury without a moment's warning, when they sweep hill and vale and lake, in their sudden wrath, as if driven by an avenging angel, or the thundering Thor in person.

After a series of the very hottest weather I ever experienced in my most southerly excursions, with the thermometer actually as high as 110° of Fahrenheit, or *higher*, an atmosphere so close as to stifle every moving thing, added to eighteen hours of incessant sunshine, without a breath to move the still and slumbering lake, we had a skirmish in the heavens that was grand in the extreme,—one I never saw excelled in ferocity and sublimity. An hour before noon the heavy stillness of the air was disturbed by a moan from the south-east as if old Æolus had awakened, and taken the field in earnest, which was quickly confirmed by a succession of heavy gusts approaching to a tornado, that swept on rushing pinions through the half-seared foliage and burnt up valleys, accompanied by a perfect deluge of rain and "iron sleet," which rattled against my casement as if thrown from a fire-engine. Large trees were torn from their roots; stout palings and other fences hurled to the ground at the first

onset of the tempest, when *instantly* the forked lightning shot its gleaming tongue through the murky air and threatening clouds, seeming to race with the howling blast as they both careered to leeward over the distant Baltic.

But such thunder, in company with a gale of wind, I never heard,—it cracked and rattled over head at first like salvos of the heaviest artillery well served, then rolled in deep and sullen accents in the wake of the roaring wind and flashing lightning, joining its hoarse murmurs with the voice of the mighty deep, on whose rolling waters the *mêlée* would be continued, and probably concluded.

There is no doubt that this storm was the same that ravaged England, and particularly London, a few days previously to this date. They had it at Gottenburg, probably, eighteen hours before it struck Stockholm; and, from report, with much more severity than ourselves. The course of the storm appears to have been from the south-east, and apparently at its height when passing over our own metropolis. With us, at Charlottendal, it was of short duration, with little or no hail of any size, and evidently expended its dying fury on the Baltic. So short, indeed, as scarcely to permit me to sketch its passing terrors with my lee windows open, and to conclude as

> "The sun resumes his silver crest,
> And smiles adorn the west;"

leaving all nature refreshed by the copious shower-bath, though the atmosphere appears very slightly cooled by its influence, so intensely has the heat eaten into earth and air in its terrible visitation. I witnessed on the evening preceding the day on which the storm recorded occurred the most perfect and brilliant meteor: it kept a steady horizontal course from west to south, and exploded like a rocket in my sight. The head of the meteor was round, and of considerable size, and altogether much finer than anything I had previously beheld.

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There is a great scarcity of seasonable rain to neutralise, or rather to turn this vast heat to the best account and perfect utility, with the very slightest dew to freshen the parched herbage. The roads are dust itself during summer as they are equally covered with mud or snow in winter.

How truly grateful ought we to be in England for the merciful, happy medium, with which our climate has been dealt out to us by the great and bountiful Creator, on taking a review of the allotment made to other countries!

Here, with a winter that I anticipate to find as bitter as I found the summer broiling, it is *equable* in comparison to the climate in Russia, Norway, and Lapland, or even in some portions of America. With us the sun keeps "good

hours;" and if at times he seems disposed to ripen our peaches out of doors, and to tan the cheek of beauty, his rays are at all events hidden for a time, and never assume the intolerable heat they do in Sweden.

Then, if a scorching drought should at times bake and crack the thirsting earth, and turn our fallows into dust and stony clods, the sweet refreshing dew softly and plenteously falls on our farms, and revives equally the eddish, and the lowing herd, it re-wakens into life the drooping, half burnt up "fog," and freshens "every green thing." Our large and reeking pastures, bathed in early dew, stretch in deep shade beneath the silent wood or dark plantation, which serve as their natural parasol long after the upland mead has returned the moisture to the heavens who sent it. Equally revived by the healthy sweat of night do the deep and flowery vales of our own peculiar wolds lie under the shelter of the high land, which, seen at a distance when the evening breeze shakes its thin and trembling herbage, seems to rise and fall in huge prairie billows, and to form the vast hollows into a deep terrestrial trough, precisely similar to the heave and furrow of a heavy sea.

Here, the narrow, well-worn sheep-track twists and twines till it leads you to the half dozen houses which serve to form the hamlet on the wolds; and here, for a single month or so, do

you meet with that rare delicious bird the dotterel, in search of which feathered dainty we have oft enjoyed the early morning view we have described, and seen all nature dripping like a river god.

Then the honest farmer, as he steps ankle deep in the wet grass, gratefully returns thanks as he feels its cooling influence, and for the beneficent aid sent him in the dry season. He counts his ewes and lambs; his wethers and gimmer hogs; strolls amongst his oxen, as, chewing their cud and gazing without moving on the well-known form, they add a perfume to the sweets of early dawn; their sweet breath mingles with the haze, whilst the "old pony" pokes his nose into the jolly farmer's pocket, knowing right well he will find a crust or carrot to reward his search and familiarity.

LETTER XXIX.

OUR TRADE WITH SWEDEN.—PROHIBITORY DUTIES.—FALSE VALUATION OF IMPORTS.—FREE TRADE.—MONETARY TRANSACTIONS OF STOCKHOLM.—AN INJURED MAN.

Stockholm, Sept. 1846.

WE have no friend in Sweden commercially speaking, and but a poor chance of ever beholding her one in my opinion. We may take her corn, copper, iron, wood, and other produce, but shall have to pay her in hard cash in return; barter being quite out of the question with the prohibitory duties put upon all English manufactures to an almost incredible amount, and laid on the different articles in a most unfair—nay, unjust spirit; though so deceptively as to induce the suffering Swedes to believe they are reasonable, if not extremely light; and that their own inferior articles are consequently the cheapest of the two; for which they may truly be termed sufferers, being compelled to pay a higher price for worse commodities than they otherwise would, did anything like a fair "give and take" principle prevail, especially towards a country that both

gives and takes to and from Sweden to an immense extent. This comes from a false value being put upon imports from England, and then the unfair duty, without there being power or opportunity of investigation or resistance. For instance, corduroys, fustians, beaverteens, and such stout stuffs, fitted entirely for the clothing of working people, and greatly wanted by the ill-clad artizans, are worth in England at most *one* shilling the pound weight; in Sweden, the tariff places five shillings and sixpence per pound on these articles as their value; and *then* a duty of twenty per cent; therefore, supposing the value placed by the Swedish government to exceed the true one five times over, we have to pay *in fact* one hundred per cent duty, or have the article excluded. Great as this injury is to ourselves, it is nothing compared to what the Swedish labourers suffer, in being obliged to wear the thin, dear, miserable stuffs made at home, in lieu of any of these serviceable cheap articles enumerated.

Common bed quiltings are valued at ten shillings per lb., when their real value is under *one* shilling, so that, with a nominal duty of $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent, the *real* one is 160. In this cold, cheerless country, a warm English quilt or two would be a boon indeed, but it is not permitted. Cutlery and broad cloths are prohibited, yet every custom-house officer has his surtout made of West of

England fabric, and nibs his pen with a knife from Sheffield; but this is only an instance of favouritism, and not by any means general, though smuggling, in consequence of the corrupt policy adopted, is in full swing, and rather fashionable than otherwise, if you can "run" and *keep clear: if found out,* you are a sad scoundrel in Sweden. Scythes and farming implements are charged five shillings the *pound weight,* on which value they let them in at 25 per cent. Pilot cloths are valued at four shillings and three pence the pound, with a nominal duty of 25 per cent, so that we may calculate it in reality at 75.

The ridiculous distinctions they make in allowing and disallowing various articles savours of childhood in the first or second stage; a cloth wove plainly with a couple of treadles, in order that the face may be smooth, and *suitable to the tastes and pockets of some,* is prohibited; whereas the same cloth, wove with four, or twilled, is admitted at an exorbitant duty. Why not permit the choice to rest with the buyer and wearer, who would soon establish a *wholesome* preference, if there is one. Such dictation by government is childish tyranny, and leads one to imagine the people are not able to form their own judgment in making their purchases.

Every man in Sweden is held in leading strings by the present indigestible Diet he is obliged to swallow, and say "grace" to, besides. I hope

indeed the "next course" will be more substantial and wholesome, or the dyspepsia it occasions will be fatal to everything like "freedom of trade," towards which, with the exception of a small, honest, though weak party, I can plainly see there is the greatest antipathy and rooted fear. With France, Germany, Austria, Norway, Denmark, Russia, and Sweden entirely closed against us, without the slightest *true* symptom of a change of policy to be observed, our *free trade* will be a curiosity. All of these countries, to which list Spain may be now included, as following in the wake of France, intend pouring in their produce and different handiwork into one market, to which they are to have access without a question; and then, to lower their respective barriers when a return bale makes its appearance. How this state of things can "balance," I confess I cannot for an instant guess or imagine. *How will it look at "stock-taking?"* I can only hope better than I anticipate, though the expansive, speculative, comprehensive frame of mind necessary to insure a fair average of reciprocity in trade abides not, as yet in any of the countries I have named, sufficiently to divest that hope of a serious portion of fear that involuntarily clings to it. *Here*, they quail at the very thought of open competition; and so long as a Diet or government is upheld or kept in being by the parties unwilling to admit it, as is the case in Sweden, it is vain to

look for the exchange our law-givers hope for. The necessary *heart*, the *spirit*, the *pluck* of trade is wanting in them all.

The monetary transactions of Stockholm are of a paltry, though usurious nature, and are conducted in a manner towards the trading community that must lead to complicated misfortune, from the number of parties involved as securities for each other in matters of accommodation. Here very few "tubs stand on their own bottom," but are piled one on the top of the other, till they frequently fall crashing to the earth. A very small amount of any foreign money in the market instantly affects the Exchange. A Bank of England note is at a discount, or at all events an immense loss accrues to the *English* holder if he has to change it, though on Olympus it would be at a premium.

I heard a little anecdote out of the Swedish cash book, which greatly amused me; it will give some notion of a Swede's logic in affairs of the pocket, and a harrowing sketch of a deeply injured man:—"An apparently very 'good man' failed at Gottenberg, on being told of which, another one of known straw said, 'Ay, confound him, I lose a thousand by him.' 'You!' ejaculated his informant, '*how* in the name of Mercury?' 'Why,' said the sufferer, 'he lent me his name for that amount, which *now* I suppose I must contrive to find somewhere else.'"

LETTER XXX.

THE SKÄRGÅRDEN, OR ROCK-YARD. — A VOYAGE TO DALARO. — "FINNS-INTE." — COOKERY AND ITS EFFECTS. — THE RIGHT SORT OF PORT. — THE APPROACHES TO STOCKHOLM. — THE WRETCHED "POSTING" IN SWEDEN. — WANT OF A "SPRING" IN EVERY THING. — "VIRTUS IN ACTIONE CONSISTIT." — MY COB. — THE NATURAL ADVANTAGES OF STOCKHOLM. — THE POVERTY IN SHOPS. — A POT-POURRI OF SCENERY. — THE DELUGE. — SWIMMING SCHOOLS.

You make the Baltic from Stockholm by an extremely picturesque and tortuous course, called Skärgården, pronounced "Sharegoreden," or the rock-yard.

This water somewhat resembles the Mälar, by whose agency the city is approached from the south and south-west, though it probably exceeds it in its extraordinary sinuosities of feature and outline. It is singularly beautiful, and so intricate in its navigation, as well as dangerous in places, from the numerous narrows and rocks, as to cause you to look with surprise on a large steamer threading her way amongst them, should you be on shore, and with exquisite pleasure on the view on all hands from her quarter deck. This curious *dislocated* arm of the Baltic (which it

is in reality) appears, when viewed on the chart, as a vast rockery, half-flooded, so thickly studded is its surface with isles of granite, having a channel that would apparently perplex the sagacity of a seal, and defy every thing like a passage to the vessel in which I am now writing, though from practice it has become to herself and crew as easy as if they were all related by nature.

The temptation of a glorious morning in early September, and *déjeûner* afloat, was too great to be withstood, especially when added to the pleasure of paying a parting tribute to a good fellow proceeding to England *viâ* Kiel and Hamburgh, in my old respected friend the Christian the Eighth, *umquhile* the "Vulcan" from the Land of Cakes, already honourably mentioned, so that I willingly made one of a party as far as Dalarö, and have returned from an excursion of probably a hundred miles extremely gratified.

We unmoored precisely as the clock struck eight, and after half-a-dozen hours of steaming past Waxholm fort, and amidst shoals of isles that throw up their harsh faces on all sides, we debarked at Dalarö, a small uncouth outport, containing a few wooden houses, and a great many *douaniers*, with the usual unmusical reply of "finns-inte," or "not to be had," to every solicitation on our part for something to eat beyond cold *strömming* and sour milk. Great Barclay! what food to train on, a man could not walk a

thousand miles in a *thousand years* fed as the Swedes are, nor "stand up" creditably against Tom Thumb, if the little fellow had been a month in England.

This vile stomach-depressing word is in the mouth of every *garçon* and *flicka* in town and country alike. If you see a dish gazetted for the day in the *carte* they hand you at any of the *restaurants*, and choose it as being the *least objectionable*,—bah! the answer is *finns-inte*, or "all consumed," in this instance, a fact you cannot disprove, not having been in the room to watch proceedings, when you are doomed to everlasting grease and treacle in the mess they bring you, and to remain in bondage to finns-inte whilst you stay in Sweden.

Truly have we "meat from a bountiful Providence, and cooks from Satan," but never was I fully convinced of the fact till I had sojourned amongst the direst compounders of victuals who ever ministered to the fell purposes of their patron: for with indigestion in his vitals, the certain and terrible consequences of Sällskapet* cookery, at all events a man becomes an easy prey. The state, the clergy, should seriously look into the matter (or the stewpans) for with dyspepsia in a congregation all the eloquence in the world is thrown away, it is worse than the *mal-de-mer*, and closes the heart to every appeal,

* *The* Club in Stockholm.

but brandy! from which the sufferer receives no relief, but rather a couple of nails in his coffin: all proceeding from the usage of that never-to-be-sufficiently-cursed utensil, the frying-pan, instead of our slender *comme il faut* friend, gridiron.

With an oppression about the third button of a man's waistcoat, gaiety, philanthropy, loyalty, and love alike take flight, and leave him a victim to hideous dreams and self-execration. The terrific phantoms that my disordered, dozing, senses have conjured up, after dining at the clubs in Stockholm, would need an Ainsworth in the throes of death by bile to depict. I have been Thurtell himself making his bow and last address off the frightful hustings of the Old Bailey. I have been walled up in a vault filled with myriads of lizards and scorpions, a thousand fathoms below the Mälar. I have been chased by gigantic demons, and raging bulls with flashing eye-balls, times out of count, and I sum up by declaring that I am stating nothing but the truth, and attribute all the horrid nights to the viands I was obliged to swallow. The Swedes excel in "sweets:"—their puddings, creams, and preparation of fruits are excellent.

I *hate an epicure! but I love "a mutton chop,"* the swelling contour of whose juicy *embonpoint* involuntarily arrests the knife in admiration, as you gaze upon its fiercely bronzed though clear complexion. Flanked by a brace of M.P.s (mealy potatoes), I want no more, save ——, with jolly——, or

——, for my antagonist,—*one* bottle of ancient port. Something, which, though as old as yourself in reality, drinks new and *fresh*, as if pressed but a week ago from the gushing vineyard, bright, lively, light, yet sufficiently lusty to be sincere in its attachments, without the vapid feeble pulse that most wine, called old, can scarcely be said to *beat* with, without original stamina to bear the weight of years, leaving nought but the villanous spirit and nauseous sweetness behind. The wine for me is,—

> Of full, voluptuous, though not o'ergrown bulk,
> The very counterpart of "her Grace Fitz-fulke."

So much for the slight *detour* prompted by a grateful stomach in reminiscence of by-gone creature-comforts, a homely theme, and an unpoetical, but, ah! how full of *true* pathos and a world of zest. The Skärgarden went far to repay me for the deficiency in the pantry (oh, thrice thousand times thrice libelled word!) at Dalarö, as it served to complete my acquaintance with the extraordinary approaches to Stockholm, as well as with an additional province of the country; though the latter, with the exception of some fine wood, and a good road, has nothing particularly pleasing in its features, the farming being but poor, without anything picturesque to set against the lack of cultivation. We had four stages of the most intolerable shaking and bone-setting to endure before we concluded our very long day's work,—

of the latter part of which I have this moment a very *painful* recollection.

Nothing can be more horrible than the vile post-carts you have to put up with in Sweden, without a cushion, or spring, or a better appearance than the worst butcher's worst cart in England. Nay, this is a gross injustice to my countrymen, for nought so deficient in paint or cleanliness as these wretched vehicles exists even amongst the bogs of Ireland, far less in our "by-lanes." They never seem to *think* of amendment, but to jog on in the uncouth, uncivilised way their forefathers did before them; and care as much for your groans and bruises and unavailing complaints, as a rhinoceros might be supposed to do for a shower of rain. Everything at present in Sweden, from the *bourse* to the postchaise (another slip and libel) truly requires a "spring," the movement in each being equally clogged and uneasy. May they soon become unanimous in making the first step towards improvement, namely, in acknowledging the evil, and then in shewing their resolution to repair it, never forgetting our horsedealers motto of—

Virtus in *actione* consistit;

for never was there one more replete with truth, whether applicable to yourself, your "cob," or your country. Action, like memory, or any other accomplishment we may possess, requires daily drill, and critically overhauling to be effective.

She slumbers unconsciously if not roused incessantly, and *should* "grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength." That which might be called action a very few years ago would be considered torpor, or next to it, at the present day, either individually, supposing you to have arrived at the prime of life, or nationally speaking. For our personal powers of action there is unhappily, or happily probably, a limit,—for a nation's there is none! It is increased by circumstances and example, or *should* be, and runs a neck and neck race against time, ending in a *dead* heat. Do not mistake an excitable, bustling uneasiness, or an unhealthy yearning for change, for the action, or *reflective energy*, I allude to. I mean the correct movement of a well-regulated mind at its prime, matured, yet perfectly effective: arrived at the stage when men are "bold and venture to be wise;" prompt to seize upon the advantages, and reject the fallacies which march in the van of time itself, are you but acute enough to see and separate them, as some few are, though probably the smiles of that most fickle of all flirting jades, Luck, will be said to have influenced those in *reality* gifted with the happy modicum of forethought, rather than any superiority of judgment. This point I leave to be argued by those "thrown out," as they gaze in stupified wonder on their brethren in the first flight. For the line of action

I would willingly possess, could I chalk out, and attain it, I wish for no better than my "cob's." Fast, safe, steady, and lively, added to a good temper, a good digestion, and great powers of *endurance!* Like him, rare, sagacious, little animal, intuitively avoiding the dangers of the road, without taking fright at trifles, and ready to jump at anything,—but, *conclusions.*

Stockholm, from its unrivalled approaches, singular insular position, and rugged suburbs, may reasonably be said to be "*unique,*" cautiously as it behoves one to admit this doubtful member of the hyberbole family to our intimacy.

Surrounded on all sides by fresh inland seas, absolutely crowded with islands, a girdle of frowning granite plumed with the sable fir, and shrouded in places by a ragged mantle of oak and birch, the city is strikingly remarkable in her *coup-d'œil,* though I know very many far more picturesque and pleasing to my fancy.

There is nothing in the least magnificent in the town, or really rural in the country, even with the materials for both, as you would imagine. With the exception of *the* palace there is not a single building worthy the latter title. The shops and streets are paltry in the extreme, nor is there an arcade, promenade-room, exhibition, or bazaar, to be seen. Nor, with trees and water in abundance, is there the slightest countrified look even after leaving the capital far behind you. There

are no green by-lanes with their shady bocage-like fringe of hazel, yew, and holly,—no pastoral beauties, or unenclosed lands occasionally, or well trimmed hedge-rows, gipsies, white guide-posts, and ivied church, and lodge-gate to be met with in Sweden. Everything seems as if it were *cast* by nature, though very beautifully cast: nevertheless, the expression may serve to make intelligible the vagaries of my meaning (what a phrase for Cobbett!). There is none of the rustic and elegant *mêlée* or *pot-pourri* of pasture, stream, copse, fox-covert, manor-house, cottage, lawn, and smooth highway, with deliciously perplexing cross-roads, and embowered hamlets, as in another country I have been in occasionally, and only *one!* for in the most rural parts of France and Germany, as well as in Sweden, you see none of this sweet jumble, though the items are to be met with occasionally in a formal setting.

I could not help fancying that the site of Stockholm must have been an early prey to the Deluge, it being all but beflooded at the present day; and that the first settlers who ventured to build on the original small "holm," on which the heart of the city in point of fact reposes, must have had no small faith in the covenant to induce them to lay their heads on their pillows without anxiety. The Stockholmers yet evidently wish to be prepared in case of another such visitation, there being no lack of small craft moored to

every house, as well as actual universities for swimming, that turn out a set of masters of the art, able to make their way to Copenhagen well, were it necessary.

I "assisted" at an examination of aquatic wranglers, and a distribution of prizes, the other day, when I was equally surprised and pleased. There were some fellows who were as much at home in and under the water as if they were regular John Dorys. They swam, dived, and played a thousand antics in it, till I was really chilled with looking at them.

LETTER XXXI.

GRIPSHOLM. — THE CHURCH AT MARIEFRED. — THE ANCIENT CHATEAU.—THE PICTURE GALLERY. —GEORGE THE THIRD OF ENGLAND. — THE POLES. — GUSTAVUS THE FOURTH. — ROYAL DÉTENUES. — DROTTINGHOLM. — BAD GARDENING. — THE LIBRARY.— THE CHAMBER OF GUSTAVUS THE THIRD. — A RENCONTRE WITH AN OLD FRIEND.—THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

ONE of the Swedish "lions" in brick and mortar is Gripsholm, an ancient regal château, situated on the Mälar, about forty English miles from Stockholm. I have just returned from a day's excursion to the place, and, as usual, was highly gratified with the sail over the beautiful lake, across whose silver wave the "Freia," the Scandinavian Venus, conveyed me and a gay party very pleasantly. The course varied from my previous trips, and so gave me an opportunity of completing my acquaintance with its shores and picturesque features.

The debarkation was at the little town of Mariefred, whose church is curious, possessing the scripturally advised foundation, being "founded on a rock," literally, as well as typically, the live

granite appearing in places joined to the flagging in the aisle. The château of Gripsholm is built of red brick, and of a singular style of architecture, being composed of several huge round towers of immense thickness and solidity, with something of the minaret in their summits, formed into a quadrangle, with court-yard and heavy gateway. The walls are, at least, nine feet in thickness in places, and appear to bid defiance to time and his ravages, having been built between the eleventh and twelfth centuries, without shewing the least symptom of decay. The view of the Mälar from the northern front is very fine, the water stretching into a complete vista before the windows, similarly to the view down an avenue. The picture gallery is entirely filled with portraits, possessing little merit as works of art, though considerable interest in an historical point of view, the collection of likenesses being by far the best in the country.

There are portraits of grim and terrible Swedes, duly habited in buff and velvet, having countenances in the main fiercely dolorous, and not particularly high-bred in feature, as I imagined. One sinister-looking gentleman, with a single black boot on, is said to have sold himself to the devil, and to have been claimed before he could pull on the other; no doubt eventually finding he had got the "boot on the wrong leg:" it would be interesting to know the *price* his satanic majesty

paid on the occasion, and how his bargain turned out. There is a portrait of our own Elizabeth, and bluff King Hal, as well as many Bohemian, Bavarian, and other crowned neighbours of that era. Our third George has a place in the gallery, and looked honestly noble in his attitude and thorough English bearing: he could not have been more than thirty years of age when the likeness was taken, and has an air of countrified royalty, and bold simplicity of countenance, I could not help admiring. His eye has all the fulness, candour, bravery, and beauty, every one must have remarked in his grand-daughter, who has been blessed with a sight of the gracious lady.

There are some Polish crowned heads, in several of whom a high patrician contour and air exists, a trait many of their silent neighbours are greatly failing in. Charles the Twelfth of France displays his length of face, and deficient forehead amongst the royal party, to which poor Marie Antoinette, and two beautiful children, add a pleasing though melancholy interest. Linnè, Belman, and other Swedish worthies, have a private room to themselves, and were the first I asked to be introduced to. The former has a most kindly, benevolent, intelligent countenance, though taken in the "down-hill of life." Gripsholm, by reason of these numerous portraits, is well worth seeing, and possesses additional interest

from the fact of its having been made into a royal penitentiary on more than one occasion; Gustavus the Fourth, and Eric the Fourteenth, having been imprisoned within its walls, by their respective subjects and relatives. The rooms allotted to these *monarchs* are shewn with much pride, and are kept in order and readiness as the royal "house of correction" for the country,—a praiseworthy establishment! and shewing a love of "fair play" highly creditable to the Swedes. These royal *détenus* fully corroborate Monsieur Thiers in his assertion, that kings may possibly "reign, and not govern," as well as afford a significant hint to all of God's anointed in Sweden. The Court passes about a week at this château, I am told, when the old place is aired and restored to sudden though short existence, with this exception the rats and seneschal who shews it have undisputed rule and authority. There are a couple of fine old pieces of brass ordnance in the court-yard, at least eighteen feet in length, carved in relief, having a Russian inscription, and the date 1576 on them. They are trophies from that country, having been gallantly captured by the Swedes from their now rather differently situated neighbour.

The country round Gripsholm is tame, and apparently not very well cultivated. Our return-voyage was made in the cool of the evening, and consumed rather more than four hours before we

made the quay of Stockholm, thence I took oar, sought, and found my rustic quarters all the better for my excursion.

* * * * *

Drottingholm is another summer palace of the King's, seated also on the Mälar, about seven or eight miles from the capital, having grounds and avenues laid out at the back of the building somewhat in the style of Versailles, though as in all the royal residences, you immediately perceive the greatest deficiency in the gardener's art, as well as an absolute neglect in mowing, raking, and rolling, and total absence of all floral decoration, that would scarcely be credited if not seen; there is not even a fair attempt at weeding. Mine honoured friend, Mynheer Booth of Holstein, would be shocked at the universal negligence displayed at Tullgarn, the Djurgården, Gripsholm, and Drottingholm, in all the out-door departments. No one but a gardener from his "ain highland muirs" can put matters to rights, and keep them so, which the similarity of climate would make easy work for Sandy, though it seems an impossibility for a Swede. Swedish logic is against all gardening and daily attention to appearances, the prospect of a repetition of labour acting as a complete damper, and consequent weed-encourager. "It will soon be as bad as ever," says a Swede, and so he lights his pipe, and leaves matters to take their chance.

The house at Drottingholm contains pictures of dreadful onslaughts and battles, explained in murderous detail, and limned in droll perspective, as well as many allegorical daubings of Scandinavian loves and wars. The best room is a most elegant library, filled with books bound in ancient, deeply coloured, richly gilt bindings, that would make a rural dean covetous. There is also a very richly furnished bed-room, once occupied by the murdered Gustavus, and scarcely touched or changed since *his night*. The brocaded arras, and bed furniture ornamented with bullion, equalled anything I ever saw, nothing could be more regal and *solid*.

* * * * *

Not one of the least pleasing of my mems. of Drottingholm, arises from a singular encounter I had with a long missed friend of juvenile days, on board the steamer which conveyed us to the place. It was one of those odd freaks of chance, by whose whimsical agency men are set tumbling over each other when they are all but buried to the recollection, as if they had never met, though the first glance serves to exhume and vivify the old acquaintance as if again they had never parted, and to cause an exclamation only uttered under such circumstances. "Why, who ever thought of seeing you *here?*" was of course the mutual ejaculation, as if either had ever thought about the probability at all, or would

do again till the next rencontre was on the Nile or the Styx. But so it was; years in India on one side, and no little roving on the other, at length met in an afternoon's focus on board a steamer at Stockholm; not a word from the last adieu to the present droll reunion having been heard, directly or indirectly, of either's movements.

From twenty to forty, particularly in the first ten years, how Time gallops; he goes at railway speed indeed, and never seems to stop for even fuel or water, but to rattle you from the starting post of youth, to the terminus of the hateful "middle age," as if the foolish, hurrying old driver, had the option of returning by the "morning train." But the beauties, the adventures, the terrors, the accidents of the line, are permitted us but once; and faintly as we view and enjoy the former, and happily pass through or *from*, or repair the latter on a journey from Newcastle to London, so do we gallop or steam through the best twenty years of life. The brilliant morning finds us seated with a merry friend by our side, and pleasant "*compagnons du voyage*" filling the *coupé*; we rattle past town and wood, stream and upland mead, chatting and fancying greater charms a head. A fellow-traveller leaves us at the first station, and is replaced, and alas! forgotten at the next. The dismal tunnels, and dangerous viaducts of the

line, or life, are shuddered at and past. We have a short half hour allotted us to refresh, and vow remembrance to our newly made friends who fill the bustling room and flit around us, when Time gives his shrill whistle, and hurries us to our seats, whether in "first," "second," or "third" class, and after a pleasant chat or argument, or most probably a short comfortless nap, he disgorges us at the terminus of the "middle age;" thence we take a vehicle with a *quiet* nag, and drive to our autumnal residence. The windows are still open to admit the ever grateful breeze, but the leaves are fallen about your door, and gathered in instructive heaps beneath the trees. Birds sing no more; the wind sighs at early sundown; your dog leaves the little lawn whereon he had loved to bask, and edges away towards the kitchen fire. Winter is approaching, and when you next enter the *coupé*, after a very short sojourn at the stage I have brought you to, you feel a chill across your heart, as you view the cold rails and snow-clad ground. Your friend is beside you no longer; he has long since left the scene; though when you made the appointment for "the morrow," he looked as gay and seemingly secure of life, as if his Spring had scarcely left him.

Not quite so fast, but quite as sure, do you proceed on the wintry day, and ere you have well settled in your seat, does night overtake you; the last part of your journey, provided

some accident does not compel you to stop at an intermediate station, being completed through its dark and cheerless hours, to which the scantily fed lamp within your breast or carriage affords little or no relief, far less illumination. Fortunately half-asleep, you are again disgorged, and immediately "bundled" into the omnibus old Time has in waiting for you, thence to be driven to "that bourn whence no traveller returns."

So much for the Rail-road of Life, a digressive etching occasioned by the *rencontre en route* to Drottingholm with my renewed acquaintance. We were fortunate enough to get shuffled with a few jolly Swedish friends, and dealt out eventually beneath the portico of a snug *cabaret* facing the water, where we not only moralised on the freaks of fortune, but contrived to spend a very pleasant afternoon.

LETTER XXXII.

THE SABBATH DAY IN SWEDEN.—MY OWN EARLY IMPRESSIONS.—A "BLACK SPOT" AT HOME.—DISSECTION OF THE PREDILECTION.—THE VILLAGE CHURCH.—A SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.

THE "Fourth Commandment" is as little heeded in Sweden as in France, and other Sabbath-breaking countries, and is all, I regret to say, but a "dead letter" at Stockholm. The eating, drinking, dancing, fiddling, singing, card-playing, cannon-firing, promenading, pic-nicking, horn-blowing, boating, and charioteering, that is going on from morn till long past dewy eve, and fiery set of sun, every Sunday in summer, is, if possible, carried to a greater extent here than in the first mentioned country; and has left an impression on my mind of there being very, very few serious moments devoted to that holy day; and that amusement for the moment, with all alike, is the pivot upon which the national mind turns incessantly.

I am quite *sure* of this. I see nothing else but the flaunting hem of Pleasure's garment as she whisks past, and hear nothing but her laugh as

she presides over many a knot of festive revellers beneath my windows, accompanied by a tumultuous serenade all the live-long night, reminding me of the possibility of having "too much of a good thing." A man would get a surfeit of chorus singing, however fond of music he might be, did he sojourn in my quarters for a month or two in the dog-days.

Let me do justice, nevertheless; saving the Phlegethon of punch, which unhappily runs through Sweden, the streams on which the Swedes launch their summer barks of pleasure, as far as I have seen, are pure and harmless, and flow amongst scenes, or rather traits of great rusticity, blended with music and considerable elegance. Their love of flowers and out-door enjoyments, their tea-tables festooned with leaves, and other trifling indications of a sylvan, yet refined taste, joined to a cleanliness in every thing relating to their country dwellings, delightful to witness, go far to reconcile one to the latitude they take with the Sabbath; though I have never yet been able to divest myself of a feeling, differing far from a pic-nicking, guitar-strumming sensation, though one very distant from the right one, that has hitherto always come upon me with the "seventh day." I long for quiet, rather than for horn-blowing and cannon-firing; I love to hear the bells chiming through town and village, in their soothing, vastly pleasing strains; and if,

sinner that I am, I occasionally let the household proceed to church without me, I feel as if I were in error; and never do I so perceptibly notice the hand of time as on this tranquilly, *differently* spent day; so very different to the six allotted us to "labour, and do all that we have to do." When I join it properly, as we all did when young, in well conducted houses, and recur to, sadly, too seldom, when roaming in after life without the accessories, I feel more calm, more reflective, happier and better, than I can do amidst the noise and incense to gaiety I meet with here to satiety. On this subject an English writer has the world to contend with, for every other country differs with him in its notions of propriety respecting the Sunday; and he will have our in-door indulgences with the common order, our overt, yet winked at, revels brought forward as a set off against the publicity given to freedom from *all restraint*, which is everywhere else to be met with; but this is not fair: the average, the principles, the laws and usages in the aggregate of a country must be looked to in judging of its economy; and when the mayor of a town gives a masqued ball on a Sunday, as in France, or the authorities countenance open *salles* for dancing, drinking, and mummery, as in Sweden, and we know that neither the one nor the other have as yet been the case in England, nor contemplated, I trust from my

heart, we may fairly ask which government has got the most correct translation of "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day." My national mansion has far too many casements of glass, not to make me cautious in throwing a stone, even playfully from it; for let any one go to Hyde Park corner on a Sunday, and see our legislators betting, and horse-dealing on that sacred day, as he can do, his notions of superiority will be readily lowered. But this immoral instance of gross Sabbath-breaking, flagrant as it is, and countenanced by men who sit in judgment upon a far less sinning order, should they offend, because immeasurably their inferior in education and knowledge of good and evil, is an exception, not a rule, in English morals, and only requires a single voice raised in the proper place to be amended; and sincerely do I hope for our credit's sake, and national consistency, that some such voice will ere long be heard, and that my etching the "black spot" may be received as a slight proof of my candour in any foreign allusion I may make.

In most of our *spontaneous* merits, if we have such distant relations to virtue to boast of, we may detect, upon dissection, a great portion of selfishness, or a relish for a pleasurable sensation, probably, as the true cause of their existence, rather than a sincere conviction of their intrinsic value or necessity; hence, I wish to dissect my

penchant for an English Sunday, in preference to a continental or Swedish one, that I may avoid the least charge of laying a flattering unction to my own or country's soul; and thereby, possibly, place the great contrast between them to difference of taste, and varied notions of enjoyment; happiness equally influencing the actors in both.

To *me*, the quiet and *total change*, the early morning peal of bells—not the dismal clanging *toll* of France, and (precisely as in all Catholic countries) in Sweden—but that sweetly merry peal of many bells, that tells you, as you wake, it is Sunday morning, and seems to chime "contemplation" in its echoing cadence. The gentle tap at your chamber, and caution to be in time for breakfast and walk to church, given by those to whom the friendship of the world *is malice*. The little breakfast room with its open window; the "old lady" in her tranquil looks and neat attire; the tidy maiden with her work commuted, and ready to trot to church; the stream of villagers winding over the fields or through the silent streets; the shops rigidly closed for the day; the decorum, peaceful gaiety, singularly cheering, composing influence attending a Sabbath in England, is so delightful to me, that I suppose I must date the preference I give it, to the universal desire for happiness inherent in us all, "after our kind;" at all events, these quiet,

peaceful paths appear to me so vastly pleasing, even through the maze of retrospect, that I yearn to tread them once more, and test alike their influence and my own sincerity.

Placed on a gently rising grassy knoll, in the midst of venerable oaks, in whose branches have cawed the ancestors of the present family of rooks for ages, surrounded by thriving farms, occupied by the old, sterling, loyal yeomanry of England, was then the church to which we bent our steps. It was one of those rich morsels of English architecture, which add such a charm to our agricultural districts and unrivalled landscapes, and instantly arrest the wanderer's steps in admiration. They are all beautiful, though they vary in extent and style, some being turreted, others spiral in their order; some being clad in ivy, others in virgin white, or washed in lime. In nearly all these village churches are very ancient monuments and recumbent figures of many a knightly crusader, with his achievements and insignia, as well as windows of stained glass, it would be vain to try to imitate at the present day.

The one, I am mentally sketching, though I have scarcely been in the neighbourhood since boyhood, is vividly before me. I can see every old panneled pew, and well carved epitaph, and trace every minute feature in the ancient, peculiarly rustic edifice as well as in numbers of the

humble congregation, now "long in their narrow cells for ever laid," as if I had but just parted from them.

Few are "to dumb forgetfulness a prey" but sooner or later return to early impressions, and time-hallowed predilections; and though prejudice should vanish with our youth, yet should we steer our course without veering, when we are assured by the "still small voice" that the intense pleasure I describe must proceed from some undefined, pure, and holy fountain. "Be this as it may," after having striven in Roman Catholic countries for the right spirit and comfort I have enjoyed in the simplicity of our worship at home, I am compelled to say, the stalking, purple-clad priest, the arrogant sounding horn, and foul savour of human pomp, tended to anything but their increase.

Our evening hymn, chanted to the swelling accompaniment of the organ, as the setting sun streams through the wintry sky and ancient window of the village church, decorated with evergreens for our Christmas thanks and cheerful celebration, has had an effect upon me that even "military mass" has yet failed to produce.

LETTER XXXIII.

ANOTHER EXCURSION. — THE ANCIENT CITY OF UPSAL. — THE VIEW FROM THE TUMULUS. — A VAST PLAIN. — THE INN AT UPSALA.—THE ROUTE TO DANNEMORA.—THE MOUNTAIN ASH. —THE CABARET AT ÖSTERBY.

Osterby, near Dannemora, Sept. 20, 1846.

THE ancient city of Upsal, or old Upsala as it is now called, is invested with peculiar interest. Claiming the honours of all but legendary descent, if not the very oldest name amongst the cities of the world, no spot on earth is more indued with the spirit of the past than the rugged hamlet which now occupies the site of the long despoiled capital of the north.

If you have a single cross of the antiquary, or the least turn for speculation or idealism about you, I know no view more striking, or more likely to lead you mentally over the dark wake of ages, than the prospect which awaits you after mounting one of the *tumuli* at old Upsal. A plain so vast, undeviating, and singularly mythological as fancy *will* persist in hinting, does not, I imagine, exist in Europe. I can form no esti-

mate of its extent, but, to keep within compass, I should say it amounts to several hundred miles in circumference, with nothing but *videttes* of granite everywhere throwing up their heads, a solitary farm-house at intervals, and the distant sable horizon of fir to break the intense, though not displeasing flatness which lies at your feet.

All the armies of the world might manœuvre on this plain, and have ample space for their evolutions. The last brilliant sunset that I shall probably behold this year, lent its aid in completing the picture, and though differing far in splendour from the many gorgeous scenes I have witnessed in the heavens since I have been in Sweden, the half wintry sky, blended with a blaze of rouge and pale green as it appeared to me, was probably more in keeping with the view I have described than any set of the summer's sun.

The *tumulus* from which I beheld this genuine Scandinavian landscape was in process of being opened, and added not a little to the charm of the visit. The mode of entrance was by means of a tunnel, the prudence of which I doubt in my own mind, as I imagine the act of breaking through the rude wall (at which point, after much labour and disappointment, the workmen had just arrived) may possibly endanger the whole fabric and the safety of the hoped for relics. I should have commenced at the crown of the mount, had

I been the engineer, and have unearthed spadeful for spadeful as originally thrown up. This plan would have been the less expensive of the two, as the boarding or arching the tunnel, as the work proceeded, must increase the cost when compared to simple *labourage*. I sincerely hope the search will be amply rewarded, and that some Runic inscription or other may lead to dates, and serve to unite the long broken links in the earlier part of Scandinavian history. I landed with an English friend at Upsala last evening, and had much satisfaction in renewing my acquaintance with that learned and pleasant place, as well as in the trip we instantly made to the tumulus and scene I have described.

Having ordered horses for Dannemora, and asked for a blanket in vain! in the Oxford of Sweden, we retired to that bed to which no traveller would willingly return. It is a positive fact that in the first hotel in this town there was not a single blanket included in its inventory. Your sheet is laid upon the cold, prickly ticking, and over you is placed a glazy, *suspicious* coverlet, but no blankets have you either above or below your weary bones, however cold the weather may be. They cannot make them themselves, nor will they admit them from the people who can. A comforting Scotch plaid stood my friend in need, and afforded me that warmth the early chill rendered indispensable to my English no-

tions, though I desired neither a suffocating stove, nor air-tight windows to make me sensitive to every breath of heaven. In Sweden, with a parade of silver cream jugs, and cocked-hatted coachmen, they have neither a blanket, nor a wash-hand stand larger than those you see in a steam-boat, at all events in any place where a stranger is likely to need them. Use may be second nature, and so I suppose discomforts and the Swedes have become reconciled.

As Doctor Johnson remarks, in his Hebridean Tour: "These diminutive observations seem to take away something of the dignity of writing, and are therefore never communicated but with hesitation. But, it must be remembered, that life consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments, the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, or in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease as the main stream glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption. The true state of every nation *is the state of common life.* The manners of a people are not to be found in the schools of learning, or the palaces of greatness; and as they approach to delicacy, a nation is refined, or, as their conveniences are multiplied, a nation may be denominated *advanced* or *otherwise.*"

The route to Dannemora lay across the plain I have mentioned, one large enough to admit of a quadrupled population; and eventually through forests of pine, symptoms of iron-stone being visible as you proceed. The patches of arable land that have been reclaimed from amidst the surrounding desolation, struck me as being particularly well farmed, no harrowing could be better, or could the neatness displayed about them be excelled. Though early in September, the peasants were busily employed in housing their potatoes, a few fields of which were already touched by the frost, as I could see from the fallen tops. Winter was close on their heels, and sighed his warning too significantly to be disregarded.

The road-side was beautified by the most magnificent specimens of the mountain-ash I ever saw; it was clustered with berry, and flourished to a size quite unknown in England.

Every step might have served as a sylvan "*memento mori*," telling you, as it did, in the simple yet impressive language of nature, that the year was once more in "the fall," and would shortly expire amidst snows and darkness.

The wild rose, which a short month ago I left blooming in pride and beauty, was now seared in leaf and clustered with hips, the berry of the juniper had become black, the fir was covered with its husky fruit, and the oak with acorn; the ants had all but ceased their labours, and stood

prepared for winter in their huge hills far better than many a lord of the creation thoughtlessly driving past them.

The Linnea Borealis, "wee modest flower," had quitted the scene when the birds became silent, and was replaced by the delicious cranberry. There was nothing like a field of beans, a late crop of oats, or any appearance of autumn in fact to be seen; the temperature of the air was similar to our December when in a gracious mood; but with none of the genial yet racy breath of our glorious Septembers and Octobers in its nostrils: ten days ago it exceeded 100° of Fahrenheit, to-day it made every pea-jacket we had with us at a premium; a man's lungs should be of proof to bear such trying changes as this, especially when deprived of his bosom friend the blanket.

Piles of the valuable ore from Dannemora are met with on the road-side at intervals, as well as an occasional post-house and its small farmstead. The flail was in full swing, and resounded through the wintry air with a hearty, rustic cadence extremely gratifying to my ears. At length we arrived at Österby, where the numerous forges to the mine are situated. The *cabaret* is miserably forlorn, comfortless, and squalid in its appearance, though a veritable cock of the wood, roasted without either grease or treacle, at our earnest entreaty, with milk and cranberries,

served to pacify the inward man after our long ride.

We received every attention at the *bureau* of the establishment; saw the forges in work, and what little there is to be seen at Österby, when we retired to our dormitories, in which beds, two feet two short, and twice that amount too narrow for full-grown men, awaited us, in all their scanty sleep-dispelling proportions. I contrived to make my lair upon the floor by aid of my own dreadnoughts, plaid, and knapsack for a pillow, in addition to the few items which do duty in Sweden for bedding, and so I tossed through the *live*-long night, after occupying as much of it as I could in this scribbling.

LETTER XXXIV.

THE VICINITY TO THE MINES. — THE LOADSTONE. — THE GREAT MINE OF DANNEMORA.—THE TENANT ON LEASE.—THE DATE, DEPTH, AND PRODUCE OF THE MINE. — THE BLAST. — THE WEATHER IN RETURNING. — THE CATHEDRAL AT UPSALA. — ROUTE TO SIGTUNA.—OUR QUARTERS.

A VERY tolerable breakfast, to which our own tea and tea-pot lent no inconsiderable aid, with sincere gratitude at a speedy departure from Österby, served to lighten our hearts, and fortify us in our walk to the mine, having left word for our carriage to join us at an appointed rendezvous. Our route lay over the fields, and through the sort of country peculiar to the iron-stone: you could trace its vicinage in every dusky feature, and perceive its tinge on every pool and stream. The loadstone by which tourists and scientific men of all nations are drawn to Dannemora is simply composed of the interest attached to its particular ore as excelling all others in intrinsic value, and contains none of the usual attraction of scenery, or magnitude of establishment, in both of which I confess having been disappointed.

The mine itself is a terrific, yawning abyss, frightfully deep and black; and presents an infernal *coup-d'œil* from several points of view, sufficiently real in mining horrors to try the nerves and stifle the breath, if you are in the least nervous; but I fancied the establishment underhanded, and saw nothing of the grand scale in its economy. In fact, when we asked the reason of the comparative paucity of hands, the chief of the labourers, who was our guide, said that if they increased their force the mine might be exhausted. Strange reasoning this, I thought, for the nineteenth century, when there are doubtless numbers of others waiting to be opened, probably as valuable, or more so than Dannemora.

They smelt the ore at intervals of two years, and probably produce seventy to eighty tons of iron bars per week. The mine is farmed at a long lease by an English house, Messrs. Sykes, of Hull, through whose hands only the iron is to be had. It is, in fact, a monopoly, and a very profitable one, though nothing beyond the fruits of fair intelligent speculation and bold foresight on the part of the tenant, who has had sufficient courage to make the offer, and keep the mine in operation. There are about a dozen proprietors of Dannemora who receive its rents, though their respective boundaries, I believe, are defined by title-deed. The earliest working on record took place in the year 1481, the greatest depth at-

tained is about 600 feet. The descent to the mine is by means of a large bucket deep enough to reach your arm-pits, if you ask for a nerve-steadier, attached to a wire cordage so thin as to be scarcely perceptible from the brink of the gulf, yet four or five men hung to it with a small bucket to rest their feet on as securely, or rather as unconcernedly as if they were suspended by a seventy-four's hauser. The fellows came up chattering and arguing about their daily concerns and matters of interest, as if in a public-house, so accustomed had they become to being lowered and hauled up through the murky air.

At noon, the various gangs left off work by signal, when a general blast took place below us, that was grand in the extreme; the ore was riven and blown high up the bellowing gulf; pools of water lying on the solid rock, were violently shaken by the explosion, as if the very foundation of the earth had been disturbed, while the rumbling echoes amidst its bowels sounded like the death throes of a world.

The ore of Dannemora yields nearly fifty per cent of pure iron; which, as I have previously stated, excels all other metal in virtue, and when converted into steel in England, for this part of the business is yet unknown in Sweden, is not surpassed in temper by any blade from Damascus, or the workshops of Andrea Ferrara.

The weather flirted with us on our way back

to Upsala, frowning, weeping, and smiling, by turns, like a spoilt mistress, favouring us at length with an hysterical shower of pelting hail and sleet, as if we had quarrelled for life. A wood fire, shelter, and a cup of tea were truly acceptable after this squabbling for half a dozen hours; and as hunger is the best sauce, so fatigue proved the most efficacious anodyne, gentle sleep having lost her coyness, and fallen into my arms for once without solicitation.

Sunday, September.

After attending the cathedral, and being greatly pleased with the sweet-toned organ, we organized our droschky, and set off for Sigtuna, having a drive of about thirty miles before us.

The road was most excellent, and so winding, and thoroughly unlike a highway, that it was impossible to be otherwise than pleased. We had the lake on our right, the gorgeously tinted woods and faded fields on our left hand, till we turned off the main road, and drove amidst rocks and wild farming, meeting with the barberry in profusion by the way-side, over a peculiarly tortuous route, barely broad enough for our small carriage, till we arrived in the gloaming at Sigtuna, the ancient capital of Sweden, and seat of her earliest recorded government.

Two travellers had secured the whole of the only *cabaret* in "the town" before we entered it, and put us to our wit's end for quarters; however,

we drove to the last house in the place, and were admitted into a quaint, decent dwelling, by an old lady, who promised a "shake down," "cooked water," milk, eggs, and potatoes; to this, dear anxious reader, add a cold chicken, tongue, bread and butter, brought from Upsala, to say nothing of a flask of right Nantz, and you may imagine us beyond thy pity. We set to work blowing the fire, boiling potatoes, and lastly, in bedding ourselves up far more comfortably than I thought was possible.

LETTER XXXV.

SIGTUNA.—"THE DESCENT OF ODIN."—GRAY.—THE THERMOMETER.—THE ANTIQUITY OF SIGTUNA.—THE BIOGRAPHY OF ODIN.—HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND FEATS OF MAGIC.—THE DEEP INTEREST ATTACHED TO SCANDINAVIA.—ANCIENT SCYTHIA.—THE ARK.—THOR.—HIS WIFE SIF.—HER DESCRIPTION BY ÖHLENSCHLÄGER.—THOR ANGLING.—ICELAND.—HER EARLY LITERATURE.—SNORRO STURLESON.—HIS MURDER.—THE SAEMUNDS.—ICELANDIC NAVIGATORS.—THE HEROIC AGE OF SCANDINAVIA.—THE ANCIENT POEM OF RIGS-MAL.—DR. LARDNER'S CYCLOPEDIA.—APPEARANCE OF SIGTUNA.—DEPARTURE FOR STOCKHOLM.

Sigtuna, September, 1846.

"Yet awhile my spell obey!
Prophetess, arise and say,
What virgins these with speechless woe
That bend to earth their solemn brow:
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air:
Tell me whence their sorrows rose?
Then I leave thee to repose."

Descent of Odin, by GRAY.

NOT to the most thrilling chapter in the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, or towards the seducing pages of Fenelon, does my memory cling with more intense pleasure, than to the very early

reading of Gray's poems; particularly the one from which I have quoted, as I pencil my thoughts in the ancient capital where dwelt that wizard king, whose descent to the shades below our English bard has truly made immortal.

Whether the easy, thoroughly harmonious measure of Gray, or the phantom spirit he conjures up, when changing the inimitable strains of melody with which he sang the every-day scenes of life and nature,—both so vastly pleasing to boyish taste,—may have assisted or stimulated me in forming a very early acquaintance with that exquisite poet, I know not; perhaps the fact of having access to him on the book-shelf at home, without hindrance or guidance, when reading ceases to be a tax, and becomes a recreation—may have influenced my choice; or, possibly, it is to be dated from the mere intuitive relish for dainties in all alike, leaving no more merit to my laddish selection, than is due to my brother Tom for preferring raspberry jam. However this may be, I could, at that period of life, have repeated every word of Gray, and often felt a pleasing shudder, as I followed Odin "down the yawning steep" on his "coal-black steed" to the very gates of hell: of which I am reminded by the slight shiver of to-day, caused by the early wintry chill that has at length dispersed the last ray of summer,—apparently having quite dis-

pensed with the usual autumnal interregnum, and seemingly desirous of chanting the praises of a Devonshire kersey in its unpoetical dirge, rather than any allusion to the gods.

This being the state of the thermometer, my strolls through the shapeless ruins of Sigtuna will lead you, dear reader, to the plain, yet not uncomfortable abode of prose in the backward mental glance I shall take at the heroic age of Scandinavia; for it shall amount to no longer detention, or cause thee greater trouble than the opening and shutting thy congenial lunette, when we will on once more to Stockholm. If the stoppage is wearying, hasten onwards and bespeak dinner, when I 'll soon overtake thee.

* * * * * *

The place I am now in, the abode of gloom and ruin, must have been originally built long before the birth of our Saviour, as Odin seems to have established his seat in it some fifty or sixty years previously to that event, when he caused temples to be erected, and sacrifices to be offered; thence his authority and worship were diffused throughout Germany and Scandinavia.

The biography of this early ruler of the north is clothed with deep and mysterious interest; and could it be divested from the absurd mythological attributes with which he is indued by all the old chroniclers, a great and instructive addition might be made to Scandinavian record, as well as

prove the key-stone for a more correct historical hypothesis; for we can hope for nothing more from which to commence the annals of Sweden.

Odin, one of those early instances of mental vigour, and of ready perception of its deficiency in others, appears to have been in point of fact, one of the first who practised the arts of jugglery on a large scale, from whom Mr. O'Connell, so ambitious of ancient descent, might perchance trace his origin, though the influence of the former, unlike that of the Irishman, appears to have had a beneficent tendency towards the land of his adoption. He is believed to have been born at Byzantium or Constantinople by some historians, a full century before Christ; and to have left that city from some cause not satisfactorily accounted for, with numerous followers for the north of Europe.

He was a prince of Scythia, and boasted of his descent from the gods, for the purpose of working upon the credulity of his subjects, taking up his residence finally at Sigtuna in Sweden, where he married and begat sons, (I am not sure about daughters, the mademoiselle Odins not being named in history,) as an every day country gentleman, amusing himself by private masquings, and pretended feats of magic occasionally, though all the time, like our esteemed friend Louis Philippe, laying the foundation for a *permanent dynasty* and *personal aggrandizement*, as well as

deification. As Odin and his family are now "*out of the market,*" I leave the analogy and its problem to the more cunning in political arithmetic or prophecy, having only a shrewd guess in the matter myself.

If a tithe of the accomplishments are due to Odin with which Snorro and other remote chroniclers have induced him, he must have been an adept indeed at primeval legerdemain, for, to such a point, I must, on this cold unpoetic day, reduce his attainments. It seems he could change his looks at pleasure, appearing to his friends a very comely, insinuating gentleman, and to his enemies a very demon. He could make his soldiers *believe* they were invulnerable through his aid, and his opponents, that they were helplessly at his mercy; hence the confidence of the one, and terror of the other: he pretended to summon the dead, and contrived to get together a very artful priesthood, who ably assisted him in working out his magic, as well as his sons established on the thrones of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway.

Whether there was a Montodinier who met with an infanta among the Moorish-Goths, who then did duty for Spaniards, Snorro has not informed us, though I imagine it anything but an impossibility.

From the rugged point of rock on which I am now writing, I draw upon fancy to depict this

dread Pontiff King bestriding his "coal-black steed," and wending his solitary way in search of that—

> "Moss-grown pile,
> Where long of yore to sleep was laid
> The dust of the prophetic maid,"

as well as his return through the "dreaded twilight of the gods," after concluding his fatal incantation at the tomb of the prophetess, who replied to all his interrogatories, by beseeching him to "leave her to repose."

How blended with exciting fact is the otherwise half fabulous history of this ancient kingdom; and how replete with food for speculation! Leaving the wild legends, the chronicles of giants, elves, dwarfs, and hideous monsters entirely out of the research; the inquiry into the early history of a people who were firmly impressed with the belief in such genii, with their emigration from the East, must be deeply interesting. Here is a country that received the very cargo of the Ark itself, or at all events a portion of its first distribution, Noah having evidently pitched his tent in Scythia; which ancient country, included besides the now modern kingdoms of Tartary, Russia in Asia, Siberia, Muscovy, the Crimea, Poland, part of Hungary and Lithuania, all the northern parts of Germany, Sweden, and Norway; and is supposed to have been inhabited a full century before Italy.

The next terrible personage to Odin,—or probably the superior one, in the estimation of some writers—who ruled over Swedish and Norwegian minds, was Thor, the god of thunder and terror of giants; as well as great-grandson to Noah, according to the Archbishop of Upsal. This was a fine fellow; and well worthy the reverence of all lovers of field-sports and athletic exercises, in which he rivalled Hercules himself. I can picture the image of this muscular deity fishing in the Baltic for the great sea-serpent Jormangandur, baited with a bull's head, which he had torn from the animal's shaggy shoulders for the purpose, as easily as if I were by his side. The securing the snake, by a rap over the head with the invincible hammer, instead of using a landing net, whilst the monster spewed venom, and rent the sea in twain with his lashing tail, must have been a sight for a salmon-fisher, if not for "sore een."

There is a fine statue of the bruising god in the palace at Stockholm, with an oak tree by his side, shivered by one of his fierce glances; whilst—

> "The tall pines where he trode
> Like fields of stubble crack'd."

As with our own venerable Robins, Thor was all but powerless without his hammer; though, armed with this tremendous mallet, he was equally to be

feared—as woods, rocks, acres, and men alike fell at its stroke, from which there was no appeal. The better part of the Scandinavian Thunderer was, without doubt, the beautiful Sif, his wife; who seems to have been a gay widow with a son, before she became Madame Thor; and to have been worshipped as the goddess of Summer.

The Danish poet Öhlenschläger, Alpha and Omega! what a patronymic! one short and harmonious compared to those on a Danish roll-call I once heard read over by a serjeant, whose head appeared half off when his mouth was open; so great was the call upon his power of jawratory. Yet will they tell you, the language, all through this land of consonants and final vehemence of accent, is soft as a silk-worm's sigh. However, though it would take a very clever Pegasus to land a man over the abyss which yawns between the poet's name and a *rhyme* to it, he has, nevertheless, described the beautiful Sif in such glowing terms, that I cannot refrain from plucking a *bouquet* from his rich *parterre*:—

"Sif, tall and fair, with native grace,
To none in beauty need give place,
Save her whom Odin called to light,
To make this erst dull world more bright.
Fair though she be, to Freya ne'er,
Can stately Sif in form compare:
* * * * * * *
Sif seems some Amazon to be;
Her look replete with dignity:

Her swan-like bosom's faultless curve
Would Bragi's golden lyre deserve.
Two pencill'd brows of darkest brown
Meet on her front, and seem to frown:
What gentler beauty would deface
To her's but adds another grace:
Her pearly teeth of dazzling white,
With ruby lips form contrast bright;
But her first charm, past all compare!
Is her long, silken, amber hair."

Thor resided in a magnificent palace called Bilskirner; in which were upwards of five hundred halls, fretted and burnished with gold; though he led a roving life at times, hunting giants, and horrid monsters of whom he frequently made a respectable "bag," as the old chroniclers inform us.

But, enough of mythology. Let us take a step across the water to Iceland, and commune with wonder on the extraordinary progress of literature in that hyperborean, desolate spot, when the word was unknown in France, Germany, or England. Literature, of a high and lasting order shed its rays over Iceland, when those of the sun were hid in unceasing winter. Besides many others, we have one Icelandic writer who was born in 1178, to whom we apply as an authority at the present day; his name is Snorro Sturleson, a man whose historical researches and indefatigable compilations have now the compound interest of ages added to their original value. From him we

have the only authentic record of northern annals down to the thirteenth century, as well as various poetic effusions, and biographical labours. Sturleson was of high birth, and wealthy, consequently able to prosecute his works and voyages at pleasure. He died in 1241, or rather, was foully murdered by his son-in-law, Gissud Thorwaldsen, at the instigation of the king of Norway.

Another writer of eminence in Iceland was Saemund. The aphorisms he collected are well worthy of acceptance, though they were delivered at that remote period. One will suffice to prove the excellence of the whole: — "Remain not long in the house of another; for he who does so becomes a burden to his host."

The Icelanders of that day were intrepid navigators and sea rovers, keeping a communication with surrounding nations, that is totally lost at the present time; to one of these men is attributed the true discovery of America; though his countrymen were in no position to take advantage of it. They were eventually annexed to Norway, in some measure through the treacherous part played by their chief ornament and historian, Sturleson: who seems to have had anything but patriotism in his heart, however well stored his head may have been.

Iceland is supposed to have been known to Irish missionaries before it was discovered by the

Norwegians, and in very early times to have professed the Christian religion.

I can imagine nothing more interesting than an insight into the domestic habits and accomplishments of this rarely visited island, at that remote age; a speck of earth doomed to eternal winter, engulfed in a dismal sea, yet possessing in the eleventh century historians and poets, is indeed a fact sufficient to command our respect and curiosity.

The earlier domestic history of Scandinavia is wrapped in all but total darkness—though the old chronicler, Torfæus, and the chronicle of Saxo have done something to relieve the obscurity and doubt which hung over it. Perhaps the best description we have of that heroic age, is contained in an ancient poem, entitled "Rigs-Mál." The prince of that name is said to have been the son of Skjold, and according to the chronology of Suhm, reigned in Scania about the end of the second century of the Christian era.

This poem contains a minute classification of the different orders of society, personified as the children of King Rig, who is supposed to have divided them into distinct castes, assigning to each its respective rank in the social scale. As a literary composition, it resembles the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, and all other genuine poems or romances of uncivilized nations, in its unpretending and Homeric simplicity of style and inci-

dents. In this respect, it has been justly called one of the most curious and interesting "manners-painting strains" that have been preserved, and handed down to posterity. So says Jamieson in his "Illustrations of northern antiquities."

This curious old document portrays the slave caste of the time, as having dark hair and complexion, as well as the misery in which they were compelled to live. "It is believed," they were descended from the original Finns.

The caste of freemen and freeholders, lords of the soil which they cultivated, and descended from the Gothic conquerors, is described as having reddish hair and complexion, and all the traits which peculiarly mark that famous race. Then comes the caste of the illustrious Jarls and the Herser (earls and barons), who are distinguished from the others by their still fairer hair and skin, by their noble employments and manners; from whom descend the kingly race skilled in Runic science, in manly exercises, and the military art.

For this review of the old poem in question, I am indebted to Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia, which contains, in the portion devoted to history, a most lucid and interesting account of Scandinavia, particularly in reference to the mythological legends and annals of that country, as well as a very curious one of the Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian kings, from our old friend Noah, to the present day. The fights with giants, love

scenes of fairies, and other goblin devilries are given with a masterly hand, and are well worth the perusal. Having given a slight etching of the heroic age of the north, called forth by my visit to Sigtuna, I shall forthwith wander into my old vein again, having no great love for turnpikes, either in print or my peregrinations.

From the water, Sigtuna appears the abode of cheerless desolation; nothing meeting the eye but its gray craggy environs; but when on shore, there is a quaintness about the place itself, and a charm of antiquity attached to the three ruined towers, and ancient church, when added to historical and legendary association, that make it exceeding worth exploring. There is no deficiency of wood to relieve the grim crags which surround the little town, nor of variety of scenery, if you mount their rugged sides. The beautiful Mälar, in a bight of whose shores Sigtuna is situated, stretches far before your eyes in all the splendour of wood and water, and will prove a banquet for them seldom surpassed.

There is a small rural square in the centre of the town, in which a goodly crop of grass was growing up to the very threshold of a primitive Hotel de Ville, but not a soul was to be seen out of doors.

After a ramble amongst the crags and ruins, we tricked up a breakfast from the fragments in our havre-sac, flanked by a basin of milk and a

small *hamper* full of boiled eggs, which the old lady bountifully placed on the table. I should not wish to be known how many were consumed, but being quite fresh laid, and very "sharp set" ourselves, I leave it to the reader to idealize the number.

We shoved off to the steamer, from the garden of our hostess, having sent our carriage (the loan of a friend) back to Upsala; when after a few hours pleasant sailing, enlivened by some of the most probing questions on the part of two or three Swedes, who appeared a good *imitation* of gentlemen at all events, and about a week's absence, we again landed at Stockholm.

SCANDINAVIAN RUNE-STONE.

LETTER XXXVI.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.—OCTOBER WITH US, AND IN SWEDEN.—A GOOD WISH TO THE DALECARLIANS.—PRESENT APPEARANCE OF CHARLOTTENDAL.—A SWEDISH OUTFIT FOR A SUMMER DWELLING.—OCTOBER CONTINUED.—OUR WAY OF ENJOYING IT.—MY COOKERY BOOK.—CANDLE-LIGHT.—ABSENT AND PRESENT CONSOLATION.—THE "CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."—THEIR AUTHOR.—SIGNS OF WINTER.

Charlottendal, October 1st, 1846.

"All, all are fled, yet still I linger here," unable to reconcile the thoughts of Stockholm with October, supposing there to be any analogy between the English and Swedish months of that name.

This month—which with us is perhaps the most dearly prized amongst the twelve, on our coasts especially, when autumn has thrown her variegated mantle over copse and forest, and our hearts into joy at a bountiful well-got harvest—seems eschewed here, as a miasmatic advent too terrible to be encountered in the country, for not a house in this little rural nook, but the one I am in, has had a tenant for several days; all having flown to the huge quarry from whence they came, with as

little ceremony and trouble as if their household gods were ever on their back.

The music, picnicking, mirth and laughter which so lately cheered every little patch of garden and rocky *plateau*, have given place to all but perfect silence and solitude. Our beautiful lake, recently so covered with gay boat-loads of summer *emigrés*, and their numerous visitors, generally steered by the prettiest girl in the party, has now scarcely a pair of oars on its gently heaving bosom. The very Dalecarlians have departed, having moored their respective barges for the winter, hoping their hardly earned store may see them through it, in their dearly-loved mountain homes. With the swallow, they return, if, like the twittering wanderer, they escape the ills of life, and are permitted to do so. May heaven prosper the hardy, industrious, merry-hearted creatures! and grant them an equally merry Christmas, and many happy new years.

I have just been wandering through the "deserted village," and found I am truly "left blooming alone." There is a padlock on every door, and desolation in every garden: it is impossible to conceive a greater change than the one wrought by the last short week or two on Charlottendal. Contrasted with the neatly tricked up entrance, and gayly muslined lattice to the numerous temporary huts, the log-built dwellings stand in all their wintry deformity; some with closed windows,

as if in death—others being left with the cheerless panes scowling on you as you pass, enough to cause an involuntary shudder at the complete loneliness they so thoroughly depict.

I had the courage to shade my eyes and gaze into one or two rooms I had known in summer, and was reminded of an unoccupied country theatre in the removed scenery and decoration: an ottoman which I had noticed running in divan fashion round a gay little *salon*, I now discovered when divested of its stuffing and few yards of chintz, to be formed of unplaned pine, and run together with a few large nails. A gilded rod had sustained a small curtain, behind which I found a black, savoury, smelling orifice, in which many a pot and kettle had doubtlessly snarled at each other, and simmered away their wrath. All bespoke economy and good taste, and might have taught our furniture-proud folks at home a valuable lesson. A bed, doing duty for a sofa during the day; half a dozen chairs; a table fastened to the tree in front of the cottage; a brass pan or two; a few flowers—a *sine qua non* with the Swedes; a little meat, milk, and punch from hand to mouth, with a pack of cards (another *sine*) serve for a country dwelling's outfit in Sweden—all of which is speedily removed across the lake to the house at Stockholm, to which it appertains, or to the broker from whom the furniture is hired.

The only marvel to me is, that they should not see September out before they break up their pretty cantonments; at all events, if they think it wise to fly from a rural, mellow, old October to the rough, abominably dirty *pavés*, and confined streets of the capital.

That kindly, yet bracing month sees not, as with us, the whirring "long-tail" *spiring*, as if *unconvinced* by the argument you had used to induce him to grace your *bag* and board; as springing him in the hedgerow, when hunting up a wounded bird, he gives you far more delight than a score of his gay brethren, when driven in the murderous, unsportsmanlike battue. Nor does it witness the *genuine* melting moments of John Barleycorn, as "working" in the goodly kilderkin, he heaves in yeasty exuberance of spirit, and promises to be mild, though bright in due season.

At this period of the year, our sea-side dwellings have a peculiar charm; Nature has thrown off her languor, and breathes again in health and freshness. The ocean, dusted with spray, breaks into your bathing-machine, and sends you home to breakfast in a glow a warmer month could not accomplish.

Our nag, too, seems more lively, as if rejoicing at the departure of flies and heat, and in the prospect of the coming chase. How gloriously the sea-weed smells! as you make the coast from the reeking inland town; and should a spark of

fire be needful in the evening, as when is it not consoling? how bonnily it blinks through the glowing crystal on the table as you listen to the roaring tide, and cut the leaves of the last "New Monthly!"

Now, as *my* cookery-book says, are tomatos, "Houghton meetings," and candle-light dinners in season; politics laid aside, and the stud looked to. If the leaves *are* falling (as it philosophically proceeds) the fences will the sooner *gain their eyesight*, and the "Eddlethorp" be advertised. There is hourly comfort to every right-thinking mind, however the day may wane, or its brightness give way to candle-light; for if the former, aided by the glorious sun produces the fruits and flowers of the earth, they must yield to the influence of our artificial rays in the production of wit and repartee, and are murky in comparison over the soup and fish. Then only dances the spirit of the grape, as it flutters its wing in the witching light, and creates the sunshine of the heart in lieu of beams for the time below the horizon.

Numerous are the lays to the hours of day, star, and moonlight, yet how powerless are they all when compared to the potent spell of candle-light over the mind, as radiating over a little polished wood it settles in the eye, brings to life the hidden treasures of wit, and illuminates the half-mouldered heart. I have known men, whom the brightest day in an Italian summer could not

induce to be gay, utter such brilliant passages after the decanters had made half a dozen rounds in candle-light, that a vineyard could not have extracted under any other. Well may the jolly friars of old have sworn by *belle*, book, and candle, for, provided your second item is a *good* one, a man must be hard-hearted indeed not to find comfort in such a koran.

These Octoberean delights are but imaginary in Sweden; for excepting when I flush an occasional snipe in my strolls by the lake side, my old double is all but silent; a pheasant is unknown; and though I have heard sanguinary tales of slaughter committed in the woods, I have met with many men who have been vast distances on shooting forays, but not one who had ever done much execution.

The joys of the mahogany! the delicious mingling in converse over a pint of wine *after* dinner; the bit of cheerful fire, and snug dining-room, alas! are further from me than the pheasant; but I have the same beautiful woods, brown, purple, and perfectly golden in their tints, as in old England, with delightfully soft greyish weather, since I returned from Dannemora, with an occasional brilliant though chastened sky, which perfectly reconcile me to my rustic quarters.

I have, *without compare*, the most agreeable companion I ever was blest with, in the elder D'Israeli, besides a great number of other

pleasant instructive fellows on my table, who will not suffer me to be dull. "The Curiosities of Literature" is a library in itself, and should have a place in every portmanteau. The thoroughly plain, unalloyed English style, the manly elegance, and extreme beauty of expression which pervade this book, are only equalled by the interesting details it chronicles. The unaffected vein of moralizing to be traced through its pages, grace its author's unwearied steps in the search for the curiosities he has been so successful in collecting, equally as his own sweet benevolent countenance adorns the cabinet in which they are displayed. An expression more serenely good-humoured, intellectually contented, more simple, yet refined, I never beheld than in the face sketched as the likeness to D'Israeli. I feel convinced it is like him, and absolutely cheered every time I look at the dear, little, good, old man!

* * * * * *

I fancy I perceive symptoms of a severe winter even thus early, and sadly fear the effect of stoves, close rooms, and double windows, which I everywhere see organizing for the campaign. The day loses twelve minutes out of its scanty stock of light in the twenty-four hours. Flocks of wild geese are perpetually in sight, winging their way and spreading a broad clue towards the south. A fleet might profit by their line and manœuvres.

The woods change almost perceptibly and appear to know they must submit to their fate: —the hips and hawthorn berries are in profusion; acorns cover the ground; the mosses are more soft and deep, yet fading amidst the rocks which seem to have assumed a bluer, colder surface; every bird is silent, save the hoarse raven, who croaks a welcome to the coming storm.

LETTER XXXVII.

INTENSE FROST. — SLEDGES. — IN-DOOR AMUSEMENTS. — MASQUERADES. — DOVETAILING. — NEW-YEAR'S DAY. — "THE ROYALS." — ORDERS. — THE CORN-BIN. — ROYAL LIBRARY. — "CODEX AUREUS." — ROMANCE. — BOOKS AND BOOKCRAFT. — DICKENS, DR. — FAIR PLAY. — THE CRITIC. — DICKENS, CR.

Charlottendal, December, 1846.

THE winter has set in magnificently; having vouchsafed us the warning usually given by a white squall to the Indian Sea.

I retired to my dormitory last night, leaving the world slumbering through a heavy autumnal atmosphere; I awoke after *dreams of ice*, and found it frozen to the core.

My windows were frosted with an intense brilliancy, I never beheld in a more southern country. Mimic mountain ridges, stars, lakes, and foliage of brightness had been fantastically breathed on them during the few hours I had been curled up, wondering in my sleep at the unusual sensation, and entirely excluded the view.

After thawing the casement by aid of my trusty tea-kettle, the scene burst upon me in true wintry

grandeur. The horizon was illumined by an "ice-blink" of a glaring, yet chilly lustre, entirely new to me. It reminded me of an official smile, so fitful and free from warmth was the transient, beamless glow.

The earth appeared sown broad-cast with diamond dust, and the trees to be garlanded with bouquets of light; the hoar-frost hung trembling upon them in masses of crystal, and hid every speck of wood from view. I love old Winter! when he comes in this hearty, unmistakable form, and can shake hands with Zero with pleasure. *Then* for cold ablutions, scribbling, reading, walking, and strict temperance; for our hale, moralising, yet sporting friend has no sympathy with the vineyard, and emphatically forbids the raising of the *little finger; down with it* in Sweden, if you would escape the chill of the intemperate: a chill which neither wool, nor wood, nor fur, nor exercise itself can alleviate. If, *au contraire*, you moderately mess with our composed, yet genial comrade "Medoc," and leave the more fiery flasks untouched, I'll warrant you free from suffering more than the delights of a cold cheek and tingling ear in your wintry walks.

* * * * *

Stockholm, January, 1847.

The snow has fallen heavily the last week, and filled the narrow streets of Stockholm to the first

"*trappa.*"* The Mälar is frozen, and covered with skaters and pedestrians. The sombre plumes of the Swedish fir are weighed down with dazzling wreaths, and appear singularly beautiful. The hedges have disappeared altogether, and are replaced by defences resembling alabaster ramparts. Not a wheel is to be seen, in lieu of which innumerable sledges, with their tinkling bells and merry little nags, give a vivacity to the scene which green leaves and sunshine failed to produce.

Some few of these sledges are handsome and well horsed, especially those which have Russian owners, though, in the aggregate, they are short, unsightly vehicles, and appointed in anything but good taste. Sledging, when the roads are evenly covered with well-ploughed snow,† is a delightful mode of conveyance. You experience a hearty, gleesome sensation as you spin along through the frosty air, only raised a few inches from the dazzling way, nearly equalling the thrill produced by a ride on the box-seat of the "Tantivy," or nearly forgotten Brighton "Age;" and *that* was a thrill indeed!

* * * * *

It is dark at three o'clock in the afternoon, and dusk before two; the day is not fairly broke at nine o'clock, A.M., so that we have, in fact, only about five hours of light, in lieu of the

* Floor or *Etage.*

† They use snow-ploughs in Sweden on all the roads.

eighteen with which we were surfeited in summer. I really prefer this wintry screen, to the incessant dazzling attack upon the eye and nerves an excitable man must experience, when living in a world constantly illuminated, as is the case with Sweden for half the year. I have felt a composure and inclination for study I could not coax to become my guests in sunshine.

It is intensely cold; so cold, that your breath freezes as you walk, and settles in gelid eloquence on the mouth from whence it came. No consistency can save a man from the necessity of "eating his own words," as he travels in Sweden; for they return "nolens volens" to the portal whence they issued, and if not admitted, hang clamorously about your moustache and whisker, with painful tenacity. The effect produced by the intensely frosty air, on every living thing exposed to its influence, is extremely curious. Raven locks become venerably white or piebald, in an hour's drive; whilst your snorting horse is metamorphosed into a glittering Polar Pegasus, with a mane and muzzle waving with brilliants.

The moonlight nights are glorious! and quite repay us for the loss of day; the heavens appear of meteoric radiance, and to display a greater proportion of stars as the temperature lowers: to this witching brightness the flickering, mysterious Northern Lights add their charm and peculiar brilliancy.

Beds are all but deserted on these bright occasions, and sledges universally put in requisition for jaunts over the snow and frozen lakes; the cold being defied or despised by all alike.

Our in-door resources are quite of the high-dried, band-box order; consisting, in the main, in ceremonious calls and evening parties, with an occasional ball or two "*pro bono;*" when the rooms remind you of India and the manners of Greenland, the former being oppressively close, as well as hot; and the latter, like the weather outside, at their usual freezing point. The display and needless outlay witnessed at most of these reunions of dulness and formality are in sad proof of the extravagance which prevails.

There are a vast number of nondescript assemblages of the common orders, passing under the name of *masquerades*; at one of which—a very distinguished affair, as I was given to understand—I became absolutely disgusted with my old flame Terpsichore; so dingy was she in apparel, and vulgar in movement. The goddess was heavy at heel, and anything but sober; appearing as a flaunting huckster bent on business, rather than the deity of the dance and mistress of the community.

The males, mainly Scandinavian "Titmice" and "Corinthians," were the most *brusque*, yet solemn specimens of revellers it was ever my misfortune to behold.

Nothing like a costume, or even smile was to be seen; many appeared in hideous masks with their usual every day dresses, though an equal number were very completely disguised by aid of punch and other inflammable compounds, before the orgy was closed by authority. In a cold shop, or *café*, a man must uncover *instanter*, according to the Swedish code of manners; in this room every one kept his hat on, as a matter of course. The effect was horrible; it reminded one of an auction-room set to music, when the heads rose and fell to fierce polka strains; for there was all the packed, reeking, elbowing, and forest of "shocking bad hats" of the former scene, and not a jot less of calculation and bargaining.

The women, the very nicest creatures in the universe, if well treated, and allowed "fair play," *which they are not*, were all frightfully masked, and ranged formally by themselves on seats round the room, where they waited the challenge to polk and punch on the part of the "Titmice." These heroes stalked round and round the *market* —for it struck me as being nothing more, *nor less*—"taking stock," and making their selection of partners, indued equally with an air of debauched dejection and boisterous pomposity. Animal was palpably the prevailing attribute in the performers, and Silenus, turned "free trader," the genius of the *salle*.

Nought more thoroughly matter-of-fact, or

imbued with the spirit of cash and currency can be imagined in the philosophy of a New Orleans slave, or pawnbroker, than the *arrangements* entered into at Stockholm by the parties I have described.

Cupid himself wears a cocked hat, and strings his bow with a stay-lace; having stipulated cautiously for rations and pocket-money before he breaks ground or hearts!

There are no impromptu, or unguarded likes or dislikes in Scandinavian dovetailing, nothing like spontaneous combustion or involuntary mistakes are countenanced—all is precluded by overtures for "daily bread," and ink-shed, when the amiable parties "join giblets," without a comment being made by their relatives or neighbours.

Were they to "assume" a shade of the virtue they have not, for the sake of appearances, they might somewhat save the capital from the just animadversions of the stranger: for the glaring deformity in morals is too notorious and shame-faced, to admit of doubting or palliation on the part of the blindest of its visitors.

The fruit of this wholesale, unblushing licentiousness is thrown into the lap of government, who considerately keep open house, or at all events sanction conservatories for its reception at a hundred *banco*, or £8 per cradle load! One-third of the population of Stockholm is *positively illegitimate*, as statistically proved, to the glory of

Satan and "free-trade." Without going into "debatable land," it is safe to say, that he is a clever Stockholmer indeed, who has the most remote guess as to his paternity. Vice, in this capital, appears to assume a sobriety of garb, or rather a mantle of solemn lasciviousness, and to put in a claim to respectability, far more revolting to the contemplator than a whole archipelago of Cyprians.

* * * * *

On new-year's day, we had a very crowded ball at the *Bourse,* where the royal family met the tradesmen, and dispersed the usual amount of condescension and courtly tickling. All was dull and decorous in the extreme; though, at the same time, vastly amusing to the observer of manner, and annual mingling of the oil and vinegar of the place; for the castes are, if possible, more dissimilar in their sympathies than even the acidity and smoothness of the salad mixture.

I was greatly pleased with the queen: she is singularly unaffected, yet courtly, having a ladylike sincerity—in fact, heartiness of manner and tone, added to a stateliness of deportment, though one entirely free from *hauteur,* which could not fail to delight every one with whom she came in contact. She is the daughter of Eugène Beauharnais, and a queen all over. Both she and her husband are much younger in appearance than the court register makes them out. Poor people! they had a wearisome task to perform, having all,

from the old queen to the youngest prince, to go through their " facings," and sweetest nothings of eloquence, as they slowly passed through the immense throng, saying a word to every one they knew, and giving a bow to every one they did not.

The King was manly, easy, and particularly kind in his manner, and impressed me with the conviction of his being a perfectly amiable well-meaning man.

For the rest, Gaiety was in her weeds, and poor Terpsichore " out of sorts!" notwithstanding the many, many pretty lasses who were ranged like flowerpots on the shelves of a conservatory.

There were more " orders" in the room, than were ever issued from Drury Lane or Covent Garden in a season. One hen-pecked, simpering, harmless-looking old gentleman had fourteen on his person, averaging from a dessert plate to a brass farthing in size. Nothing can be more viciously absurd than the making these honored and honourable badges so cheap as they are in Sweden. When gained! Venus, or Red Tape can only guess. Can any one value *fourteen* orders lying amongst his hair brushes, when he has lived in a land wherein a ball-cartridge has happily, in his time, never been required? These orders were stitched on the coat, hung round the neck, and pendant from the shoulder of nearly all the big-wigs alike. An old Waterloo man in the

room, asked me if I could possibly give him a hint what the decorations were intended to commemorate.

I confess, I could not surmise the fields open to Swedish inroad, large enough to produce them.

The ball in question was a type of Swedish manner, and consequently feeling, in public, and therefore instructive. I saw nothing in the least objectionable or ominous, but the proudly submissive, haughty, yet obsequious demeanour and bow on the part of the burgher, to his condescending acquaintance for the night: such a bending of the vertebræ and lack of everything like heartiness on the countenance, I certainly never witnessed. I emphatically except the king and his family in this category; they were received by all alike, with a courteous, yet quiet loyalty, joined to an evident liking and friendship, that I trust from my heart may long continue! The nice tact, gay, yet gentle manner of the queen and young princess, when added to the king's frankness, *bonhomie*, and good nature, could not fail, one would think, to win every heart; though, I fear me! they suffer a shade of too much humility to preponderate, to permit *permanent* good fruit to mellow beneath the sunshine of the Swedish heart.

Few nags and fewer subjects are safe to ride, or drive in a "snaffle;" nor are they pleasant,

when too tightly curbed: the "Pelham bit," or happy medium, should be adopted in both cases worthy kings, queens, and "Jehus" in general; taking care that your tits are well in hand and properly polled up; though without *bearing-reins* or *blinkers;* and above all, that you *discriminate in feeding!* for I need not tell you, that a noble hunter may be suffered to grind away *ad libitum*, and with impunity, when an extra half-quartern of oats to a less worthy, or sagacious animal, may seduce his evil spirit into a struggle for the mastery.

To "carry corn" discreetly, or bear an excess of royal condescension, in a just and amiable spirit, is a rare trait in man or horse. Shelties, mules, and assinines should be very sparingly fed, and bountifully cudgelled at times, to maintain them effective, and from "kicking over the traces." However, to our "mutton" and the ball. Old Madame Bernadotte was prolific in chat and kind inquiries, and seemed to have every one's good word. Her son Oscar, and two grandsons; one Prince Gustaf, a very pleasing, though I regret to say delicate-looking youth, bringing up the rear; when, with "royals" set, and salvos of mutual adieus, the august squadron gained the welcome offing of their own privacy, and left the burghers to plenty of punch, polkas, and perspiration.

* * * * *

The royal library at Stockholm is a monu-

ment to Liberality, and has impressed me with one gratifying memento of the Swedish capital. The venerable, amply-stored refectory has scarcely a "latchet-door;" so easy of access is it to all who would refresh *en passant*, or carry away a plentiful supply of "vivers" for home consumption.

This noble bounty merits the most honourable mention, and gratitude at the hands of the stranger, and is surely the symptom of incipient freedom to Sweden, in every virtuous sense, as well as a proof of the king's *sincere* love of letters, and desire for reciprocity in intelligence.

You are allowed to select two or three volumes as you list, without the slightest tax upon your pocket, and to change them when you think proper; of course, after being introduced by a party who is answerable for their return.

When darkness throws her pall over the earth, a couple or three hours after *low* noon, as is the case at this moment at Stockholm, a privilege like the one I so gratefully chronicle, becomes invaluable; especially when the choice of reading in every tongue is allowed you, not in the comfortless seats and breezy nooks of the public library, as in England, but at home, if you prefer it, over your tea or breakfast table, whilst the snow and wintry gusts wreathe and moan about your casement, and remind you of the gelid latitude you are in, and of the genial one you are suffered to

take with the royal bookshelves: for which, *skål** and long life to the king!

The library possesses a valuable collection of manuscripts, in various languages, a few of which are of very remote date, and deeply interesting.

No inanimate object appeals so eloquently to the imagination as an old manuscript. You may trace on that embrowned and venerable page, the unwearied pen, the mental workings, the enthusiasm, the *life* of the long-forgotten writer, review the age and scenes in which he lived, as well as the generations of men who have gazed delightedly or enviously on it, and *past away*. There is a book in this library which spoke to me more plainly than all this, and led my fancy involuntarily through the catacombs of time, wherein repose the scenes of romance and darkness, piety and rapine through which it has been preserved. It is called the "Codex Aureus;" a manuscript copy of the four gospels, in the version of St. Jerome, most beautifully executed in the chaste, though illuminated style of the sixth or seventh century. It is evidently of Italian workmanship, and in glorious preservation. This venerable tome has received the appellation of the "Codex Aureus," or Golden Book, from the circumstance of its coloured leaves being written in characters of gold. It is in large folio, and consists of 192

* "Health," pronounced "*Skole.*"

leaves, alternately of pure white and a delicate violet hue, bibliognostically called purple, varying in shade and peculiarity of writing throughout the volume.

The vellum has been dyed and prepared with such consummate skill, as to be hard, glossy, and nearly transparent as glass. The whole Codex is written in large Gothic uncials, having headings to the different gospels in an elaborate, though florid style of decorative penmanship, singularly "rich and rare."

There is a brilliancy, softened by antiquity, together with a chastity of taste pervading the ornamental portions of this manuscript, which must strike every beholder. When we consider the ages that have rolled since the work was completed, we marvel that the very exposure to the air should not have defaced its beauty, or sapped its bloom; both are yet happily unfaded, though the hand of barbarous man has striven its utmost, from time to time, to mutilate and ruin the holy book. Much of the beautiful margin has been sacrificed to the ruthless binder, and hallowed annotations lost in consequence. The once gorgeous binding has long been torn away to minister to the rapacity of the barbarian, and has been replaced by a garb, execrably vile and paltry. Yet is there a gem in Anglo-Saxon, set in the title-page, which is of absorbing interest to the British reader, possess-

ing the power of leading him through realms of romance and stirring scenes, provided always he be of the true dreaming, backward-gazing turn.

This annotation was translated for me by an absolute worshipper of Anglo-Saxon literature; one of those patient, yet zealous pilgrims in the paths of learning, who toil and die by the way-side; crushed by that huge stone they heave at incessantly, and in vain!

To one of these "workmen," a labourer as able as he is modest, I am indebted for the literal translation of the annotation in question.

This short Anglo-Saxon sentence, written in a beautifully defined hand, in the top and bottom margin of the gorgeous "drop-scene" to the "Codex Aureus," comprehends the formal deed of gift of the book to Canterbury cathedral, and is expressed in the following quaint and forcible language:—

"✠ In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I, Alfred, Aldorman (Senior or Prince) and Werburg my wife got us this book from a heathen war-troop with our pure treasure, which was then of pure gold. And this did we two for the love of God, and for our soul's behoof, and for that we would not that this holy book should longer abide in heathenesse; and now will we give it to Christ's Church, God to praise and glory and worship, in thankful remembrance of his passion, and for the use of the holy brotherhood who in Christ's Church

do daily speak God's praise, and that they may every month read for Alfred, and for Werburg, and for Alhdryd (their daughter), their souls to eternal health as long as they have declared before God that baptism (holy rites) shall continue in this place. Even so, I, Alfred, Dux, and Werburg, pray and beseech in the name of God Almighty and of all His Saints, *that no man shall be so daring* as to sell, or part this holy book from Christ's Church, so long as baptism there may stand.

(Signed) "ALFRED, WERBURG, ALHDRYD."

This noble record of Anglo-Saxon piety and munificence cannot but excite a lively interest in the donor and his family.

It throws a charm over the manuscript indescribably thrilling, and leads the imagination to the scene of purchase from the heathen war-troop; the telling out the pure gold by the British Thane, surrounded by his score or two of spears, whilst possibly on a pilgrimage to Rome; the while his wife Werburg and daughter Alhdryd stood by, and were made participators in the generous deed in which he gloried so manfully.

My honoured friend, to whom I so gratefully allude, has been singularly felicitous in discovering the very will of Alfred, without there being a doubt of identity. This document he met with in Kemble's "Codex Diplomaticus Aevi Saxonici," and kindly offered me the translation. The lan-

guage abounds in force and native dignity. The will concludes thus:—"But if it so be, that God Almighty hath so ordained, and the boon awaiteth me that a male heir of my race should spring forth and be born, then,—to him give I, after my day, my whole inheritance to use as to him may seem best. And whoever these goods, and these gifts, and these writings, and these words will rightly keep, and perform the same, keep him Heaven's King! in this life, and eke in that which is to come. But, whoever shall overturn, and break the same, God Almighty overturn his glory and eke his soul's honour!" The will is confirmed by "Ædered," Archbishop; and signed with the mark of the Holy Rood, as well as by numerous witnesses, several of whom have "Knight" affixed to their signatures.

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My sketchy pen ventures not into the lode of research, or abstruse speculation needful to enable me to surmise how this precious tome became abstracted from the cathedral at Canterbury, despite the solemn adjuration of the noble donor, and again to be met with in Italy; this "labour of love" I leave to my antiquarian friend, taking a fanciful glance at the descent of fierce Vikings on the coast of Kent, and sacking of the minster wherein the book was lodged by the honoured Thane, for my own gratification. The transport of the volume, and sale at some Italian out-port,

joined, probably, to some portion of superstitious reverence, on the part of the leader of the buccaneers, which led to its salvation; the gloating purchaser, and convent scene, the delighted brethren and hymn of praise, offered up in gratitude for its recovery, when added to the previous *dramatis personæ*, through whose hands the revered tome had passed since its completion by the monk grown old in the task, might, I fancy, be wove into a romance, requiring neither the dilution, vapid sentimentalism, nor corrupt ingredients of the "Step-mother" school of novel-writing. It would need none of the old stock of such "used up" fabricators; not even the brace of "horsemen riding up or down hill," though one *might* be rather stout, and forbidding in his aspect, and the other more juvenile and comely in his appearance, to eke out the scenery!

The career of the Codex Aureus is a subject worthy the pen of Bulwer, and offers metal to the sound novelist of the purest vein.

What a succession of "acts," embodied in such a career, might be pourtrayed by the pencil of him who could repeople the dining-room of Glaucus, — lay bare the innermost phases of the mind of men who saw the "vail of the Temple rent in twain," and alternately trace the workings in the burning mountain, and not less agitated bosom of the blind girl, as *he* did.

I read the "Last days of Pompeii," for the third or fourth time, amidst the ruins of Wisby, and was fully confirmed in my belief of its super-excellence and extraordinary power. The life-like scenes, the *moving* people, and strikingly truthful portraiture and dialogue revived by Bulwer amidst the dust of two thousand years, while the dunning claims and engagements of "to-day" crowd and importune, may lead to some notion of the "sling" required to throw the mind of the limner the needful distance.

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Apropos to book-craft, I am reminded of my "small account" with Messrs. "Dombey and Son." As yet there is scarcely a sentence to be discovered in this profitable and popular monthly irruption, in which the "reversionary interest" of the tale may not be foreseen. The very door of old Sol's house is a *stage-door*, and his fire-place a *painted* one to the reader, only requiring "Oh! here they come!" and "odious monster!" (*aside*) occasionally, fully to dramatise the whole affair.

This is very sad taste in Dickens, and a blemish in his great genius as difficult to be overlooked by a man who has read a shillings-worth of Maxwell, and has no inclination for the gallery of the Surrey, as is a bog-spavin in a hunter to the man who knows a horse.

The superlative beauty of Scott's most graphic

grouping, whether with Dirk Hatteraik in the cave with Meg Merrilies, the arming of Vich Ian Vhor, the scene with Claverhouse at Tullitudlem, or death of Balfour of Burley,—dramatic as these scenes may appear to the imagination,—consists in the complete absence of everything like a theatrical expression or shading.

The same with Cooper's "Spy," (*incomparably his best,*) all Maxwell's, Grattan's, Mrs. Trollope's, and most of Bulwer's works.

With Dickens, you picture pulleys, prompters, box-keepers, paste-board poultry, and Mrs. Waylett in every chapter. Even that nice lad's chatter with "uncle Sol," reminds one of Master Aspull and "half play," quite as forcibly as Miss Dombey brings the vision of poor little Clara Fisher to our mind's eye. Dickens appears to be writing against time, with a few old nursery books and our friend "Maunder" for capital, and to *mortgage his reversion before his necessities require the sacrifice.*

The libel on the memory and good taste, if not sympathy and heart of the "West-end physician," when attending the death-bed of a suffering and amiable woman, *probably the last man capable of the vulgar indecency imputed to him in Dombey,*—is a departure from life, and an absurdity that would have been fatal to the reputation of any monthly issue, were it not propped by the author's great previous merits, and a semi-

ignorant class of admirers who are quite prepared to applaud before he speaks. Last year about this time I was in Normandy: not when spring or autumn strive almost in vain to add a charm to that most beauteous land, but in a dreary, howling winter, located in a village close upon the ocean; though happily removed but an hour's walk from a fine sea-port town.

I remember well one afternoon how that I braved a fierce north-east gale, accompanied by sleet and showers of spray, for no other purpose than to possess the "Cricket on the Hearth," which I had seen advertised as a "Fairy tale of Home," by the author of "Oliver Twist," and published by Monsieur Baudry at the low charge of two francs. "As every man with cash and sense would buy," I manfully faced the storm, "with cheerfulness the *one and eight-pence* paid," and homeward went, probably grinning a little as I stemmed the high cliff on which my dwelling was perched, but really "in heart and soul content." Then did I not coax *piquante* Madam Duval to hasten my tea and close the shutters; whilst I doffed my battered pee, donned my shooting-jacket and slippers, and straightway fell to work at the leaves of the "Fairy tale of Home." (What quackery, false pretension, and swindling lurk in the title of a book!) I flirted with my treasure, remembered "Fagin" and his sausages, and felt impervious to *ennui*, gales, and

memory for one evening, however hard it might blow. Now then for the banquet! my tea is poured out, my dry toast and shrimps are at my elbow, my feet on the chair, and "the last new Christmas tale, by our most popular writer" in my hand. A man would be worse than Shylock to ask for anything "to follow!"

I begin to read,—"Chirp, chirp, chirp;" "hum hum, hum," with an essay from a "Mrs. Peribingle," and infantine slang respecting the "mill" between a kettle and a cricket, and dispute as to the commencement and "first blood," led me, by the nose, to page twenty-four, or thereabouts, when "Chirp, chirp, chirp," "hum, hum, hum," were met with again, and conducted me to a carrier in love with one "Dot" and his bacon. I tried to discover some hidden meaning or floweret beneath this most villanous rubbish, but I could not. I became red in the face, and felt as if I had been imposed upon. I experienced the sensation of an audience once seduced with ourself to a concert given by one Jacobowitch, a scoundrel with as much pretension to music as he had to conscience. I pitched the "Cricket" *on the hearth,* with a vengeance, and became, from the tranquil domestic member of society I have described, a bilious and desperate man, I *drew on my boots again* and scudded through the gale to a neighbour's house, went thence to a *bal masqué* and shell-fish supper, and

have not yet recovered from the night's effects. With all this I justly debit Dickens and his "Cricket on the Hearth;" as any one of the hundreds of admirable old octavos that repose upon library shelves in the Norman sea-port town, thus vaguely hinted at, would have saved me.

An old "Blackwood," or file of the "Athenæum," would have forbidden the banns, and kept me in single blessedness. This "Fairy Tale of Home," only served to make my own wigwam unbearable, and to sow the seeds of influenza. It is *Mrs. Barbauld in slang*; a half and half of pap and treacle beer; though too gritty withal to make into decent shaving paper. Yet has this squeaking penny trumpery trash not only gone through twenty editions, but been acted on half the recreant boards of *Great* Britain! *Oh! tempora! oh, mores!*

There is a "bit of writing," in the "Battle of Life," with which I heartily credit Dickens, a glorious burst! so deliciously measured, yet free, so vigorous and thoroughly English in its strains, that I esteem its author as the "last of the Scalds," and *implore* him to forget the "Surrey" or "Lyceum" and *repeat it!*

I have not read the work itself, and have seen such varied opinions, by very able judges, that I shall not run the risk of having my mouth put out of order, or driven to another shell-fish supper,—such viands being too long on the road hereaway,

and savouring too strongly of "Lot's wife," to be as insinuating as they are in our own "Haymarket."

My volume will gain too much by the insertion of the sketch, with which I have been so truly delighted, to suffer me to omit it; and as it can scarcely fail to enchant my readers, I thus conclude my "Mems. of Winter," and wish to each and all a "fair good-night."

"Once upon a time, it matters little when, and in stalwart England, it matters little where, a fierce battle was fought. It was fought upon a long summer day, when the waving grass was green. Many a wild flower formed by the Almighty Hand to be a perfumed goblet for the dew, felt its enamelled cup fill high with blood that day, and shrinking dropped. Many an insect deriving its delicate colour from harmless leaves and herbs, was stained anew that day by dying men, and marked its frightened way with an unnatural track. The painted butterfly took blood into the air upon the edges of its wings. The stream ran red. The trodden ground became a quagmire, whence, from sullen pools collected in the prints of human feet and horses' hoofs, the one prevailing hue still lowered and glimmered at the sun.

"Heaven keep us from a knowledge of the sights the moon beheld upon that field, when, coming up above the black line of distant rising

ground, softened and blurred at the edge by trees, she rose into the sky and looked upon the plain, strewn with upturned faces that had once at mothers' breasts sought mothers' eyes, or slumbered happily! Heaven keep us from a knowledge of the secrets whispered afterwards upon the tainted wind that blew across the scene of that day's work and that night's death and suffering! Many a lonely moon was bright upon the battle-ground, and many a star kept mournful watch upon it, and many a wind from every quarter of the earth blew over it, before the traces of the fight were worn away.

"They lurked and lingered for a long time, but survived in little things; for Nature, far above the evil passions of men, soon recovered Her serenity, and smiled upon the guilty battle-ground as she had done before, when it was innocent. The lark sang high above it, the swallows skimmed and dipped and flitted to and fro, the shadows of the flying clouds pursued each other swiftly over grass and corn and turnip-field and wood, and over roof and church-spire in the nestling town among the trees, away into the bright distance on the borders of the sky and earth, where the red sunsets faded. Crops were sown, and grew up, and were gathered in; the stream that had been crimsoned, turned a watermill; men whistled at the plough; gleaners and haymakers were seen in quiet

groups at work; sheep and oxen pastured; boys whooped and called in fields to scare away the birds: smoke rose from cottage-chimneys; sabbath bells rang peacefully; old people lived and died; the timid creatures of the field, and simple flowers of the bush and garden, grew and withered in their destined terms; and all upon the fierce and bloody battle-ground, where thousands upon thousands had been killed in the great fight.

"But there were deep green patches in the growing corn at first, that people looked at awfully. Year after year they reappeared; and it was known that underneath those fertile spots, heaps of men and horses lay buried, indiscriminately, enriching the ground. The husbandmen who ploughed those places, shrank from the great worms abounding there; and the sheaves they yielded, were, for many a long year, called the Battle Sheaves, and set apart; and no one ever knew a Battle Sheaf to be among the last load at a Harvest Home. For a long time, every furrow that was turned revealed some fragments of the fight. For a long time, there were wounded trees upon the battle-ground; and scraps of hacked and broken fence and wall, where deadly struggles had been made; and trampled parts, where not a leaf or blade would grow. For a long time, no village girl would dress her hair or bosom with the sweetest

flower from that field of death; and after many a year had come and gone, the berries growing there were still believed to leave too deep a stain upon the hand that plucked them.

"The Seasons in their course, however, though they passed as lightly as the summer clouds themselves, obliterated in the lapse of time even these remains of the old conflict; and wore away such legendary traces of it as the neighbouring people carried in their minds, until they dwindled into old wives' tales, dimly remembered round the winter fire, and waning every year. Where the wild flowers and berries had so long remained upon the stem untouched, gardens arose, and houses were built, and children played at battles on the turf. The wounded trees had long ago made Christmas logs, and blazed and roared away. The deep green patches were no greener now than the memory of those who lay in the dust below. The ploughshare still turned up from time to time some rusty bits of metal, but it was hard to say what use they had ever served, and those who found them wondered and disputed. An old dinted corslet, and a helmet, had been hanging in the church so long, that the same weak half-blind old man who tried in vain to make them out above the whitewashed arch, had marvelled at them as a baby. If the hosts slain upon the field could have been for a moment reanimated in the forms in which they

fell, each upon the spot that was the bed of his untimely death, gashed and ghastly soldiers would have stared in, hundreds deep, at household door and window; and would have risen on the hearths of quiet homes; and would have been the garnered store of barns and granaries; and would have started up between the cradled infant and its nurse; and would have floated with the stream, and whirled round on the mill, and crowded the orchard, and burdened the meadow, and piled the rickyard high with dying men. So altered was the battle-ground where thousands upon thousands had been killed in the great fight."

Swedish National Air.

LETTER XXXVIII.

ENTREMETS.—NATIONAL AIRS OF SWEDEN.—ANECDOTAGE, LEGENDS, BALLADS.—NOCTES BOREALES.

A FEW of the national airs of Sweden are melody itself, and can scarcely fail to be acceptable to the transcriber's fair countrywomen. He gladly copies the music of two or three very ancient memorials, and in the earnest hope of affording pleasure, offers it to their rosy fingers.

Though the hippocrene from whence they sprang is now frozen to its very source, he hopes the quaint, yet sweetly solemn strains, may lead the fancy of the hearer to the whilome stalwart land of the twelfth Charles, when harps were yet unstrung, and Northmen and the Pygmæi* not so near akin: to those brave days of manliness and mind, and *gratuitous* integrity of purpose, when the "Royal Swede" bivouacked with Mazeppa after "dread Pultowa's day," when

> "through all
> King-like the monarch bore his fall,
> And made in this extreme of ill,
> His pangs the *vassals of his will.*"

* See Tegnèr, *the* Swedish poet in his "Ivea."

To the air of "Necken's Polska," or Song of the Nixy, or Water-spirit, the following words in English have been adapted by a "learned friend," of the very kind one to whom I am indebted for the airs I have annexed, in lieu,—I will not say in translation,—of the original Swedish.

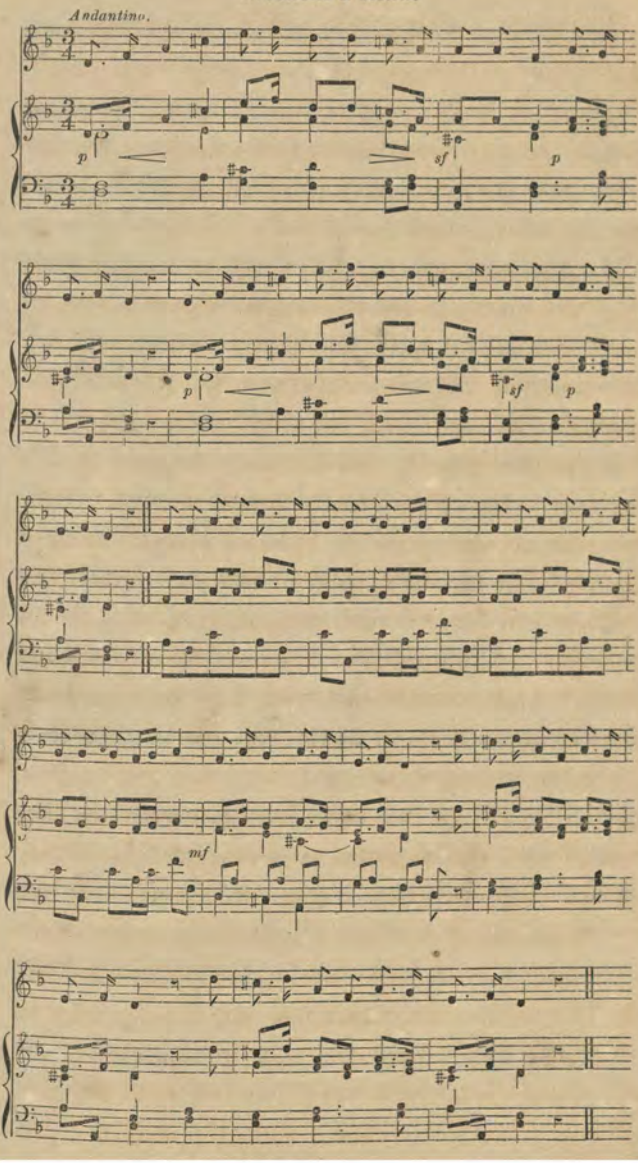
As few tasks are more difficult or unpalatable than the cramped adaptation of scanty words to musical metre, I have added my own paraphrase in prose, of the material from which they are strung; in hope of simplifying its meaning, though probably in reality only to add to its mystery. In either case I trust it may be acceptable according to the taste of the reader; be it simple, or inclining to a relish for the opaque.

This air is of great antiquity, having been known and played in Sweden "time out of mind," and is still, perhaps, one of the most popular ones at the present day.

Before giving the song of the Nixy, it may be as well to relate the legend in reference to that spirit; and the consolatory reasons for his merriment. It runs thus:—

"Once upon a time, as it was growing dusk, a priest was riding over a bridge, when, just as he reached the other side he heard tones of the most lovely harping. He immediately turned round, and saw a youth, naked to the waist, standing in the water. Flowing yellow locks were hanging down his shoulders, and in his

Neckens Polska.



hand was a golden harp. Then the priest knew it was the Nixy, and called out to him in his zeal, — 'What merry tune is that you play? Sooner shall this dry reed, which I hold in my hand, grow green and blossom, than you find any redemption!' Then the unhappy harper, in his grief, threw his harp into the water, and sat bitterly weeping on the stream.

"The priest turned his horse about and rode on his way; but, lo! he had scarce gone a furlong, before he saw green shoots, and leaves mixed with the most beautiful flowers bursting from his pilgrim's staff. This he received as a token from heaven to be more careful in preaching the comfortable doctrine of Atonement; so he sped back to the water-spirit, who still sat in woe, and shewed him the budding staff, saying—'See, spirit! my dry staff buds and blossoms, like a sucker in a garden of roses; so let hope bloom in the hearts of all created beings, for their Redeemer liveth.' When the Nixy heard this he was greatly comforted, and took up his harp again, and gladsome melody rang round the strand for many a live-long night."

THE NIXY'S SONG.

"On diamond crags beneath the sea,
The Nixy rests in emerald hall;
O'er hill, and dale, and tree,
Night's handmaids spread a murky pall."

Eve stands glorious, swart in festal year,
No sound, no sighing whisper, far or near,
Breaks the calm that rules o'er all,
When the sea-king comes from his golden hall."

Thus, I fear, halts our prosy paraphrase.

Deep in unfathomed seas, in emerald halls, girt by glittering realms, and rocks of gem, the Nixy dwells.

Night's dark eyed maidens cast her sable mantle over wave and copse, and hill and vale. Nor far nor near are faintest murmurs heard.

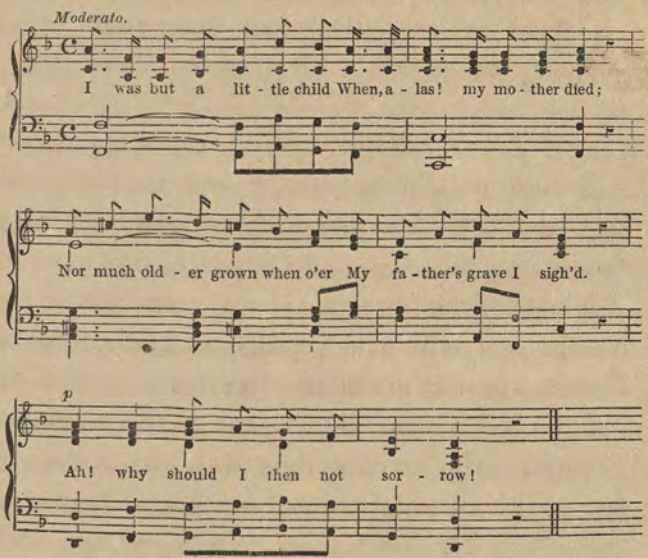
Calm and silence reign intensely and supreme. Then, the grim sea-king right well loves to roam, and gaily leaves his gemmed and beamy home!

* * * *

Sweden is remarkably rich in legendary lore, popular dance, rhymes, and Champion ballads; as well as fortunate in possessing a few sons, and "strangers within her gates" occasionally, who justly appreciate the venerable pen-craft.

Probably the best collection of these interesting relics is to be met with in the volumes of Messrs. Geijer and Afzelius, published at Stockholm. They contain many hundreds of antique melodies, of quaint and simple metre, as well as of the heroic ballad strain, and are invaluable links in our literature, and portraiture of manners. These old ditties chant the woes and sweets of true and false love, spells, enchantments, dreams, and ghost legends, as well as

Swedish National Air, Province of Westmanland.


Moderato.
I was but a lit - tle child When, a - las! my mo - ther died;
Nor much old - er grown when o'er My fa - ther's grave I sigh'd.
p
Ah! why should I then not sor - row!

2.

But far more I grieve for him
To whom my heart was given;
From his faith he swerved as far
As earth is far from heaven.
Ah! why should I then not sorrow!

3.

Four long years and over
I've waited for my friend;
Would he but come back again
My troubles then might end.
Ah! why should I then not sorrow!

4.

A little bird is twittering
Upon a rosy spray;
Sad it sings, as though it mourn'd
A dear one far away.
Ah! why should I then not sorrow!*

* Literal translation of the Swedish words.

of mythological and heathen times; and have occasionally both moral and pathos pervading their hoary matter, with invariably an untrammelled natural air and tone, that are as refreshing to our present criticised and cauterized ideas, as they are redolent of honesty, and consequently worthy to be received as true and pleasant chroniclers of the minds and manners of our forefathers. Every scrap of ballad literature is more valuable than "fine gold;" and should be sought after and cherished in our own romantic land with far more eagerness and appreciation of its worth than we have hitherto possessed. Fortunately, we have had a few of these treasures rescued from oblivion, or the fire, by our Scottish and Border conservators; but how many of the glorious stirring old ditties, peculiar to our coast and inland counties in England and Wales, have been unpardonably despised and lost?

Glory and repose to the "stumps of Witherington!" we yet possess the very grandest ballad in the human tongue—in "Chevy Chase;" and proud may we well be of the fact.

I never read this unequalled lay without being transported to the very scene of action, and feeling my eye moisten and my blood creep with delight. I see the woodland vista filled with "fallow-deer," the very fern, and glittering streamlet, and all the sylvan features of the

glorious old picture, as well as hear the chivalric courteous voice of Earl Percy, and the very neigh of his charger in this hallowed English verse, as if a Scott had written and a Landseer painted it. How grievous to suppose that any such bullion, in our language, as this should have been lost to us for ever, as it undoubtedly has; and how much more so to know that the mine, and the genuine, stalwart, virtuous miners are alike departed!

As a specimen of these Northern ballads, I subjoin the following delicious, warbling ditty.

THE DANCE IN THE GROVE OF ROSES.

I.

'Twas all upon an evening, when the rime it falleth slow,
That a swain, on good grey palfrey, across the mead would go,
Ye'll bide me true!

II.

His saddle it was of silver, his bridle it was of gold;
Himself rides there, so full of grace, and virtues all untold,
Ye'll bide me true!

III.

So straight to the Grove of Roses, the knight he speeds along,
Where a merrie dance he findeth, fair dames, and maids among,
Ye'll bide me true!

IV.

His steed, right soon he bindeth, where the lily blooms so fair,
And much his heart rejoiceth, that he was comen there,
Ye'll bide me true!

V.

Again we 'll meet, again we 'll greet, when middest summers here,
When the laughing days draw out so long, and the nights are mild and clear,
Ye'll bide me true!

VI.

Again we 'll meet, again we 'll greet, on middest summer's day,
When the lark it carols lightly and the cuckoo coos away,
Ye'll bide me true!

VII.

Again we 'll meet, again we 'll greet, on the freshly flowering lea,
Where the rose so bright, and the lily white, our sweet soft couch shall be,
*Ye'll bide me true!**

* * * *

We conclude with a parting stanza from "A ryghte merrie Description of a Giant's Fyghtes," in which one of the combatants is represented as being "forty ells broad and well a hundred long." It appears to have been "up and down work" and "no child's play," from the sketch of round the eleventh, which says

"The next round that these champions had,
How each did fume and frown!
The great blue mountain under them
To clay they trampled down:
"'Tis fierce this sport," one giant muttered;
"'Tis scarce begun as yet," the other grimly uttered."

The following beautiful legend, of which I offer a mere "etching" from memory, was dis-

* Translated from the original Swedish by George Stephens, Esq.—Vide the "Foreign Quarterly Review," Oct. 1840.

covered in Icelandic, by my indefatigable Runic friend, and told to me over our not altogether joyless, though far from radiant substitute for a "fire-side," in less than a dozen words. The legend bears the date of the 14th century, and *may* be read thus:—

In the starless midnight of those dark ages that have now happily rolled away, surrounded by raging or frozen seas, and a perfect chaos of shattered granite, and forests of the moaning, sombre pine, was, erewhile, a certain dismal monastery.

Within these dreary, melancholy walls was often heard the heart-rending wail of a cruelly persecuted layman, who being of feeble, yet pure, and right meaning frame of mind, was equally tortured and despised by his more astute and arrogant brethren. The only words this simple, suffering captive was ever known to utter, were a meek yet reverend "Ave, Maria!" They were spontaneously repeated in the hour of famine and in torture, at matin and vesper. They embodied the wreck of a mind, and were Reason's sole raft and beacon.

In course of time this poor wretch died, and without so much as a passing knell, or other form, or thought beyond contempt, was consigned to a shallow, rugged grave within the dank and loathsome precincts of the sterile burial-ground specially allotted to the graceless and sinful dead.

Now it came to pass, when the mists of morning had reluctantly 'dappled into day,' though not a leaf was green, nor a blade of grass was seen within that desolate domain, there was seen gaily blooming on that ill-used one's grave, a stately lily, sweet and fair! And when, imbued with awe, and greatly marvelling, the abbot bade them unearth its roots, and remove them carefully, appalled and wonder-struck, they beheld them *springing from the dead man's tongue!*

The monks straightway, convinced of their injustice and impiety, accepted the flowering messenger as a token that our all-wise and gracious Maker may haply receive the humble effort of a sincere yet feeble 'will,' in preference to many a dazzling self-exalting 'deed, &c.'

* * * * *

Talking with a Frenchman, the other evening, about the battle of Waterloo—I trust it is superflous to say the subject was not broached by myself—I was equally enchanted and tickled at the amusing way in which he proved, quite satisfactorily to his own *amour propre*, the whole affair not only to have been "a mistake" from beginning to end, but that no commander, however skilful, could possibly make arrangements and carry them out, if he had the unheard of obstinacy and unreasonable stubbornness, to say

nothing of the lack of everything like military *complaisance* to contend with, as was the case at Waterloo. He gave me to understand that he had always supposed a military chief might very safely *calculate* upon a force of several thousands dislodging as many hundreds of any enemy whatever, as a matter of course; but that, when Marshal Ney in person proceeded to carry a position, with an overwhelming force, as he had reason to believe, by a *coup de main*,—bah! de English, only four or five hundred men, "*would not go!*" but killed much people, and were so obstinate that the marshal had to "valk a leetle vay out of de fire," to rally and re-form his men, who were much disgusted—ven he tried again to drive off de English, "but no, though more dan de *moitié* vere killed, or terribly *malade*, they still *would not go!* So then, *beaucoup des braves* being killed, and more English coming up to occupy the position the leetle stupid *escadron* were keeping for them, they," my friend *could* not, *would* not use the word *retreat*, but after hesitating for a word, said coolly, and with an air of supreme contempt at our *brusque* and altogether unpolished behaviour, "then they vent avay." At which Napoleon vas *horriblement chagriné*.

The delicious way in which this was said may be faintly conceived by those blessed with a fertile imagination, but by no others. The dis-

gust at English "obstinacy," and departure from all rule and politeness in such matters, was eloquently portrayed by a grimace and shrug, which no one but a Gaul could hope to imitate.

* * * * *

On another occasion, when conversing *en passant* with a Stockholm *grosshandlare*, or merchant of the "first class," I was led in the course of our chat to allude, with a slight portion of personal gratification, to the munificent aid that was then so promptly and spontaneously being afforded to Ireland in her distress, by most of our city firms, their subscriptions amounting in many cases to a cool thousand, not *banco* but *sterling*, as I gave him to understand.

I made little impression upon my semi-Israelitish auditor, till I named the *sum* given, whereon he involuntarily shuddered, and exclaimed, "he thanked God *he* was not a British merchant!" in which I, of course, politely acquiesced, saying in turn how equally and fervently I thanked God *he was not!*

This curiosity in speech, if not creed, is given in *perfect truth*, without there being a single painted letter in the delicious morsel of anecdotage, and may serve to shew how far from the "perspective" the views of such merchants reach in Sweden. My amiable colloquist looked with a Babylonish eye at the momentary impost upon the profits or charity of the firm, and the impossi-

bility of escape on *our* 'Change, were there the least desire for it, which happily there is not, and completely lost sight of the (to him) unattainable height of trading grandeur and virtue, to which these honoured firms have exalted themselves and their country, as well as the consequent ability and willingness to discharge such sad yet righteous duties.

* * * * *

Apropos to duty; I am put in mind of the trial and condemnation of "Lucretia," having had the painful honour of playing the part of attorney-general, host, and executioner on the memorable occasion, when a few British subjects met on the confines of the North Pole, absolutely to *burn* the "last new novel" from Conduit Street.

Faith, it was a racy scene, and a significant. Our noble chief baron, berobed, cocked-hatted, and ensconced in a huge Scandinavian chair. The learned counsel, swart as night, and steeped in Runic lore, *self*-retained for the defence, duly powdered and *costumé*. The *grand undying* jury panelled in the centre of the snuggery floor, the miserable culprit cowering in guilty contrast, docked in the wood-scuttle and *not* allowed the privilege of a chair, served to render the scene somewhat worthy of Cruikshank, and haply a passing "Mem."

Everything was conducted with rigid fairness

and in undulated gravity of ceremonial, save, that when after a burst of eloquence from counsel, the learned judge was requested to pass,—not a hasty sentence, but, the *wine!* being rather happily, though briefly reminded by his *entertainer* that *in vino veritas;* whereon my lord, with the devotion of a Vaux, instantly demanded a bumper.

The former good character of the pen to whom the atrocities in "Lucretia," were to be traced, was earnestly and eloquently urged upon the jury; as well as the "few and far between" unexceptionable passages in her career, quoted by the learned sergeant who had undertaken her defence, from pure love of fair play.

Every imaginable shade of a brighter construction which talent and ingenuity could paint; nay, every *unlighted* lucifer of the author's perchance hidden meaning; as well as, for argument's sake, his amiable though indiscreet desire to tickle the huge arsenicated maw of the frail and seedy, wherein arm in arm with "his Sue," he fondly hoped to be swallowed, were tried and held up to view by the inspired advocate; but in vain! The attorney-general, after ardently exhorting the jury to banish the recollection of all military review articles whatever, and to adjudicate dispassionately on the extracts produced in evidence from the volumes at the bar, in which category,—the personal character, votes in parliament, charities,

digestion, or previous works of the author were neither hinted at nor impugned; after most ingeniously giving the prisoner the benefit of the puffs contained in the "Atlas," "Court Journal," and "Examiner," the only favourable notices he believed on record; as well as the "Word to the Public" to discuss, in which every crime chronicled since the days of Cain to Greenacre, including "the parricide of Œdipus," and "Phædra's wooing her step-son," are *cited* in palliation or precedent by the "*Author of the Disowned.*" *After a sigh that such things should be,* he calmly appealed to them as fathers of literature, sons of genius, and husbands of taste, for a verdict, sorrowfully yet successfully proving the wretched criminal to be a black sheep in their own flock, certainly deserving removal, if not condign punishment.

Old Chaucer,—Heaven rest his bones, and infuse his spirit among us!—emphatically pronounced a verdict of guilty.

The learned judge solemnly placing his hat "athwart ship," impressively passed sentence of instant immolation on the *Kakelugn,** which the present humble historian as promptly executed in person; howbeit, a wight who would not willingly *waste* a crumb. On releasing and thanking the jury for their attendance and most just verdict, the venerable chief baron delivered him-

* The Swedish for stove.

self of some rare, yet wholesome truths in reference to and castigation of the depraved yet prevailing *amour* for either the blood-flowering* monstrosities, or monthly irruptions of *animalculæ* in print, which appears to possess no inconsiderable portion of the heart of the reading world.

During this luminous charge, or rather *dis*-charge, — our savoury friend Kitchener stole quietly away from the jury-box to prepare the grilled bones, and order the hot water; and thus ended *one* of our "*Noctes Boreales.*"

The assize *littéraire* or serio-comic session, to which reference is made in the latter part of this chapter, was actually held in the quarters of the author at Stockholm, when "Lucretia" was tried for "Murder, Vicious Language, Insipidity, and returning from Transportation," before a jury composed of Chaucer (foreman), Scott, Johnson, *Pel*-ham, Spencer, Chambers, D'Israeli (the elder), Shakspeare, Blackwood, Cyril Thornton, Gray, and Dr. Kitchener,—and *burnt* without benefit of clergy,—in accordance with the righteous sentence passed upon her by the learned judge who presided in conclave.

* Vide the *Hæmanthus*, or "Blood-Flower."

LETTER XXXIX.

A DANGEROUS MOVE.—THE DUTY OF A TOURIST.—THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE HEART.—PASCAL. — MY OPINION OF SWEDISH CHARACTER.—MANNER.—MY FAITH IN IT.—CEREMONY, BACKBITING, AND JEALOUSY. — SOCIETY. — THE DANCING MASTER ABROAD.—CURIOSITY. — THE "AMOR PECUNIÆ." — CALCULATIONS. — THE SWEDISH OPINION ON THESE MATTERS. — MY GREAT MISTAKE AND DISAPPOINTMENT.—SWEDISH JEWS.—THE PEASANTRY.—RUSTIC DANDYISM.—THE GOOD TRAITS.—A HINT TO STRANGERS.—VANITY IN PERFECTION.—THE "BONNY LASSES OF SWEDEN."

THERE is, probably, no single move on the wandering scribbler's chess-board, if such a figure of speech be admissible, which demands more intense reflection and deliberate caution, on the part of the player, than the one requiring him to advance an opinion upon a nation's mental peculiarities: or, rather, in pronouncing an estimate of its heart and disposition, from the instances and opportunities of judging to which he has access. Premising that the move is in a manner *required* at his hands, as a bold but fair chronicler of the impressions he receives, as well as of the scenes and scenery passing before him; I repeat, none is more replete

with danger, or liable to throw him open to the combined attack of queen, bishop, knight, castle, and lowly pawn, than the move in question: for they, one and all, are typical of the phalanx of opponents he will have to contend with, should his opinion be otherwise than flattering to the respective pieces. Still let him do his duty in firm humility, nor fear to be check-mated if in error; or elated, should past experience and future dissection of the subject by more able heads award him the honours of the game; or of being correct in the estimate he ventures to publish as some slight, though perchance serviceable hint for his countrymen in their dealings with our foreign neighbours; an useful result he candidly acknowledges to have in view, in addition to any gratification he may possibly afford them in his more desultory, sketchy style of scribbling. If you know something of a man's true tendency of mind, you are, at all events, better able to make your calculation on the chances of good or evil attending any points of social contract there may be between you, which have their stimulus or rule proceeding directly from it; supposing everything legally binding to be out of the question; and cautiously as it behoves a man to tread the deceptive, over-shaded pathway, which leads to the fountain whereat such knowledge of men can alone be obtained; I have somehow such

confidence in my own judgment from long and careful study of daily, intimate acquaintances that,—vanity as it may seem in any one making the assertion,—I have rarely been deceived in the opinion I have once formed of a man's heart and disposition, though very frequently in arriving at his true temper and attainments.

Men are all more or less alike in the attributes of the heart; hospitality, charity, (in more matters than pecuniary aid,) ingenuousness, the love of fair play and fair dealing, with many more traits emanating directly from it, are *national* ones—quite as much so as are the gifts of intellect sparingly and individually allotted. Of this be assured; and safely may you draw a national conclusion after passing a few handsful of men through the fine sieve of experience, free from the slightest prejudging and bias, rather passing them through it again and again before you venture upon the opinion you feel, to a certain extent, called upon to give.

As Pascal says, "We may often more effectually improve our own characters by observing what is wrong in others, than in noticing examples of good; and it is well to accustom oneself to gain advantage from evil, since that is so common, while goodness is so rare."

This being the case, I shall proceed to give my impressions of Swedish character, hoping that the good traits may be profitably emulated

at home, and the unfavourable ones as devoutly eschewed.

He is a bold, and possibly not a very wise man, who opposes his judgment to any aphorism duly accepted and indorsed by the public; yet will I venture to assert that manner instead of being a fallacious Mentor, as generally supposed, is, in nine cases out of ten, the true dial to the works within. If a man stalks haughtily through the streets of his native town, or receives with a lofty air the approach of a more humble neighbour—I care not under what circumstances—never mind what they say about his *manner*, but put him down as a proud man, if not an overbearing and uncharitable one, and you will be right.

I had my misgivings of the Swedish manner from the first; their bowing, and scraping, and wreathed smiles, were anything but indicative of sincerity or heart; and I am constrained to sum up—not my *minutes* of evidence—but a series of carefully scanned readings, by saying that neither of these heaven-born, though at the same time thoroughly manly attributes, flourish luxuriantly in Sweden. Nothing can be further from the genuine warmth of true friendliness, I do not mean friendship—sadly abused word!—or spirit-mingling, in even the occasional "tumbler" devoted to joviality, than the palpable decoration of manner which hangs, without a single fresh leaf

in its garland, over the heads of Swedish society. I do not allude to society in her war-paint; or that tram-way of caprice which leads to bowers in all countries alike, where green leaves are but imaginary; nor to the crowded staircase, or act of deliberate ceremony; but to occasions when two or three are gathered together for the exchange of heartiness, when you would think the hateful dancing-master could not have got admittance. Yet there he is in his vile "tights," bowing, and scraping, and handing the punch.

I cannot get at a Swede's *heart*, however mellow it may be, nor can his brother or most intimate companion; and when he fancies he is amusing me by tales of disparagement of all alike, the moment their backs are turned—a trait as universal as it is detestable—he makes a mistake, of which I now publicly tell him, one greater than enters into his philosophy to conceive. Every man and woman alike, in this country, have something to say against the reputation of their respective acquaintance, added to a jealous hatred of a successful competitor in any walk of life, too sad to relate—sadder still to witness. A Swedish gentleman told me his countrymen would willingly assist him in any matter, if they could without any great outlay or trouble; but that the instant he began to thrive, they would tumble his house and character about his ears, if they could possibly ac-

complish it. Jealousy in trade, he added, was carried on to a savage extent; and prevailed amongst bouquets of bows, and squeezings of the hand, as if it was as far distant as the sincerity they falsely pretend to guarantee.

One trait in Swedish character, is the most intense curiosity in everything relating to the resources and personal matters of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children. These are added to, subtracted from, or multiplied, according to the unequalled arithmetical capacity of the inquirer. In the working of statistics and minute calculation they boast of being a pre-eminent authority, and not without reason; for if you would know how many iron masks for a gnat might have been made from the produce of Dannemora since the first shaft was sunk; or how many grimalkin *accouchements* have transpired within the same period, a Swede only can tell you.

In a bit of genuine, fresh-baked, household scandal he is unrivalled.

The downright probing you will have to endure, in passing through the country, exceeds even that well-known Transatlantic operation in severity.

Inquisitiveness in Sweden absolutely amounts to a painful anxiety, and the desire to know "how you do" to a usurious interest.

The "*amor pecuniæ*" is another thorough

Swedish plant, and throws into shade nearly every other flower of the mind: it is watered morning and evening, and attended with such assiduous care, that it has struck its roots into many a Swede's inmost soul so deeply, as to defy every attempt to eradicate it, were such ever made. They are anything but misers; nevertheless they desire the money—yea! as the hart panteth for the water-brook — that they may spend it on *themselves*. If you enter the country, you are measured as to your capacity for being turned to account, as carefully as if you were formed of gold-dust, rather than of human ashes: if there is the most remote chance of it, look for being cherished accordingly; if not, "go thy way, thou unprofitable acquaintance," is the mental ejaculation, be assured. The Swedes say this of each other, and common politeness demands my full acquiescence, grievous as it is to relate it. They look not for sincerity amongst themselves, nor are they ever agreeably surprised by its discovery.

I confess to being as much disappointed in the national character, manner, and bearing, as I was altogether mistaken in my surmises with reference to them. I thought, and hoped to find a race of men somewhat between Magnus Troil, and Cooper's "Leather Stocking," with a dash of Ossian in Scandinavia, with the straightforward heartiness and simplicity of manners of the extreme north;

pleasingly rough as their own fatherland; instead of which, I meet with a singular mixture of the Scot and Frenchman; for to the former's caution you see all the garb and manner of the latter; though the mellowed traits of Sandy, as well as the polished gaiety of France, have as yet not been imported; of the ruddy, ingenuous, pea-jacketed north there is no trace; sailors and fishermen prefer having straps to their trousers, *literally*, though I mean manners, not garments at present. I know no country in which society appears so loosely put together as in Sweden. The several castes are *harshly prominent* and without the least sympathy. There *can* be but little cement with the lack of everything like cordiality which exists between the notables of blood and the trading community. A bristling barrier between them!

The rivalry of the parties in the hour of parade is displayed in equipage, immense livery buttons, and not the happiest attempt at indifference. However rich a merchant may be—if not noble—he is debarred from bearing arms. Yet have I seen solid ducal coronets mounted on the turrets of the harness of one of these latter to console himself for the loss of the prohibited cognizance.*

I am well aware it is anything but fair

* We are acquainted with a Swedish count who *packs porcelain* for a livelihood, and who is regularly shaved, dressed, and "kept decent" for the occasion, when he is sent for to vote at the Diet.

to judge of any country by the instances you meet with in its capital; equally is it incumbent on me to say, that the peasantry, a class tantamount to our yeomanry, in moral and solid attributes, represent Sweden in reality. In matters of emergency they have ever played a prominent part, and will do so again when called upon; but in the villages, there is the same increasing embellishment of manner and rustic dandyism, and as little true unleavened heartiness.

You detect the *yeast and alum* in the apparently homely brown loaf, and may read calculation in the eye. Trifles cease to be such in delineating character, and are as certain tell-tales in my opinion, as the pulse in indicating health or disease; the *petit maîterism* of Sweden is one of them not to be mistaken. I *may* be wrong, and would infinitely rather slip with the foot, than with the pen; though, from my all but invariable scepticism in matters of "hear-say," nearly equalled by my doubts of vision, believing *nothing* I hear, and *only half* what I see, I am induced to think in this instance and judgment I am correct.

In concluding my ungracious task of taking national likenesses without flattery, I cannot resist running a single tilt against that insidious malady of the understanding, that moral ophthalmia to which we have all such sad predisposition;

namely, vanity; for rankly as the hateful weed grows in all countries alike, in none does it so "encumber the ground" as in Sweden; for being over head and ears in self-love, for thorough assurance and pious belief in a right to lay claim to perfect equality with every Crichton of the day, no man alive can exceed a Swede. I have observed him steadily under various tests and experiments, and never found him inconstant in *amour propre* for an instant; he is true to himself, as Abelard was to Eloise. This *home-made* charity, unlike the heaven-born maid, produces the worst of fruits; it dims the eye, weakens the head, and leaves us an easy prey to the incurable imposthume of our own self-sufficiency.

The act of dipping every piece of meat prepared for your mouth, separately, in the common salt cellar—one I saw performed frequently at the first club in Stockholm, by men who were accounted quite *comme il faut*—you would not imagine a feat to boast of at all events; yet was I told that *we* were to be quizzed for our fastidious notions in thinking salt spoons and sugar tongs essential to the decencies of the table. I name this, more to illustrate the national vanity, than to record the filthy breach of manners, one arising from pure ignorance, or primeval Gothic simplicity, rather than the least intention to offend; but when told of the nauseous sensation such and such like habits must occasion to every

sensitive stomach, a Swede will tell you "fingers were made before spoons," and strut out complacently as ever, *favouring the floor copiously* before he quits the room. If he could get into the street in less time than it would take a snipe to fly over a mushroom, he would take the floor "for choice."

As a set off to these traits, you meet with great courtesy and much public charity; observe much gratifying affection on the part of all the families alike within themselves, and receive a guarded attention, a garnished familiarity, at their hands, with occasionally a half-timid, half-boisterous demonstration in your favour; and (a murrain pull their heart-strings!) the same pompous, heartless dancing-school bow the next morning, as if you had never met over night. This is not your fare only, it is general and systematic; they appear *frightened* at a hearty salutation.

Enough of this subject, and let me view once more the woods, and rocks, and lakes, which should be the points of attraction to a tourist as you may say, and not the twistings and bent of the human mind. So be it then, but if ever you take a wife, husband, or partner in business from Sweden, dear reader British, or make any contract in which the mental phases may serve or injure, mark well the traits I have described, only to cause thee to weed thine own garden the more carefully, and to imitate the good points of

character I have equally chronicled; so may you together be blended and improved, and assist in carrying out the great scheme of the creation, which says emphatically, "Breed not *in* and *in*," for to no one can I recommend thee, dear peruser masculine, more likely to find favour in thine eyes, or more worthy thine undivided homage, than any one of the thousands of "bonny lasses" blooming amidst the granite and lakes of Sweden.

LETTER XL.

THE MÄLAR SEA. — SWEDISH STEAMERS AND THEIR COMMANDERS.—SEA DANDYISM. — TRIPS ON THE MÄLAR.—THE "ENGLISH FASHION ABROAD."—LONG AND SHORT STIRRUPS.—THE FINE OLD BARON OF NASBY. — LESSONS IN MEN AND MANNERS. — THE SWEDISH ARMY. — THE CROWN-PRINCE. — THE ROYAL DANE.—THE AMATEUR CAMPAIGN.—THE BIVOUAC.

MÄLAREN, or the Mälar, the final syllable being the Swedish article, is a magnificent inland sea, whose gigantic granite-cased limbs are thrown in a deluge of beauty over a considerable portion of Sweden, and offers to the tourist a succession of marine trips in summer, which may be fairly termed unequalled in lake scenery. These picturesque arms stretch away from the capital for upwards of a hundred miles, inclining towards every point of the compass, and have each their respective steamers to and from the various towns and outports that are placed within the rugged bays and creeks which call the noble sea their mother.

The little vessels are invariably as clean, *when boarded by the passengers*, as it is possible to desire them, ably and respectably commanded—com-

fortably fitted—and governed by punctuality itself. Better behaved men than commanders in the Swedish merchant-marine do not exist, nor is it flattery to assert, their equals either,—on recollection over-hauling the class in the aggregate through a very considerable and varied acquaintance. As with all the sons of Neptune, they are invariably kind and hearty fellows, far more so than any other set of their countrymen; though, from being drilled into the universal stays of *petit maîterism*, which has eaten into the very tar and oakum of old Scandinavia, they require a good deal of manœuvring and palavering before they suffer themselves to be "brought to." But, when they have got through the regulation number of flourishes and fresh-water bows, for surely blue water could never bear them, they are hospitable jolly fellows, and universally civil to an Englishman, as well as proud in alluding to their frequent service in our ships; at least, so I have ever found them, and speak as well as write accordingly.

More than a year's residence on the shores of the Mälar, gave me constant opportunities of making voyages to the different ports to which nearly five-and-twenty steamers run daily in summer; and, though the history of such trips would be tedious to both relater and reader, probably one or two hasty sketches of points of interest may prove the contrary, and induce idle fellows

at home to "do likewise." I can promise fresh air, views, fish, and faces for a fortnight's daily excursion: can guarantee the greatest civility and reasonable charges on board the respective steamers, and answer for as few annoyances as poor humanity can well look for in the consumption of an equal amount of time and space.

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One brilliant morning in early June, I embarked on board the "Viking," a delightful little craft, for Arboga, a wooden town situated on the Mälar at the distance of probably eighty miles from Stockholm. We steamed through the clear and winding water, till we arrived at Strengnäs, at which town there is a very ancient cathedral and see of a bishop, as well as considerable interest attached from its being the place where Gustavus I. was proclaimed King of Sweden; the house wherein the ceremony was performed being still shewn.

The country round Strengnäs is bleak and dreary in the extreme, and offered little temptation for a prolonged stay. I therefore kept to the "Viking," and landed in the evening at Arboga, a quaint and cleanly little spot, with two churches ornamented by tapering spires covered with wooden scales, and a hostel, on whose roof was growing a goodly crop of grass, amply sufficient for a couple of cows. Hence we took horses and proceeded to Sundby, the seat of

Count de Geer, (pronounced de Yéer) by a route which twined amidst granite and patches of farming for upwards of twenty miles. The corn looked remarkably well for the early season, and seemed to promise amends for the scanty yield of last year. From the crown of the hill above Arboga is a magnificent view of vast circumference, embracing plain, and wood, and water in its folds; and, excepting the one from the tumulus at old Upsala, is the most extensive prospect I have encountered in my Swedish excursions.

Sundby is considered a show-place, and said to be of the Anglo-Saxon, or early English style of manor-house; though from the scant and arid ground which intervened between the house and the water, (remembering the rookeries, swelling closely mown lawns, hawhaws, "the lady's garden," hedges of roses, laurel, and purple beech, which usually surround *our* manor-houses, as well as the absence of gilt crosses, blazing copper roofs, and doll-like pepper box turrets in the building itself,) I confess I could see little resemblance to any of the thousand and one old dwellings, I readily, Heaven be praised for good sight, recalled to my mind's eye at home.

O! my country! how egregiously art thou caricatured and libelled in the varied lands wherein I have sojourned; from thy ancient manor-houses girt with wood, and glade, and stream, and upland mead,—and only approached

through domains of foliage and verdure,—to thy inimitable "tigers" in grey and snowy leathers, whose natty heads are rêdolent of soap and brush. The former are done up in lath and plaster with scarcely a pleasaunce large enough for a Hampstead villa; the latter, according to Prussian taste, are represented here away by creatures with trowsers stuffed into boots topped with paper, or yellow calico, and seated in a demi-peaked saddle, though both are pointed out, as "quite the English fashion." Then the toe dangling in the stirrup, the hands *up*, and *crupper* of the few cavaliers I see taking a dose of agony in the Djurgården, should be seen to be enjoyed. Yet was I seriously told by a punch-valiant Swede, that *our* seat was not *comme il faut*, or "shenteel," (oh! the exquisite expression) and that *they* were the true cousins to the centaur, the amusing part of the matter being in the firm belief they entertain of this being gospel, and that *we* are really somewhat to be pitied.

The Cossack, the Circassian, the Arab, the *chasseur* of the Pampas, together with our people who contrive to get *over* most countries creditably without the *need* of gates, or roads, all ride *short*; and, were I to go into action as a dragoon, I would assuredly take up four holes in *my* stirrups, and advise it to all who wish to deliver a cut with good will and retain their seat.

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There is a really clean and comfortable inn at Sundby, at which I remained a quiet day and night, and fared better than I have yet done in Sweden; returning by nearly the same route after four days' very delightful absence to my head-quarters in the city.

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June 26th, 1847. I took the "Hermoder," an iron, trembling, burring, and buzzing little wretch of a vessel, (though a fast one — small iron steamers are horrible in this respect,) along with my sadly neglected "rough-looking friend," grown more stalwart and hairy than ever, to visit Gripsholm *encore*.

The main incident I have to descant on in this trip, arises from the pleasing reminiscence of a reception I met with at Näsby, the seat of Baron Wahrendorff, to whose mansion I pulled across the lake for the purpose of viewing his paintings, being informed it was always open to inspection.

The baron, though numbering eighty-eight *Swedish* winters, was the very best specimen of a *game*, hospitable, hearty old man it was ever my good fortune to become acquainted with. Speaking English like a native, and with the voice of a man of fifty, or younger, he recounted his *experiences* of my country in a far too complimentary strain; having, I rejoice to say, been long and hospitably treated in it, he said, "he owed a debt

of gratitude to every Englishman who came to his door, and that he was resolved to pay a very considerable instalment to myself."

He shewed me a view from his grounds, in which the Mälar, stretching far in perspective, contained twenty-four islands of which he was owner, as well as numbers of farms on its shores.

I was pleased, and greatly pleased with the house, beautiful avenues, and shrubberies, the paintings, prints, and bronzes, but far more so, by the manners, *lingering bonhomie!* and heartiness which age could not quench in the breast of the old baron; and assure him I took my leave impressed with the belief that, so long as the *heart* is young, and the hand open, saving that our "walls of flesh" may get worse for wear: old age is but a phantom of the looking-glass.

The Wahrendorffs are not of Swedish origin, I imagine, from the name, but through energy, and mechanical skill,—a cannon foundry, powder-mill, and other works being on their estate,—they have not only become ennobled in addition to their foreign patent, but extremely wealthy in their adoptive country.

This "fine old country gentleman" boasted of his not having a *known* beggar in his parish; as if the necessity for soliciting alms existed, as alas! it always will in every one more or less, he gave his parishioners to understand that *he*

was the person *privileged* to know and relieve the wants of the needy, and forgave no one who made them public, or importuned *elsewhere.*

What a glorious old fellow! and what an example to the host of proprietors, especially Irish, who imagine their privilege to consist in being exempt from the righteous taxes and *duties in entail* accompanying property, as every virtuous mind considers such claims, and *proves* it to the world occasionally, as in the glorious instance I have cited. In the chat I had at Näsby, I gathered many interesting anecdotes from the old baron, as he had lived in several stirring reigns, and was open and communicative in the extreme. I congratulate Sweden upon possessing such a specimen of true nobility, and hope the sensitive, nervously "shenteel," strutting, titled magnificos she has in such profusion, may believe how easily the traveller of discernment may *admire* and *detect* in his progress through a country.

There are more men than the world wots of, who peruse character as readily as they do the most legible print, and who seldom make mistakes; and though I am not vain enough to imagine that I am a proficient in the invaluable accomplishment; I am yet sufficiently "on terms with myself" to think I could not well be so dull as to materially err in scanning the broad type of this country. I love and honour the true

aristocracy of most lands, and under no circumstance would I breed but from a thorough-bred horse. I know where genuine kindness, virtue, and philanthropy dwell in the aggregate, as instinctively as I think I know where to "beat for a cock;" but I abhor and despise the denizens or *grafts* of this favoured class, when they are led to petty acts of unneighbourly, uncalled for *hauteur*, instead of being taught by their breeding and advantages, the art of making the *cement* of society, especially in a small community like Sweden, where every good depends upon *enthusiastic* unity; the monopoly being in their hands, and for which they will assuredly have to balance with posterity, as well as account for the good or evil they have so largely in their power to effect.

These "eye-sores" are more or less to be met with in every land alike; no one detesting them more cordially than every true member of the order; but in none are the despicable infinitesimal attributes of a stiff-necked caste, living upon the remembrance of their ancestors' *devoirs*, now become, equally with their funds, all but traditionary, so malignantly displayed as in *Stockholm*, for I will not libel the country gentlemen by believing there is the least analogy between them. To such I joyfully, and I trust instructively contrast the fine old baron of Näsby.

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These steamers and their multifarious passengers afford the stranger a constant page in the study of men and manners, and will serve in a fortnight's cruising to teach him more of Swedish character than a twelve-month's sojourn on shore would effect.

You see specimens of every class on board these vessels, and cannot fail to observe the traits and accomplishments of each, supposing anything like the gift of vision has been vouchsafed you. I have been a close and frequent observer, and am fully corroborated in my assertion, that pride is the besetting sin of this country; and that in none is insincerity, the natural consequence, making greater strides. The ceremony amongst the respectable vulgarians is absolutely nauseating. I saw four or five "old fogies" seated over their punch on one occasion, all men apparently with some "wool" on their backs, when for nearly an hour they hob-a-nobbed their glasses, became affectionate to maudling, yet, invariably, did they raise and flourish their hats *every time they drank to each other*. Will any man tell me that an atom of heart or heartiness abided with them? he *may*, but I will not believe him.

For your personal grievances or any petty disaster, if you have a mind to enter upon such topics, the Swedes have a prompt and abundant *display* of sympathy. To so great an extent,

indeed, do they carry it, that they appear to suffer more keenly than the party concerned. If you tell an old woman that you have the tooth or ear ache, she will instantly elongate her face, stare in agony, and begin to "clock," and rock herself to and fro till you leave the house, when, it is to be hoped, she recovers. This coin is current throughout Sweden with most classes, and would be an ample revenue to the numerous retailers of the ills of life. A man with *tic douloureux* or a "returned bill," to descant on, can at any time secure an audience which cannot fail to relieve him,—if commiseration, served with intense action and dolorous facings have any charm, which to myself, I confess, they have *not*. As an excess of *profession* is received by the best judges as a sure proof of lack of *intention*, so does the profuse vulgarity of gesture with the common order in Sweden prove the absence of everything like *true* politeness. Men who will flourish their hats, and "back and fill," with each other for an indefinite space of time, will not hesitate to smoke in an omnibus or steamboat in the very face of a lady, without attempting the slightest apology, or, in fact, seeming to be aware of its necessity. The vile accompaniment, of course, following under every circumstance, whether a carpet, or the nicest holly-stoned deck has to endure the indignity; and what renders a reform in this most atrocious state of manners next to

hopeless, is the absence of anything like reproof, or the courage to attempt it amongst themselves.

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The questionable peculiarities of the French are closely imitated by the travelled Swedes,—who in turn are imitated by their admirers,—even to hugging in their cups, blowing kisses on the finger-ends when allusion is made to a pretty face, or piquant dish! and placing the fore-finger on the nasal tip in matters of debate. The rich old Swedish language has become even more deformed than the metamorphosed manner of the North, and teems with sickly substitutes. Such words as "Promenade," "Bouillon," "Magnifique," "Superb," "*Salong*," "*Shenteel!*" "Mamselle," "Adieu!" "Billette," "*Spektakler*," "Elegante," "*Termine*," for term, or *terme*, with numerous other cases of oral bastardy, being the *only* modes of speech with the common order, and not the impertinent supernumeraries of language as with our higher classes at home. Trifling as this innovation may seem, it yet points significantly to departing nationality, for "as the speech of a people is the most immediate utterance of its being, the vicissitudes which enfeeble the one will in time pervert and weaken the other."

* * * * *

July, 1847.

Nearly eight thousand men are now encamped

on the Ladugärds gärdet—a vast undulating pasture or plain beautifully situated in a line with the unequalled Djurgården, and admirably adapted for the manœuvres of troops. Finer men need not be paraded, nor could evolutions be steadier performed than by those I saw under arms. They were commanded by the Crown-prince in person, who, though quite a young man, seems perfectly *au fait* in the field as chief, and to have considerable enthusiasm in his profession. He rides well and boldly, and is seen to great advantage on horseback. None of his staff have acquired the seat and hands of the prince, but on the contrary appeared puzzled at times to keep up with him.

Since I last commented on Swedish military uniforms,—a total and sad change has been effected in the garb of the whole line. In lieu of the well-fitting, yet comfortable blue coat with white epaulettes and scarlet or yellow facings, the really magnificent chako, the one of patent-leather, high, though of excellent proportion, having a gay and thoroughly soldier-like air in its jaunty yet manly capabilities of "setting," the men are accoutred in coarse blue frocks or pea-jackets—without their comfort, or an inch of lace or facing—and the unsightly fireman's helmet. This depraved casque takes several inches from the height and gives an expression to the countenance the very reverse of the debonnair, gal-

lant *play* most military head-dresses so assist in producing.

The Swedes in their present uniforms may pass for well organized *pompiers*, sailors rigged for boarding, or police, but bear no resemblance to the imposing, blue and scarlet clad fellows I so especially admired on my arrival in the country. The officers of the horse-guards, in addition to the *pompier's* casque, have adopted the very lightest blue frock, puckered into a half dressing-gown kind of garment, and only require the sash and tassels of Mr. Mantalini to be very man-millinerish to the eye of any man accustomed to the uniform of a lancer, or any other dragoon regiment in France or England.

There were a few hussars, with their flowing aiguillettes, embroidered pelisses, oriental chakos, and dangling sabretash and scabbards, who flew and hovered about the staff of the king in person, and appeared a worthy type of the god of war, an honour to which the sadly metamorphosed troops they assisted in inspecting, methought, could lay small claim.

These last, I am told, are only retained till the contract for their clothing expires, when I suppose they will have to don the pea-jacket and helmet of their comrades.

The sash and sword-belt, which give such a martial finish to a uniform, are quite exploded by the officers of the Swedish infantry. The

sword is stuck *à la brigand* through a hole made in the coat for the purpose, one precisely similar to the orifice in the nether garments of a carpenter in which he inserts his rule! It is but a poor compliment, I must respectfully say, to "old Bernadotte," so entirely to change his well studied and perfectly understood policy on every point relating to a profession in which, probably, he was *never* excelled by half-a-dozen predecessors.

The infantry regiments manœuvred as one man, and, considering the peaceful practice they have so long been blessed with, struck me as being in very excellent discipline. The cadets from the military schools, fine straight lads of thirteen to twenty years old, and all intended for future commands, handled the musket and manœuvred more like veterans than boys, and are a splendid *corps* of little fellows indeed.

The *double*-maned lion of the day was the Crown Prince of Denmark; an oily demi-Chinese looking gentleman of matured virtues and protuberant personals, who was specially invited from the Categat to do the inspector on the occasion. He cut a curious figure to my thinking, being attired in a smothering helmet, without hair or ornament on it; an affair which struck me as being a cross between the castor of Minerva and that of *our* firemen, or the Swedish postman.

The King, long life to him!—for if *his* countenance is not the index to a good man Lavater fibs for the *first* time,—appeared highly pleased with his troops, as he had just cause to be; and afterwards "stood" a sexa* at his nice little cottage in the Djurgården, where several military bands played to a very crowded audience, and afforded, I have no doubt, all the gratification His Majesty, above every other consideration, seems to have so devoutly at heart.

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The drill, the Swedes undergo for eight or ten days annually, approaches the reality of campaigning as closely as it is well possible to make it; and cannot fail to be wholesome instruction to gentlemen of a luxurious turn.

The troops fight an imaginary enemy, told off amongst themselves, over the country from the Djurgården to Drottingholm, a distance of several leagues; storming bridges, heights, and redoubts, skirmishing and charging at times up to the very muzzles of the drivers of 'bus, gig, and bondès† cart, that are frequently in the way, and instantly put to flight.

When they stack their arms, and bivouac for the night amongst the wild, rocky scenery *en route* horses, men, and officers alike sleep on the bare ground without a tent, or aught but a cloak, and perchance a blanket to cover

* Light supper. † Peasant.

the latter. They have rations and forage for several days' consumption, and all the *materiel* for a real campaign with them, including artillery, tumbrils, farriers and their smithies, sutlers and camp-followers. They have several days and nights of this work, and seem to enjoy it amazingly.

The Crown-Prince made his head-quarters at a small wooden farmstead; whilst the commander in chief of the enemy was cantoned in a village in advance. I need not say, what a terrible licking the latter eventually got at the hands of the former, or tell how chivalrously they made it up in the end. I shared the bivouac of the horse-artillery amongst whom I had a friend in command, and was much gratified at the good humour, joined to the perfect discipline, which prevailed.

The slightly fatigued soldiers, after a gorgeous sun-set, and the tattoo had been sounded, lighted huge fires and prepared their evening meal, singing national airs in wild chorus, and pledging themselves from their canteens of water, for I am happy to say I saw nothing like that vile brandy in general use.

The Evening hymn being sung by all ranks, pickets, and videttes were thrown forward, and sentries posted; when with a few branches of the fragrant fir for a mattress, and the luxury of a blanket for the elder officers, the sweet

and verdant turf sufficed for a couch for men and horses; and night, having barely changed her robes of day, shrouded the war-like, yet, let it be said with praise, the still peaceable host within her soothing folds.

LETTER XLI.

"P. P. C."—THE DESSERT TO THE SNACK.—THE ENVELOPE TO THE BON-BON.—"DRIFT."—WANDERING SYNOPSIS.—MY CANDOUR AS A CORRESPONDENT.—A PROPOSITION.—OUR HIGHLAND GLENS.

The Gauthiod, at Sea, August, 1847.

AFTER upwards of twelvemonths' sojourn I at length cast off my "painter" from the shores of Sweden, *viséd* for Berlin. If I say that I found not the slightest "hitch" in the slender mooring, but, *au contraire*, that it paid itself off the belaying pin of my affections with scarce a touch, the rude imagery may serve to shew that my bark was *not* called the "Regret," and save me from a more explicit confessional.

I have little more to add to the slight refection I have set before thee, dear, and, peradventure, wearied reader, save an apology for a dessert, though it may be in keeping with thy meagre fare, namely, a rusk and solitary *bon-bon*. The former, in its crusty, gritty countenance is *apropos* to the leaf of murmurs I have almost unwittingly served with thy snack. The latter has nought to recommend it but its tiny, pretty envelope, in which is

written the word "drift." Add a spoonful of *caviare* to the crunching morsel, wash thy mouth with a flagon of "*la rose*," and the murmurs are forgotten, but in guerdon for thy entertainment if I not vain-gloriously miscal the scanty "tray," ponder over the wrapper of the *bon-bon!*

In the many digressive etchings or sketches with which I have endeavoured to garnish the dull scribbling of a stroller, though they were pencilled by the wayside from early impressions engraved on the heart, I am constrained to confess, though at the time my pleasures of memory and pen ran riot in congenial gambols without premeditation, that I had some "drift" in view in the frequent allusions to be met with in my brace of offerings to the beauties of old England.

I confess to having an aim in the first instance to present in a not ungraceful *déshabille*, but in an unadorned, quaint, and natural garb the impressions of a tourist as he receives them from nature,—men and manners. I desire to steer clear of the hand-book and long-metre style of travels, equally as I would be guiltless of the slightest ill-nature, far less injustice in my strictures as I move and sketch through foreign countries. If an earnest wish and attempt to accomplish this point could aid me, as it cannot well *fail* any one so minded and resolved, I am induced, from the far too lenient treatment I have

received at the hands of men not only wreathed but *hidden* in literary terrors, to believe that I have succeeded hitherto beyond my hopes.

My "drift" is easily seen through in the foregoing pages, and needs but a very brief label; but for the fair pretence of wishing thee adieu, dear reader, I will give thee a very short, yet true synopsis of my wandering experience in as far as relates to nature, though I will not further allude to the two other topics I have touched upon up to this date, promising, like the Quaker, when replying to the ceaseless inquiry after his health, "when there is any change to let thee know of it."

The *millions* of pounds sterling that have for ever left our country on sight-seeing tours and voyages, might have been expended in a more romantic, diversified, historically interesting country, namely, in Great Britain.

A man is not known to his most intimate friend so truthfully as is a writer's mind laid bare to the public. Believe me, not one in ten thousand, except hirelings, ever *write* an untruth, that is, wilfully, or intentionally. The pen is actuated from the heart, I believe, from my soul! and would refuse its office if prompted by hypocrisy, or a wish to mislead, at least, I am sure, *mine* would. In addition to the hope I entertain of affording pleasure in even the desultory, rattling small-talk I have ventured to put upon paper,

I feel myself a *sworn man*, and on *sacred ground*, as I write that which may possibly survive me, and turn to good or evil, though the germ may be more minute than the grain of mustard-seed. A man may talk idly, wildly, but he *dare* not meditate a misrepresentation in ink! however trifling his subject. Such being the case, I assure thee that nought so thoroughly rural, picturesque, rugged, *pastoral*, cultivated, or solemn, exists in *the world* as in the varied scenes in England, nor is there so fresh a pasturage for thine eye, thy mind, or pencil, as the one thou hast at home.

Are you a pedestrian? The primitive verdure-clad by-lanes, the road-side inns, with *beds* and rosy rashers to offer, such as at Lodore, or under Helvellyn, or at Bakewell, or in every hamlet in fact, the ruin at every turn, the river, the stream, the mountain, the heather, the ivied church, the stile leading over miles of footpath and meadow scenes, the thorough *countrified aspect* so delicious to the solitary stroller, is *not to be found elsewhere.* I defy any one to gainsay me in this, though I knew it not till taught by experience.

Are you a sportsman? without an allusion to "Billesden Coplow," or the "sixth mile-stone," where can you *calculate* upon killing a brace of birds, or a trout a pound in weight but in England? "Echo answers where?" Are you fond of coast scenery, with the comforts and ele-

gancies of life at your elbow, with the tempestuous or smiling wavy scene beneath your window I have attempted to portray? there are an infinity of such views in England, any one of which will command all your admiration.

Would you give your mind a fillip and see life? wander on the dock-side or piers of Liverpool, or Southampton, or take a walk or gallop over the Downs of Epsom, or Newmarket Heath. Whatever may be your bent, society, solitude, the newest publications, speculation, trout-fishing, sketching, a stroll over heather, or on a *flagged* pavement,—in England only can you gratify it.

Imagine me not so narrow-minded as to underrate the value of foreign travel, or *travail!* far from it, for to every point of interest I have called your attention, and urged inspection, but I would have the *restless scene-shifters* know that a lifetime cannot make them adequately acquainted with our own unequalled views, nor chronicle our sterling, solid comforts to a few of which I have drawn your attention by the "spontaneous intrusions," or involuntary glances at retrospect that appear alongside my foreign sketches. Hence the motto in the envelope of my *bon-bon* at parting "drift," and the short elucidation of its meaning, or rather unpremeditated origin.

If the sketchy impromptu-contrasts at which I have essayed, totally free from an invidious spirit, may induce our people at home to form a

better acquaintance with their own country before leaving it, I shall not have written in vain.

My eagerness at starting on foreign excursions, my especial predilection for this northern one, are given not more truthfully than are my concluding remarks as a pioneer. I withhold neither my anticipations, determined resolve to be unprejudiced and pleased, my probably inconsistent praises of a roving life in the commencement of my volume, my mistakes, impressions, or disappointments from the reader. If the fashionable mania of "giving all and reserving nothing," had not possession of the public mind, it would agree with me in my proposition to make cheap railway fares, and road-side as well as other inns, an *essential* to English life, that we may view our Scottish, Welch, lake, and varied island scenery at a less cost, and greater profit to our own country. From the great expense hitherto attending such excursions these luxuries of nature have been withheld from all but the privileged few. The isles of Sky, Shetland, and the Orkneys, are nearly unknown to us, though they teem with legendary interest, romantic scenery, and a *fraternal* people.

Let us pay them an occasional visit, and leave a few of our fair little queen's sterling medallions amongst them, bringing away the fleecy hosiery, renewed health, and good wishes in return. Let us hold up and follow the example of Lord Wors-

ley, in his manly attempt at checking the high overgrown charges on our railways. Let us go over in droves to ould Ireland, and try to coax the poor, well-disposed, though hot-blooded, sadly misled people into better feelings, by setting cars rattling, guides walking and joking, and kitchen fires blazing as of yore about the shores of Killarney and the Causeway. *Let us spend our money at home!* or, at all events, the better portion of it, then will there be truly some "drive" in our excursions, ay, and good too!

Above all things do not run away with the notion that any country excels our own in those charms of romance and beauty you so expensively hunt after. *Here* there is not a river, or a mountain *at all*,—and for lakes, none did I ever see, so gloomily grand as Wastwater, or so brilliantly, luxuriantly beautiful as the one at Keswick.

I have read at this distance, with the heartfelt chagrin of a stopped pedestrian, that our Highland glens are in danger of being closed to us of the knapsack by order of his Grace of Leeds, and possibly more of his august brethren. To carry out my project of home tours and adventures, *this must not be*, if the authors of the hateful, unpatriotic act of petty, uncalled-for tyranny, would not have their names handed to posterity with a malediction, loud, deep, and universal.

ADDENDA.

THE author of these northern sketches would willingly add a modicum of ballast to the light craft in which they are freighted, and rejoice indeed, if, by a penful of practical cogitation, he could throw in a hint or two which might eventually lead to some good purpose.

However eloquently we may flatter ourselves that we discourse, even though our words should flow smoothly as *linseed out of a sack*, an expressive critique in oratory he fancies not the most facile to improve upon, there are fortunately men in a formidable majority, who look upon the greatest powers of the lungs, as no better than a "foul wind," if they cannot by tacking, and "eating into it," so shape their course as to arrive at port Utility at last. If they make lee-way under its influence, they would infinitely prefer a calm. To them, all the Psyches who ever went without stays, all the Linnæa, or Aurora Borealis, that ever bloomed in the forest, or blinked on the northern horizon, are as nought compared to an atom of matter of fact.

Equally do they look upon all the pencraft in the world of letters as valueless, in comparison to a page of M'Culloch.

Being rather clever in "roasting eggs," and other simple cookery, as well as in the manufacture of an occasional omelette, I pique myself no little on having an accommodating and reasonable appetite, so as to be able to enjoy the essential or superfluous dish as it may be set before me. I can amuse myself with the "Don," "old Izaack," or "Loyd's List," and gather instruction from Bayle, Maunder, or "Little Ruff." I can eat my bread and cheese under a hedge-row, and have not the slightest objection to my friends Lynn, and Quartermain. This being the case, I will endeavour to add to the collation, and dessert placed before the reader, a short and modest addendum, sincerely and honestly trusting that it may lead to some useful end towards both Swede and Briton, when my footsteps from the Seine to the Baltic may not entirely have been trod in vain.

There is no doubt that Sweden could amply provide for a quadrupled population. Her natural resources are all but in embryo, and will in future ages prove a valuable reserve for our own and other southern countries.

Agriculturally speaking, she suffers from want of capital, skill, and a sufficiency of hands; in fact, except in limited districts, near her very

few towns, very great neglect. This arises from a false direction being given to the energies of the country; the bountiful promises of nature being all but despised, in order that a corrupt system of insignificant, incapable manufacture should prolong its existence, to the great injury of the consumer at large.

That England with her millions of hands and pounds sterling equally and irrevocably employed, should *go hand in hand with the plough*, and struggle to keep her manufactures steadily and progressively at work, the good of the community demands. But in Sweden, with comparatively only a few thousands of these so employed, and the majority suffering from its severe tribute to the few, the good of the community demands at least a free competition with people who can supply its wants at a cheaper and better rate.

To buy and sell, and acquire a balance, is the whole genius of trade, whether nationally or individually speaking; and if Sweden, by purchasing her clothing, cutlery, saddlery, or porcelain; and, in turn, selling her agricultural produce, wood and metals, can thereby double its amount as she readily might, it is not going too far to say that she is standing in her own light in her refusal to adopt the line of action.

I firmly believe there to be room in Sweden and Gottland for at least one million of additional small farmers and their families, with every *prospect*

of well-doing, if they came over as *sober* settlers, and provided with from 300*l.* to 1000*l.* capital. The possessor of the greater sum would soon become a wealthy, and he of the smaller an independent man. I would rather swallow all the ink and tough words I have put upon paper for the last two years than mislead a countryman of my own, far less one of my well-loved rural friends, and believe that when I advise them to look at the map of Sweden before they sail for New Zealand or America, and recommend our independent people to stay at home, it is for their mutual benefit and comfort.

The Swedish government is most liberal in the treatment of its tenantry; and, I think I am not wrong in stating, would willingly give its countenance to foreign settlers whose aim was agriculture. This might readily be known officially, as well as arrangements made for an extensive plan of emigration for farmers of some capital. For men, with sufficient to purchase their farms, and disposed to "rough it" over their home-made accessories, no country could be more favourable.

The short distance from the shores of France and England will always give a Swedish agriculturist the advantage over a transatlantic one, when once the full yield of the farmer's cheap land is come at. Add to this, the great improvement and extent in feeding of stock, for which there is every capability, must cause this country

to become of great future value; and should opportunely open the eyes of capitalists to the fine and safe field awaiting them for investment.

The great bane to men with imprudent heads and soft hearts—traits, I am sorry to say, which are not unknown on the "wolds,"—is the never to be sufficiently loathed brandy of Sweden—Its cheapness is the greatest curse that could have fallen on the soil, and will be the downfal of everything like morality and energy. That the moral character of Sweden has vastly degenerated, since the introduction and encouraged consumption of this evil spirit, no one can doubt for an instant. It is a detestable, insinuating poison, and would soon destroy the emigrant from England or Scotland, to whom his native gin or whiskey, bad as it is, is harmless in comparison. The severity of the climate accelerates and increases the evils of intemperance, though, to the thoughtless, it pleads as an excuse for the temporary consolation.

Another germ of future disorder—ay, and terrible in its consequences, too,—*must* come from the espionage held upon every man throughout the country.

No man in Sweden can move or get into employment without having the extract from his parish register about his person, on which is *viséd* his offences, punishments, and follies, by the various authorities from time to time.

If he does not commit a felony by forging a new pass, for which the end to be gained would seem to warrant the means, and act as a premium to the crime, he is a marked man, not only for life, but to the third and fourth generation, and compelled eventually to return to the paths of villany for a livelihood. A man's offence should be totally expiated with his punishment; when he should be permitted to take up a new abode without question, and become amenable to the law only when he again offends. It would be desirable for the community that he be allowed to get into the crowd, and *appear* as a good man; were all offenders *known!* what a cock-pit should we live in. In Sweden he cannot do this; wherever he goes he is asked for his papers, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is refused work or countenance, if they are branded by the treadmill's arms "in a field gules—a gallows sable," in chief two handcuffs noir.

The prisons here are also little less than seminaries for the disciples of Barabbas, and turn out masters of the art of appropriation unrivalled, if we take into consideration the very trifling population. The incalculable evils attending the spy-system alluded to, admit of no doubt in my mind, and demand the earnest attention of government. Every branded Swede *has his heart over the frontier;* and may, in time of internal

trouble, be calculated upon as an instrument in the hands of the hostile intriguer.

Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, there is a fruitful land of vast promise waiting to be properly broken into — one well worthy the attention I have induced my countrymen to give to it.

Though fully convinced of the capabilities of Sweden in an agricultural and mining point of view, I 'am constrained to say, that my increased experience of the people—arising from a year and a half's very varied intercourse—leads me to believe there is a deep-rooted illiberality of sentiment pervading them generally with reference to foreign speculation or competition, especially English, which would deprive the emigrant of everything like a friendly neighbour or chance of the slightest native assistance. If prepared for comparative isolation and self-dependence, there is ample room; a soil which might cheaply be rendered productive, and a ready market at an easy distance open to him. Notwithstanding this narrow-minded jealousy, the Swedes will gladly seduce English capital into their own *questionable* railway and other schemes, if they can —though in any venture in which a profit is at all obvious, they will do their very utmost to exclude it.

THE END.

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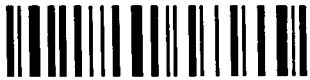
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